THE HOTHAMS

CURA QUIETEM
Sir John Hall of
Dunglass Baronet

ISAAC FOOT

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THE STORY OF THE HOTHAMS AND THEIR FAMILY PAPERS

1729–1907

BOOKS BY A. M. W. STIRLING

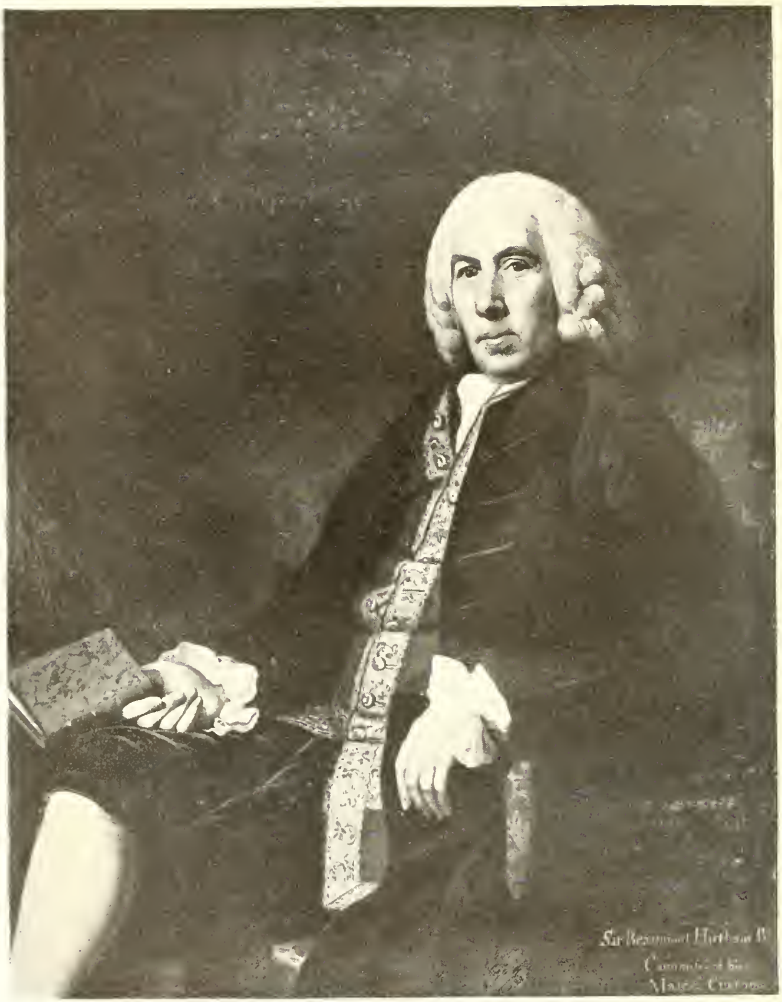
Coke of Norfolk and his Friends

Annals of a Yorkshire House

The Letter Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope

Macdonald of the Isles

A Painter of Dreams etc., etc.



SIR BEAUMONT HOTHAM, THE 7TH BARONET
COMMISSIONER OF HIS MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS
FATHER OF THE FIVE BROTHERS
Portrait by George Dance, R.A.

THE HOTHAMS

BEING THE CHRONICLES OF THE HOTHAMS OF SCORBOROUGH AND SOUTH DALTON FROM THEIR HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED FAMILY PAPERS BY A. M. W. STIRLING

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOLUME II

Our Life is but a Winter's Day ;
Some only Breakfast and away.
Others to dinner stay & are fullfed,
The oldest only Sups & goes to Bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the Day ;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

Epitaph on a tomb at St. Burian, Cornwall.

. . . ἱερὺν ὕπνον
κοιμῶνται, θνήσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθούς.

(Callimachus.)

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THE HISTORY OF FIVE BROTHERS

CHAPTER XIII

WESTMINSTER SCHOOLBOYS, 1729–1748

THE story of Charles Hotham who, in 1771, succeeded his father as eighth baronet, must occupy a greater space than can be allotted to the lives of his brothers, if only in dealing with the social aspect of his career. For throughout his life the extent and cosmopolitan nature of his acquaintance was remarkable, and the correspondence addressed to him forms the bulk of the muniments now treasured by his posterity. Nor did his boyhood in this respect differ from his after life, for the records of those early days offer a somewhat unique chapter in family history.

Born at Innaresk on June 18th, 1729, we have already heard of Charles as the welcome schoolboy visitor at Lady Gertrude's home in Kensington, and as the young Ensign and Captain for whom his delicate cousin the sixth baronet professed an unbounded affection and admiration. He was, as we have also learnt, sent from Scotland to Marylebone School, and it was not till October 1st, 1741, at the age of twelve, that he became a scholar at Westminster. The reason for this delay is explained in a letter written by his father from Edinburgh on the previous September 12th :—

Had I known of a proper house sooner to place you in, that you might have the advantage of pursuing & improving your studies at Westminster, I would some months earlier have given you that opportunity, where, by Lady Gertrude's means, you will now very soon go ; as she will upon your first meeting explain the particulars, it will be needless for me to mention them.

As you are going to Mr Morel's into very good company, I hope you will as much as possible endeavour to render yourself agreeable to everyone of them and to the whole family you are going into, & with respect to your Masters a cheerful &

ready obedience to their commands and precepts is what I most recommend to you, as you will greatly find your account in it.

So little Charles, well primed with good, if quaintly-expressed advice, took up his abode with Mr. Morel in Cowley Street. At that date, Dr. Nicoll was headmaster at Westminster, and beneath his mild rule the discipline of the school was said to be somewhat relaxed. Nevertheless all scholars were required to contribute towards an item of expense in regard to which they felt but scanty enthusiasm, viz. the rods, without an efficient application of which it was then considered impossible that either necessary knowledge or moral precepts could be successfully inculcated. A bill which was paid for the expenses of one quarter during Charles Hotham's residence at Mr. Morel's is of interest, especially in view of the entry which shows that the cleaning of the pupil's shoes proved a dearer item than the purchase of the books deemed necessary for his education, and further that the total of so simple a sum is incorrectly rendered :—

The Bill of Charles Hotham for one Quarter's Board due to me the 23rd of April 1743

Feb. 12th			
For the rods at School twice	0	1	0
For one quarter at ye Abbee	0	0	6
For one year for (illegible) due ye 15th of March 1743	0	16	0
For Candels extraordinary	0	3	0
For one pair pomps [*sic*] and 2 pair Shoes	0	13	0
For the mending Master's Coat	0	0	8
For his board for one quarter	6	0	0
For paper, pens Etc.	0	5	0
For the mending of his linnen	0	2	6
For the cleaning of his Shoes	0	8	0
	8	8	8
For books this quarter	0	3	2
May ye 2d 1743.	8	11	10

Received the full content of this bill by me

T. W. Morel.

The same year when Beaumont defrayed the foregoing modest bill during his son's residence with Mr. Morel, an event occurred which stung to the quick every Westminster boy who had the honour of his school at heart. This episode Charles hastened to place before his parents in its correct light :—

Charles Hotham to his mother, Mrs. Beaumont Hotham

Dear Mama,

I hope you'll forgive my not writing to you sooner, but I thought it much ye same thing whether to you or to Papa, for when to him you heard I was well. . . .

I suppose you have heard of this thing which was put in ye Papers a little while ago about five of the King's Scholars killing a cockney coachman, it was reported that they took his coach, and after he had carried them to y^{e} place appointed, refused to pay his fare, upon which he went to ye Doctor & complained of them, who promised him redress, which, so soon as they heard, vowed revenge and beat him in so terrible a manner that he died a few hours after. This was hawked about in Grub Street papers, containing *A most cruel and barbarous murder committed by five of ye King's Scholars at Westminster on ye body of James Dun*, I think they called him, and their whole examination before Colonel de Ville [*sic*] & their committment by one of ye King's Messengers. This paper I saw myself with five sham names, but it was all false, for when he had carried them to Ranalagh Gardens—that was the place—they gave him a shilling to wait for them, but instead of that he ran away with their money, upon which they threatened to thrash him, which he hearing of complained to ye Doctor, and pretended they had cheated him. They saw him by chance go into ye Doctor's & watched for him coming out, dogg'd him, and in a convenient place only gave him *a Westminster drubbing*. This is ye whole affair, & I beg you'll tell it everybody who thinks otherwise, for I would not on any account have y^{e} school hurt. Pray give my duty to Papa, and my love to all my brothers, not forgetting my aunt and all her family.

I am, dear Mama,

Your most obedient and dutiful son

Charles Hotham.

The aunt above referred to was Lady Gertrude, whose delicate little son, Sir Charles, entered Westminster in the autumn of that same year. The difference of age between the two cousins, however, did not preclude their seeing much of each other; indeed the elder Charles, whose career we are now following, appears to have numbered among his friends many boys who were considerably junior to him, but whose friendship for him, begun at school, lasted throughout his life. He was, as his father had pointed out, in very good company, for perhaps at that date, more than at any other, were to be found at Westminster boys whose names were destined to become famous in after years.

Among the contemporaries of Charles Hotham were William Cowper, the poet, who was admitted in April, 1742, at the age of ten; Warren Hastings, possibly the most noted of Westminsters; Elijah Impey, the future Chief Justice of India; Lord Higham Ferrars, afterwards, as Lord Rockingham, the famous Whig statesman; George Colman, afterwards the well-known playwright; Lord Hastings, of whom we have previously heard, then head of the Town boys; and Philip Stanhope, known to posterity as the recipient of the famous Letters from his father, Chesterfield, but who, the latter complained, picked up at Westminster "a curious infelicity of diction."

The more intimate friends of young Hotham, however, were Frederick Campbell,[1] third son of the beautiful Mary Bellenden, and the sons of Lord Archibald Hamilton,[2] of whom the fourth, Billy,[3] was to figure largely in the history of his generation;

[1] Frederick Campbell, afterwards Lord Clerk Register, third son of General the Hon. John Campbell, of Manore, who became 4th Duke of Argyll in 1761, by his wife Mary, daughter of John, 2nd Lord Bellenden. Lord Frederick Campbell married, in 1769, Mary, daughter of Amos Meredith, Esq., and widow of Laurence Shirley, 4th Earl Ferrars, who was hanged at Tyburn for the murder of his steward. She was burnt to death at Coombe Bank, Kent, in 1807, and he died in June, 1816. His youngest sister, Caroline, married as her second husband Field-Marshal the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway, and was the mother of Mrs. Damer. (See pages 30 & 71.)

[2] Lord Archibald Hamilton, son of William Douglas, 3rd Duke of Hamilton, by Lady Jane Hamilton, daughter of James, 6th Duke of Abercorn. Lady Archibald was Mistress of the Robes, and the reputed mistress of Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II.

[3] William (Sir), fourth son of Lord and Lady Archibald Hamilton, the friend of Nelson, for thirty-six years Ambassador at Naples. His second wife was the celebrated Emma Hart or Lyon. He was admitted to the School January, 1739–40.

John Hobart, afterwards third Earl of Buckinghamshire,[1] who was so often resident with Lady Suffolk at Marble Hill; young Pulteney,[2] Colman's cousin, son of the politician Lord Bath; William Keppel,[3] afterwards the distinguished General, but better known at Westminster as "Fat Van," in recognition alike of his plump proportions and his Dutch ancestry; and little Lord March, afterwards third Duke of Richmond,[4] who, although six years younger than Charles Hotham, professed for him a warm and patronising friendship. Lord March, Cowper relates, attained celebrity at school by committing an act of aggression upon his master, Vincent Bourne: he "set fire to Vinny's greasy locks, and boxed his ears to put it out again!"—and this although the luckless Vinny was a man of peaceful temperament and a lax disciplinarian. But the over-bold little scholar was possessed of quick wit and a dare-devil spirit which finds expression in his boyish correspondence with Charles Hotham, six years his senior; and although the following letter, unexpurgated, might require some apology for its all too graphic description of the horrors of *mal de mer*, it is nevertheless a remarkable composition for a boy only eight years of age. In August, 1743, Lord March with his brother George and his sister Emilia, were sent to visit their grandmother, Lady Cadogan,[5] at The Hague, whence he wrote to his schoolfellow:—

[1] Admitted to the School in April, 1732, aged eight.

[2] See *ante*, Vol. I, page 253, also page 81. William Pulteney was admitted to the School in 1740, aged nine.

[3] The Hon. William Keppel, third son of William Anne, the 2nd Earl of Albemarle, by his wife Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Richmond. He was Gentleman of the Horse to George III, a Lieutenant and afterwards General in the Army, and Commander-in-Chief in Ireland in 1773. He died unmarried in 1782.

[4] Charles, Earl of March, afterwards 3rd Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Born February 22nd, 1735, he succeeded his father on August 8th, 1750. In 1765 he was appointed Ambassador-Extraordinary to the Court of France; in 1766 he became principal Secretary of State, and in 1782 was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance. He died in 1806. He was noted for his fondness of theatricals. (See Chapter XVIII.)

[5] William, 1st Earl Cadogan, married Margaretta Cecilia, daughter of William Munster, Counsellor of the Court of Holland, by whom he had two daughters, co-heiresses, Sarah, the elder of whom married Charles, 2nd Duke of Richmond, and became the mother of the above Lord March. Her younger sister married William Anne, 2nd Earl of Albemarle. At the date when her grandchildren visited Lady Cadogan she was a widow and was living near her own relations in Holland.

Lord March to Charles Hotham

Hague 15th August N.S. 1743.

Dr Little Man,

To show you how ready I am to execute yr commands I shall beggin [*sic*] by giving you an account of our spewing expedition.

We took water at Greenwich Hospital stairs on Thursday morning as we propos'd, went on board the Yacht call'd the *William & Mary* and with as fair a wind as we cou'd wish steer'd our course towards Helvolt Sluce where we anchor'd on Friday night, perhaps you may not know what I mean by Helvolt Sluce, but you must understand it is a sea-port town in Holland.

I forgot to tell you George[1] and poor Emily[2] were devilishly sick, Mama and I were very little so. . . . Most of our servants were as sick as Dogs . . . and I really thought they never would have done.

As for me, who was pretty well and love my Gut[3] prodigiously, was afraid we should have nothing but . . . for dinner which you know wou'd not be a very pleasant *ragout*, for as I went down into a little hole in the yacht to which they give the tittle [*sic*] of kitchen expecting to find the cook adressing us a good dinner, I found him spewing in a great dish as fast as he cou'd.

We lay in little beds stuck up in the wainscoat like so many corner cupboards and where we had hardly room to turn round, poor George and Emily lay in two of 'em and utter'd nothing the whole time but *Oh! Lord, Oh! Lord, Oh! Lord.* On Saturday morning we began to our great joy to see Dutch Land, we continued seeing it all that Day. A Sunday evening we landed at Roterdame a Great town in Holland, and we there met my Lady Cadogan's coach, and so went on to the Hague which [was] our journey's end and where we are now. We think it is a very pretty place and believe we shall divert ourselfs very well here, but to my mind anything is better than school, and heartyly wish all those I am acquainted with at Westminster were from it.

My sister and I join in Compts to them all and particularly

[1] George Henry, afterwards M.P. for Sussex, and military officer of rank; married, 1758, Louisa, daughter of the 4th Marquis of Lothian.

[2] Emilia Jane, married first in 1746, to James, Earl of Kildare and Duke of Leinster (see pages 25, 27–31), and secondly, to William Ogilvie, Esq.

[3] Used here in the sense of an obsolete word for the indulgence of gluttony. The present schoolboy word, "grub," is its nearest equivalent.

dr Neville who I hope will sometimes put a line into Your Letters to me, if he does I shall take it very kindly.

Adieu my dr Hotham believe me

Yours

March.

Forgive this bad writing, give all your letters for me to Miss Hotham.

This letter was received by Charles Hotham while he was on a visit to "Fat Van," Lord March's cousin in Hertfordshire, and he hastened to reply to it in a letter, the ceremonious tone of which is not affected by the knowledge that he, a boy of fourteen, is addressing a boy of eight :—

Aug. 28th, 1743.

Dear Ld March

I received your letter of the 24th inst. which gave me the greatest pleasure & woud have answered it sooner but Lady Albemarle told me she would enclose this in a letter to Lady Caroline,[1] for you may know I am now there with fat Van & shall remain so, I believe, all ye holidays which last a fortnight longer. I've already been there one fortnight, ye first week of which *Vat Van* was really extreamly ill of a sore throat, & no wonder he was so, for ye Thursday before we broke up he was so bad yt he was blooded, sweated, & vomited, & ye next day was very well and went out, then on ye Saturday he got up at six o'clock of the morning, went as far as Charing Cross to call a coach, and then came back to Westminster to put up his clothes, afterwards call'd on me, & went to Grosvenor Square, from thence we directly went to Durhams—now I leave you to judge whether this was not enough to tire anybody, especially his fat carcase which can bear no sort of fatigue.

I shall not here give you any description of Durhams for I suppose you have either seen or heard of it.

I'm extreamly glad to find you had so good a passage and was not so sick as you imagin'd, pray tell Lady Emelia & Ld George I heartyly pity them, & well imagine how terrible it must be to lay in ye little bed stuck up in ye wainscoat as you call it, but you, I see, was in a better condition than them for you could not be very sick if you had so good an apetite, but the merriest thing of all (at which I laughed fit to kill myself) was ye cook spewing in ye Dish, & I believe had I been there

[1] Lady Caroline Keppel, second daughter of William Anne, 2nd Earl of Albemarle. (See *ante*, Vol. I, page 302.)

I should have marked y^r^ dish well, & be very cautious what dish I eat out of. I make no doubt but you were all in great joy (for I judge other people by myself) when you first saw land and in much greater when you got quit of your yacht and went into Lady Cadogan's coach.

There was a very ugly affair put in ye papers a little time ago which perhaps you mayn't have seen about, five of our boys killing a cockney coachman . . .

and he proceeds to retail the same story, in the same words, which he has already related in his letter to his mother, so that one receives the impression that this particular composition has done service in various instances where, for the honour of the school, he felt it necessary to set forth the true facts of the case.

This [he concludes] *is ye whole affair & I beg you will tell everybody this at ye Hague that thinks otherwise, for I wou'd not by any means have ye school run down.*

Pray make my compliments to Lady Emelia, Lord George & everybody that I know. Fat Van begs me to give his too. I hope, my Lord, you'll remember yr old friends at Westminster & endeavour to keep up this correspondence which I shall always be ready to forward.

When I write to you, must not I, dear Ld March, direct to Monsieur Voltiers, *Agent de sa Majesté Britannique à Rotterdam en Hollande?*

Address

MASTER HOTHAM
at the Earl of Albemarle's seat at
Durhams
Hertfordshire.

Young Hotham having thus ensured that the people at The Hague should harbour no false impression of Westminster School, next received a letter from his father admonishing him not to outstay his welcome at Lord Albemarle's :—

Beaumont Hotham to his son Charles

London Aug. 20th 1743.

DEAR CHARLES,

I am excessively pleas'd to perceive you are so happy in your present situation & that Lady Albemarle is so good as to

bear with the trouble you must necessarily occasion to the family. I hope you will be very carefull to give as little as possible, & endeavour by your good behaviour & civil deportment to convince her Ladyship how sensible you are of the favour She has done you.

Your friends here, as well as those at Kensington, Salute you, & are in perfect health ; that is the case I hope wth Master Keppel & that the Country air has sett him quite right again.

I shall be glad to hear you continue well, & then I need not doubt of your diverting yourself as well as you can wish. Don't stay too long to be troublesome, & send me word when you have thoughts of returning.

Your affectionate Parent
BEAUMONT HOTHAM.

Charles Hotham to his father Beaumont Hotham

Durhams Aug 21st 1743.

DEAR PAPA,

I received yr letter this morning, and to show you y^{t} I won't be backward in my answer I took ye first opportunity. Master Keppel is now in perfect health & has been out several times, not yet upon horseback, but I believe tomorrow we shall begin.

We were invited to dine with a schoolfellow of our's at Doctor Ingrame, where we met Ld Hastings and his brother, who were so kind as to invite us to go to drink tea with 'em at Enfield Chace, which wou'd fit you nicely, it is a very pretty place & he tells me a very advantageous one, for they have a farm which brings them in enough to pay ye rent of ye house, & hay & corn sufficient to keep all their cattle, & all their firing off the Chace for nothing, besides Venison in abundance, so that they have the house only for living in. I should be very glad if *you* had it instead of Ld Huntington, who I think preferable to him.

I spoke to Master Keppel about my coming back, but he won't hear on't, so as long as I stay I shall endeavour to be as little trouble as possible.

Pray my duty to Mamma & love to my brothers, & let her know yt my next letter will be to her.

I am dr Papa,
Your most obedient and most dutiful son
CHAS. HOTHAM.

In regard to the abundance of venison at Enfield referred to in this letter, Lord Hastings, later in life, told Charles Hotham that, when turning over some ancient papers one day, he discovered a humble petition addressed to one of his ancestors praying that the people who dwelt upon his land might not be forced to eat venison more than three times a week, as they were so heartily weary of it !

When not passing his holidays with Fat Van, young Hotham spent much of his time with another great friend, " Master Onslow," the son of the Speaker.[1] But perhaps his most constant companions among his schoolfellows at this date were the Hamiltons before referred to, of whom three were then resident at Westminster, Frederick,[2] afterwards Vicar of Wellingborough, Archibald,[3] born in 1727, and William, or Billy, foster-brother to the Prince of Wales (George III) and later in life the famous Sir William Hamilton. On May 30th 1744, Archibald was accidentally drowned while boating upon the Thames, and the consternation of his schoolfellows at his untimely fate is described in the letters of condolence written by young Hotham to Frederick, brother of the dead boy :—

Charles Hotham to Frederick Hamilton

DEAR HAMILTON,

Though, thank God, I never had the misfortune to lose so good a brother as your's, yet I can easily imagine what you suffer, such an unexpected accident is enough I own to shake the firmest heart, but reason & your good sense will, I flatter myself, in time get the better of your grief, and all will be well again. To advise you not to afflict yourself would I know, be of no service, your sorrow certainly must have a vent, however I beg you to compose yourself & divert y^r^ sorrow to the utmost of y^r^ power. I will not trouble you any longer, what I have said may be too much, & more must be worse. Cambel

[1] Arthur Onslow (1691–1768), third member of his family who was Speaker of the House of Commons. He was Recorder of Guildford and High Steward of Kingston-on-Thames. His son George was born 1731 and died at the age of eighty-two in 1814, having been created Viscount Cranley and Earl of Onslow, 19th June, 1801.

[2] Frederick, second son of Lord Archibald Hamilton, admitted to Westminster School, January, 1739–40.

[3] Archibald, third son of Lord Archibald Hamilton, admitted to Westminster School October, 1737, aged ten.

[*sic*] desires his service, and joins with me in wishing to see you soon with us.

I am, dr Hamilton,
Yr sincere friend & humble servant
CHAS. HOTHAM.

Frederick Hamilton to Charles Hotham

June 4th 1744.
London.

DEAR HOTHAM,

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I receiv'd your letter which indeed was so tender that I cou'd not help thinking but that you was very much mov'd at my loss, which indeed I don't doubt, because I am convinc'd that you have a great share of good nature and friendship towards me.

My dear Brother is to be buried Tuesday night in the Abby with the greatest privacy as is possible, therefore it wou'd not be proper for you to mention it to anybody except Cambel whose secrecy and even friendship I can very well rely upon.

Pray let me know what passed in the school concerning this shocking accident. Papa and Mamma are very much concern'd and are continually talking of him and lamenting his misfortune ; as for my part the loss of him is certainly the greatest I ever had because he always treated me with the greatest mildness and good-nature.

I expect to go into the country soon to stay there for a short time, but you may direct your letters to me in Pall Mall which if I should be gone into the country I shall receive in my Father's Packett. Pray give my service to Campbel.

I am
Dr Hotham your most affectionate friend
and humble servant,
FRED HAMILTON.

I shall not fail answering all your letters if it is agreeable to you.

Charles Hotham to Frederick Hamilton

June 5th 1744.

DEAR HAMILTON,

Though hearing of your welfare would always be a great pleasure to me, yet I must confess it will be still a greater at this juncture of time than any other ; when one knows a friend to be in affliction, and feels any regard for him, one can't help

being desirous of enquiring how he does, yet more so to hear it from himself. The whole school, I believe, from the first to the last are thoroughly concerned at this terrible accident, there is not one boy (though he was not at all acquainted with him) who does not speak of it with sorrow. Poor Elliot and Lock in particular who, in my opinion, are in a melancholy condition, both of 'em are so deeply concern'd, I can't really say which is most so. I suppose I need not mention anything concerning the Doctor, you may certainly imagine how much he is grieved. All he said to us next morning was that he hoped y^{t} had given us warning enough, and so no further inquiry was made.

As to answering your letters, if you are not less willing on your side than I shall be on mine, our correspondence, so agreeable to me, shall not easily drop. If I've but half an hour in the day to spare, I assure you it shall be in writing to you, so am

Dr Hamilton
yr most affectionate friend & humble servant
CHAS. HOTHAM.

Cambel & Greenhill desire their service and pray make mine to your brother who I hope is well.

Ere long, another event occurred at Westminster School which served to distract the thoughts of the boys from the sad death of their young companion. Adjacent to the building, as we have seen, lay the marshes of Tuttle Fields, that unattractive waste which was enlivened twice a year by a fair, dignified alone by the antiquity of its origin, during which booths were erected, and donkey and pony races attracted the Westminster boys who mingled with the cheerful, if disorderly, crowd. But to the south of the waste was an expanse of grass whither, in Dr. Nicoll's time, the boys began to betake themselves frequently in order to play a game called cricket which, however, was still in its infancy, and the popularity of which was, as yet, rivalled by the older recreation of pitch-farthing. The innovation owed much of the approval it quickly gained to the enthusiasm of the Sackvilles, several of whom ensured their future laurels as cricketers in those pioneer attempts on Tuttle Fields; while the Hothams, both on account of their proficiency in the new pastime as well as their success in after life, were later de-

scribed with dual meaning as being "among the *lucky hits* of Westminster." But in the pursuit of their new recreation the Westminster boys were not left long in undisputed possession of the playground they had annexed. In the summer of 1744 news reached young Frederick Hamilton, then staying at his parents' country house, Park Place, Henley-on-Thames, of an affray in this connection which had taken place at the school, and of some of its dire consequences. He thereupon wrote off in haste to his friend young Hotham for further particulars :—

Frederick Hamilton to Charles Hotham.

July 11th 1744.

I hear that there has been a quarrel between the town boys & the King's Scholars about Johnson's showing up Ld Charles Douglas & some others, but I find the King's Scholars to be quite in the wrong. I am in hopes that the next letter I have from you I shall hear that you are removed into the Shell.

I ride out pretty often and yesterday went to Lord Brooke's country seat at Windsor & saw the castle which gave me a great deal of pleasure. I should be very glad to hear from you as soon as you can to know how all affairs go on at Westminster & how you like being under the Doctor.

Direct to me under a cover to Papa at Park Place Henley-on-Thames.

Charles Hotham to Frederick Hamilton

(1744)

Dear Hamilton,

I could not indeed hope for forgiveness from you by not answering your letter sooner, had I not an excuse which you, I daresay, will have good nature enough to think a good one, which is, for the last fortnight my Papa and Mama were both very ill so that what time I had to spare, I employ'd in going home.

I don't doubt but you have heard of the quarrel we have had with the Westminster Club, however, lest you should not, I'll give you an account of it. Last Tuesday night they took the King's scholars' place, who as soon as they came into the fields turn'd em out, upon which they came again and turn'd us out, being, I am sure, at least an hundred, & all our boys were not in the fields. One of them they call Cheriton immediately knocked down Kavannah,[1] another struck

[1] Thomas Kavanagh, admitted January, 1742–3.

Cooper,[1] which broke his bat, then they all surrounded us & drove us quite out of the fields, not content with that they came into Dean's Yard arm'd with Hangers and bats, and swore they'd kill the first boy they met. I was at Hendry's with some more boys whom they said they'd smack, we all of us immediately ran up stairs and soon after got into Mrs Levit's where we staid till it was almost dark, & then got home safe. The Bridewell boys[2] have promis'd to help us, and ye Captain, like an honourable fellow (as he is) flung three guineas back into the Club's face which they had offer'd him not to fight for us. some of them have begged pardon, & to-day Nichols had intelligence they had a Warrent to take up Lord Charles Douglas[3] Lewis Monson[4] Lord Sussex[5] & Pole[6] for which they are lock'd up.

I have been in the school some time & like the Doctor very well. I hope soon to have the pleasure of telling you we have thrash'd 'em, which I believe will be as great a pleasure to you as to your humble servant

HOTHAM.

Frederick Hamilton to Charles Hotham

August 2d 1744.

I had heard of the quarrel between our boys & the Westminster Club before you told me, but not in so distinct a manner, & am myself very much incens'd against them, [the Club] I heard before that Thomas the barber had broke Kavannah's arm & that they all run up into College, & abus'd Doctor Johnson. I desire that in your next letter you will tell

[1] Possibly Charles Cooper, admitted in 1735, who became a King's Scholar in 1743, and was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1745. But it may have been William Cowper, the poet, who was admitted in April, 1742.

[2] The old Bridewell occupied the plot of ground adjoining the north side of the Green Coat School site, which then stood on the edge of Tothill Fields on the west side of Artillery Place, and leading into Victoria Street; the school was formerly called "St. Margaret's Hospital," and was dedicated as far back as 1633 to the relief of the fatherless children of St. Margaret's parish.

[3] Charles, son of the 3rd Duke of Queensberry, by Catherine, daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon; born 1726, admitted to Westminster February, 1741–2. He became Earl of Drumlanrig in 1745, when his brother was killed by the accidental discharge of his own pistol; but his friends continued to refer to him by his previous name. (See pages 32 & 68.) In 1755 he narrowly escaped with his life from the earthquake at Lisbon, but died unmarried in 1756.

[4] Lewis Monson, afterwards 1st Baron Sondes. Admitted to Westminster, April, 1737.

[5] George Augustus Yelverton, 2nd Earl of Sussex. Admitted to the School March, 1736.

[6] Geoman Pole. Admitted, March, 1739–40.

me what success you had with the Bridewell boys & I hope to hear that you have gain'd a glorious Victory over those rascals who dared to insult us in our own dominions.

I already find the want of so agreeable a friend as you and shall be very glad to meet again after the Holidays. I divert myself with going a-shooting Partridges & in a short time I expect to make myself a pretty good shooter.

Pray let we hear from you as soon as you can, & I beg that another time you wou'd think me more your friend than to make an excuse. Enclose your letter to me under cover to Papa.

I am dear Hotham,
Your most sincere & affectionate Friend
F. HAMILTON.

A few other letters from young Hotham belonging to this date have survived—some addressed to Master Onslow, some to his parents and brothers, and one of profound gratitude endorsed " To my grandmother upon her sending me a guinea." He was no slovenly correspondent, and each letter was first composed by him in a rough copy, then carefully corrected and polished, till the finished composition was held to be fit to be indited in a fair round hand and dispatched to the fortunate recipient. Few things perhaps serve to emphasise the gulf between the past and the present more than these schoolboy letters, so sententious in expression, so punctilious in address ; and this is again noticeable in a letter respecting the Westminster theatricals penned by Hotham to a schoolfellow who was his junior, but which breathes a respect that the writer was probably far from cherishing :—

Charles Hotham to Lord Higham Ferrars[1]

DEAR LD HIGHAM,

Mrs Morel desired me to let you know that Ld & Ly Bath are afraid of disobliging Ld Dartmouth in letting Ld Lewisham act, so that he is quite out of the question, & if your L^{d}ship pleases Ldy Charlot may get his part.

The Speaker has given Onslow leave to stay in town the first and second week on purpose, and our only difficulty now is about Bowen, we are not sure whether his father will let him

[1] Viscount Higham and Earl of Malton, afterwards 2nd Marquis of Rockingham, 1730–82. Educated at Westminster and at St. John's College, Camb., a celebrated Whig statesman.

stay in town the 2 first weeks or not. We have sent once to-day, but he was not at home, so we had no answer, but we'll let your Ldship know tomorrow morning,

I am, dear Ld Higham

etc. etc.

Yet it was this same Lord Higham Ferrars who, a merry knave, dressed himself up in hoop and petticoat, and calling at Westminster in a Sedan chair asked Dr. Nicoll to show him over the school. The amiable Doctor, doubtless anticipating that another young pupil was to be placed in his charge by the fair lady who thus desired his escort, conducted his visitor with the utmost courtesy throughout the building, but while so doing was considerably annoyed at the inexplicable rudeness of his pupils who burst into irrepressible laughter which grated unpleasantly on the ears of the gallant dominie. When the *dénouement* came and Nicoll discovered how he had been duped, doubtless there was a result little pleasing to the daring jester ; but the future Whig statesman was never lacking in courage, and the story is well known how he ran away in 1745 at the age of fourteen to join the Duke of Cumberland's army and fight against the Pretender.

That eventful year, when feeling ran high in Westminster School respecting the rival claims of the houses of Hanover and Stuart, and every lad, however young, was an ardent politician, Charles Hotham, then in the sixth form, closed the brief record of his schooldays. The thought of leaving Westminster filled him with regret, but from many of his former schoolfellows he received warm congratulations upon the freedom to which he was about to attain, accompanied occasionally by a denunciation of the University life to which some of them were condemned :—

Lord Boyle[1] *to Charles Hotham*

Oxford May 31st 1745.

It gives me great joy to hear you are settled in Duke St as I know you must have a pleasure in your new house. All that

[1] John, Viscount Kelburne and Lord Boyle of Kelburne, etc. etc., son of John, 2nd Earl of Glasgow by his wife Helen, daughter of William Morrison, Esq. of Prestongrange, Co. Haddington. Lord Boyle, who succeeded his father as 3rd Earl in 1748, filled the important office of High-Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland from 1764–72.

I regret is that you was not there before I left it, but I hope y^r^ Company and friendship will ever remain as strongly attached to me as I desire.

The Oxford life is, I must own not very greatly to be desired by me, for it is the same over & over again. We keep better hours at our Hall than at most Colledges in Oxford for we dine at one o'clock instead of 12, & go to prayers at 8 in the morning instead of six. This is agreeable.—After prayers I go to breakfast, & after that (would you believe it) I actually study for an hour or two, *sometimes*. Then I walk out till dinner. Then walk out till tea-time. Then walk out till half an hour after five (Evening Prayers). Then walk out, or go a-rowing on the water till 8. Then to supper with some Friend at a Tavern or at their Lodgings, for I have been invited every night, & come home at eleven. This would be very well, if not every day.

I have now two pardons to ask, first for not writing before, & I own that dancing etc. at Bath, & shooting at our Country Seat, hindered me. Secondly for this Letter, which is writ carelessly & in a hurry, & ought not to be sent, but that it conveys the sincere assurance that I am dear Sr

Your most faithful friend and humb servant

BOYLE.

The Same to the Same

St Mary's Hall Oct. 22d 1745.

DEAR HOTHAM,

Your last gave me the greatest imaginable pleasure. I am rejoiced that you have not left Westm^r^ & that you have left the School, and as I expect to be in London this winter it will be very convenient and agreeable to be neighbours. We shall then enjoy perfect happiness, no Rules to keep [us] from the Play, nor Exercises to torment us.

As for the play, I indeed frequented it as much then as I can since, but not with that pleasure that we, I hope, shall taste. I felt the same, I may say, reluctance upon leaving Westm^r^ as you have, though I assure you it was quite overcome by my Joy. And now the Monsons, Jack Chaplin, Willoughby etc. are gone, I dare say you found it more disagreeable for the latter part of y^r^ time than when I was there, & that you left it with less uneasiness than you would had you gone when I did. As for little Stephens & old Heber I suppose you forsook them without much pain, tho' they are, indeed, as all the Boys in general, very good-natured. Do you go now to Hendreys? Shall not you and I when we meet beg the *little Boys* a play?

But I sincerely wish you Joy & all happiness in every situation of life, & I protest I long to assure you by word of mouth of this & of my being

Your ever faithful friend

BOYLE.

Thus the schooldays of Charles Hotham closed; and with the delightful prospect emphasised by his friend, of "*no Rules to keep us from the Play nor Exercises to torment us,*" he doubtless looked forward, as did Lord Boyle, to a future of "perfect happiness." But he was not left long to enjoy his newly acquired freedom before he was called upon to begin the serious business of life. In September, 1746, he was appointed Ensign in the first Regiment of Footguards, then commanded by H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland; and early in January of the year following he was ordered abroad with a portion of his Regiment, to serve in Flanders.

The causes which had led to this war in which he was called upon to play his part must have been to him of unusual interest. In 1740 the tyrannical Frederick William of Prussia had died, that monarch to whom Hotham's uncle, Sir Charles, the fifth baronet, had been sent on a fruitless mission; and Frederick, the ill-treated Crown Prince, succeeded to the throne and the freedom he must long have coveted, to be afterwards known as Frederick the Great.

The result of the military education of the new Sovereign was soon apparent; he found himself at the head of a well-disciplined army, and Europe was gradually plunged into war. In the October following his accession, the death of Charles VI of Austria presented an excuse for the invasion of Silesia. That Emperor, having no son, had persuaded his various hereditary States to accept an agreement known as the Pragmatic Sanction, which provided that at his death they should transfer their allegiance to his daughter, Maria Theresa. He obtained from the chief Governments in Europe an acknowledgment of the validity of this document; but at his death, although Maria Theresa—Queen of Hungary, as she was called from her principal title—was accepted as ruler by her father's States, Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, endeavoured to set up a claim to Bohemia and to the Archduchy of Austria. France, anxious to make herself supreme in Germany by the

disruption of the House of Austria, sided with him ; and in 1741, when Frederick defeated the Austrians at Mollwitz, a French army crossed the Rhine in support of the Elector of Bavaria, who, early in 1742, was chosen Emperor of Austria under the title of Charles VII. In the summer of 1742, Maria Theresa, hard pressed by her foes, and hoping thereby to be better enabled to cope with them, signed the treaty of Breslau by which she ceded Silesia to Frederick.

The English people warmly sympathised with Maria Theresa, a romantic figure by reason of her youth, her beauty, and her bravery ; and she was saved alone by their support combined with the chivalry of her Hungarian subjects. In 1744, however, she and her arch-enemy Frederick were once more at strife, and France then openly declared war against England. A large British force joined the Allies to defend the Netherlands against a French army commanded by Marshal Saxe ; but at Fontenoy, on May 1st, the latter gained the advantage over the British troops. This encouraged Prince Charles Edward, aided by France, to try his fortunes in Scotland that same year, when his disastrous defeat and the cruelty with which his adherents were subsequently butchered ended his hopes for all time. Meanwhile the French overran the Austrian Netherlands, and the English, under command of Sir John Ligonier,[1] were engaged in endeavouring to defeat the aims of these allies to Frederick.

Such was the military position when Charles Hotham was called upon to take part in the contest against that Prince whom his uncle, the former Ambassador-Extraordinary at Berlin, had endeavoured to befriend. In the same month William Anne, Lord Albemarle, who had been previously engaged in the suppression of the rising in Scotland,[2] likewise received orders to repair to Flanders. His son William, however,—young Hotham's former schoolfellow, Fat Van,—who

[1] John Ligonier, of a noble Huguenot family, born 1687. He fought at the battles of Schellenburgh, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet and many others, and received knighthood after the Battle of Dettingen. He was made Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Flanders. In 1757 he was created an Irish peer by the title of Viscount Ligonier of Inniskillen, in 1763 an English baron, and three years later an English earl. He died in 1770 after a most distinguished career, and a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

[2] He commanded the first line of Cumberland's army at Culloden.

had received a commission in the Coldstream Guards through the influence of his uncle the Duke of Richmond, found to his despair that his own regiment was not being sent abroad. In great distress, therefore, Fat Van wrote urgently to his father to procure for him some place in his suite, and also begged his elder brother to represent his wishes to the Duke of Cumberland. The result was that Captain Keppel was appointed aide-de-camp to Sir John Ligonier, and that Hotham, to his delight, found that he was to travel out in company with this former schoolfellow and his father, both friends to whom he was deeply attached.

Before taking his departure from England, Hotham went to bid farewell to the father of another of his friends, the Speaker, Arthur Onslow. That gentleman, Horace Walpole mentions sarcastically, was noted in the House for his "oracular decisions," and Hotham used to relate in after life how the Oracle on this occasion bestowed upon him a piece of advice sententious yet patriotic. "Good-bye t'ye, young gentleman," quoth Mr. Onslow, taking the young soldier by the hand, "fare ye well. You are going upon the service of your king and country; never forget that it is a solemn duty you owe to both *to take all the imaginable care you possibly can of your health, and the least of your person!*"

Hotham, indeed, spare in figure and somewhat delicate in appearance, as letters from his friends testify, was nevertheless wiry and full of a courage which never flagged. In the campaign which followed he acquitted himself with a bravery which earned warm praise from his superiors; and it is to be regretted that no personal account of his experiences has survived. George, Lord Albemarle, however, gives a graphic description of the events in which his predecessor took a prominent part.

"For the campaign of this year," he relates, "the Duke of Cumberland was appointed captain-general. Sir John Ligonier became General of Horse, having under him Hawley as Lieutenant-general. Lord Albemarle[1] commanded the British infantry; there were also eight other general officers serving under the respective commanders of the horse and foot.

"The Duke of Cumberland attended by Colonels Lord Bury,

[1] William Anne, the 2nd Earl.

Lord Cathcart, John Fitzwilliam, and other officers of distinction, set out from St. James's on the 1st of February to take command of the confederate army, consisting of English, Hanoverians, Hessians, Dutch and Austrians, about 126,000 fighting men.

"The French forces under Marshal Saxe continued quiet till towards the latter end of May, when Louis XV arrived at Brussels. They now made the necessary disposition for an attack on Maestricht. The Duke set his army in motion to thwart this design.

"On Saturday both armies were drawn up in order of battle. The French had taken possession of the heights of Herdeeren immediately above the allies. The Austrians, forming the right wing of the confederate army, extended as far as Bilsen. The Dutch formed the centre, and the British and the Hanoverians the left, which extended to Wirle, a village a mile to the south of Maestricht. In the front of the left wing was the village of Laffeldt in which were posted several English and one Hanoverian battalion.

"The battle began the following morning at 10 o'clock. 'The French King,' Walpole tells us, 'saw the whole through a spying glass from a hill environed with twenty thousand men.'

"The French marched down the hill, and attacked the village of Laffeldt, the key of the confederate position. The place was defended with amazing obstinacy. The assailants, especially the Irish brigade, that had fought so obstinately at Fontenoy, suffered terribly in their approach, and met with such a warm reception from the British musketry that they were broken and dispersed. Fresh brigades of the enemy succeeded each other with great perseverance. The confederates were driven out but soon returned. Four times in this day was the village taken and retaken, and the place exhibited a scene of terrible slaughter.

"The British and Hanoverian troops behaved so well in line, that at noon the Duke ordered the whole left wing to advance upon the French, whose infantry gave way so fast, that they were obliged to put cavalry behind them and on their flanks, to drive them on with their swords.

"Victory seemed about to declare for the Allies, when

fortune took a sudden turn against them. Several squadrons of Dutch cavalry went at full gallop to the right about and overthrew five British regiments that were moving up from the reserve. One of these corps, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, was so enraged at the behaviour of the allies, that they poured two whole volleys into them as they fled. Profiting by the confusion thus produced by the cowardice of the Dutch, the French cavalry charged with an impetuosity and penetrated through the confederate line. The defeat would in all probability have been total had not Sir John Ligonier resolved to sacrifice himself to save the rest. At the head of three British cavalry regiments and some squadrons of Imperial Horse, he charged the whole French line of cavalry with such intrepidity that he overthrew all before him, and enabled the Duke of Cumberland to effect an orderly retreat to Maestricht.

" In this charge Ligonier's horse was shot under him, and he was hurried into the enemies' ranks. In the confusion he endeavoured to pass for one of their own officers, and even cheered on the French troops, but the Order of the Bath being observed under his coat he was recognised as a British officer and obliged to surrender. He was presented to the French King by Count de Saxe himself. ' Here,' said the Marshal, ' is a gentleman who has thwarted all my measures.' Louis received the veteran very graciously, and invited him to dinner the same evening, instead, as Voltaire insinuates he ought to have done, of putting him to death as a rebel." [1]

In this fight Fat Van, General Ligonier's aide-de-camp, with his usual ill-luck, was " much wounded," and shared the captivity of his chief ; but young Hotham escaped unhurt, and subsequently received many letters of congratulation upon this fact, and upon the creditable manner in which he had acquitted himself. A caustic letter from his brother John Hotham, aged twelve, no doubt occasioned him some amusement :—

Thursday July 2d 1747.

Dear Brother,

I shou'd have writ to you long before this, Had I not stay'd to have had the pleasure of wishing you Joy of beating

[1] *Fifty Years of my Life*, by George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle, 1776, Vol. I, pages 135–8.

the French ; but as it is the contrary this time, I must do it the next.

We have had a flying report of a Victory on our Side but I cannot believe it ; for I think bad News comes fast enough, but Good News comes very seldom.

I hope you had a good time of it at the Battle, but I own I'd rather get a remove at School, than stand to be shot at for 4 or 5 Hours together.

I am your
loving Brother
JOHN HOTHAM.

The news of that victory so confidently anticipated by little John Hotham did not arrive. In 1748 Lord Albemarle was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Flanders, and Charles Hotham became his aide-de-camp. But the conduct of the campaign continued to be disastrous for the English. The great fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom was taken, and at length Maestricht, on which the safety of Holland depended, was itself besieged. Yet, despite reverses, England was steadily gaining the object for which she contended, for while she engaged the French forces, the latter elsewhere met with defeat by land and sea, till at length, alarmed at the expense of the contest, and at her want of success, France, in common with the other combatants, was ready to listen to reasonable terms for the cessation of hostilities. In October, 1748, the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was agreed upon, by which France was to acknowledge the Sovereignty of Maria Theresa, and all conquests made during the war were to be restored by both sides. Frederick King of Prussia, however, retained Silesia ; a fact which, as we shall see, eventually led to the reopening of hostilities

CHAPTER XIV

FRIENDS IN ENGLAND, 1746–1753

ALTHOUGH throughout this campaign we are left without any personal record of the experiences of Charles Hotham, there remains a mass of letters which journeyed out to him in Flanders, and eventually travelled back in his keeping to England. They represent an epitome of his friendships at that date, and give a picture of the events then happening in England, which must have transported the young soldier in spirit to a life far apart from the clash of arms and the stirring incidents in which he was taking part.

Almost the first person to congratulate him upon his safe arrival in Flanders was his aunt, Lady Gertrude Hotham, who continued to regard him with an affection dating from the days of his residence as a small boy at Campden House :—

Lady Gertrude Hotham to Ensign Hotham of the First Regiment of the Guards, with the Army in Flanders

Kensington feb. ye 18th 1746–7. O.S.

You may believe me when I assure you that few things cou'd have given me more real pleasure and Satisfaction than the hearing you were got safe on the other side of the Water, and [I] made frequent enquirys of Mr Hotham, before I receiv'd y^{rs} of the 18th last which doubled my joy, in finding the change of climate had made no change in y^{r} affections and attention to your old friends, whose good wishes you will never fail of wheresoever you are.

Pray take the first opportunity of informing me what reception General Ligonier gives you after the particular recommendation he has had of you from my Brother Chesterfield.

GENERAL SIR CHARLES HOTHAM, THE 8TH BARONET, K.C.B.
GROOM OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO GEORGE III
Painted by Gilbert Stuart

I was glad to find you were going to Bıeda, where you would not fail to meet with some good companye at yr Assemblys, and most probably Lord Sandwich & my Ladye,[1] Who you may, if you please, make my Compliments to, and acquaint 'em at the same time of Mr Courteney's[2] being much recover'd by the air of Kensington, and both he & Mrs Courteney are still in my neighbourhood, Tho' I can't saye at present the Weather is very tempting for the Country, for these last two or three days have been colder than any we have had this whole Winter and more snow, and if it is the same with you I advise you to Dance yr Self warm.

There is a great Assembly to-night at Bedford House where for the Young ones sakes' I wish there maye be a Ball, while I solace myself by my own fireside with a Book.

Lord Kildare & my Lady[3] are the two most glittering objects the town affords at present in Equipage, jewells, etc.; they propose going to Ireland in May; and now having told you all I know of the great World I shall bid you adieu & remain

Very sincerely yrs

G. Hotham.

All with me desire their Compts.

Two items in this letter must have had a special interest for young Hotham. He had met "Lord Sandwich and my Ladye," and doubtless had no difficulty in delivering the polite message from Lady Gertrude. John, fourth Earl of Sandwich, better known as "Jemmy Twitcher," was at this date twenty-nine years of age, and his wife, Judith, was said to be no less than twenty-three years his senior. Lord Sandwich, despite his youth, had in 1746 been nominal head of the Admiralty of which he afterwards became First Lord, and in

[1] John, 4th Earl (son of Edward Richard, Viscount Hinchinbroke), 1718–92, had succeeded his grandfather in 1729. He was subsequently Secretary of State and First Lord of the Admiralty. He married in March, 1740–1, Judith, daughter of Charles, Viscount Fane.

[2] John Courtenay, author of the *Political review of Dr. Johnson's character*. Born in Ireland, 1738, died, 1815. He was called the "Deputy Buffoon to Lord North." He ridiculed the writings of Horace Walpole, of whom he says:

Who to love tunes his note, with the fire of old age,
And chirps the trim lay in a trim Gothic cage!

[3] James, 20th Earl of Kildare, born 1722, married February 7th, 1747, Emilia Mary, daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Richmond and Lennox.

July of that year he had been nominated plenipotentiary at the conferences at Breda. He subsequently represented his country at the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, and displayed remarkable astuteness throughout the tangled negotiations of that treaty. In society he was a charming and attractive host, yet so ungainly that it is said his Paris dancing master begged him as an especial favour never to tell anyone who had taught him to dance. "I am sure it is Lord Sandwich," quoth a friend of his one day watching his peculiar gait, "*for he is walking down both sides of the street at once!*" Later in life Lord Sandwich acquired an evil reputation on account of his connection with the "Hell-fire Club" at Medmenham Abbey; but, eminent diplomatist and statesman as he was, likewise notorious rake and gamester, it is an irony of fate that he perhaps owes his greatest claim to immortality from his having invented *sandwiches*, a form of refreshment designed by him in order to avoid having to leave the gaming table for any necessary sustenance.

Nevertheless Lord Sandwich could, when occasion required, throw a dignity and a severity into his manner which awed those who forgot his position on account of his youth. One day at Breda he gave a large dinner party at which Charles Hotham was present, and the conversation turned upon the subject of geese becoming intoxicated if they ate malt grains, which the host asserted was a fact he himself had witnessed. Among the guests, however, there was present Lord C. (Hotham carefully suppresses the name), who was very young, and at that moment very drunk. Emboldened by his condition, he looked contemptuously at the plenipotentiary and inquired pertly if "My Lord Sandwich has ever seen a goose drunk?" The opportunity was too tempting. The plenipotentiary looked straight at his guest—"Never—*in his feathers*, my Lord," he replied gravely.

While it is strange to think of that future prominent member of the Hell-fire Club as a friend of the pious Lady Gertrude, another matter was doubtless of far greater interest to Charles Hotham in the letter from his aunt. This was the news that the sister of his former schoolfellow, Lord March, that same little Lady Emilia who had suffered so sorely during

her expedition to Holland in 1743,[1] was now a "glittering object" as a young bride. "Charming pretty Lady Emilie," Lord Fitzwilliam calls her, while her own father writes that she is without exception held to be "the loveliest lady of the English Court, with a perfect figure." Endowed with such a face and form, Lady Emilia had not been left long without suitors for her hand, and three years after that same voyage of which her brother wrote so graphic a description, she received a proposal from my Lord Cornbury, of whom the "dancing Mademoiselle" of Montpellier, despite her "forescore and some odd years," afterwards strove to make a conquest. But Lord Cornbury, when filling the rôle of victim to the charms of Lady Emilie, was as much older than the lady of his choice as his own age was later eclipsed by that of the elderly dame who sought to captivate him, and the young beauty treated his pretensions with amused tolerance. "Lord Cornbury was here yesterday," she writes on August 14th, 1746. "He stay'd near two hours with Mama & talk'd a great deal without coming to the point till at last Mama told him that she understood by what I had said that the question his Lordship wanted an answer to was whether it was absolutely impossible cou'd I ever like him; that at my age nothing was absolutely impossible but that I had assur'd her I thought I never should; upon which he seemed very much surpris'd."[2] The astonished suitor, however, besides being a widower, was over twenty-one years older than the present object of his affections, and, moreover, possessed Jacobite leanings which did not commend him to the Duke and his family, who were staunch Whigs. Thus Lady Emilie did not subscribe to Pope's eulogy :—

> Would you be blest? despise low joys, low gains;
> Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
> Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains!

The rejected Cornbury therefore betook himself in melancholy wise to the Continent, sadly proof against even the charms which laid in wait for him at Montpellier, and pretty

[1] See page 6.

[2] *A Duke and his Friends*, by the Earl of March (1911), Vol. II, page 606.

Lady Emilie smiled on a successful rival who, unknown to him, had forestalled his suit.

For in truth the young beauty had barely attained the age of fourteen, in June of the previous year, when James Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, had laid his heart and fortune at her feet. He was an ideal lover, handsome, rich, of ancient lineage, and, as her father relates, "the most honest as well as likeable young man of the day." Yet the parents of the would-be bride demurred, and made the stipulation that there was to be no definite engagement between the young couple till Lady Emilia was fifteen. On the stroke of the day which was to decide his fate, November 24th, 1746, Lord Kildare returned to the charge, and the wedding took place on February 5th, 1747. "Lord Kildare is married to the charming Lady Emily Lennox," wrote Horace Walpole at the same date. "They have not given her a shilling, but the King endows her by making Lord Kildare a Viscount *sterling* (i.e. an English Viscount) and they talk of giving him a pinchbeck Dukedom to keep him always first peer of Ireland."[1] A few days subsequent to the letter from Lady Gertrude, on February 21st, Lord Kildare was created Viscount Leinster of Taplow, while in 1761 he was advanced to the Marquessate of Kildare, and in 1766 he was created Duke of Leinster. It may be added that the poor young bride had another terrible crossing when she went to Ireland soon after her marriage; but in the January following her wedding, at the age of sixteen, she gave birth to a son, Lord Offaly, the first of a family of seventeen children, of whom one was the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald, husband of Pamela, daughter of Madame de Genlis.

This, however, is anticipating events at a date when accounts still continued to pour in to young Hotham of Lady Kildare in the first triumph of her beauty as a bride of fifteen. One of the correspondents dazzled by her splendour was Lord Pulteney, who, however, for the present remained faithful to another noted belle, Lady Juliana Fermor, daughter of Lord Pomfret.[2] Lord Pulteney, whose letters are remark-

[1] *Letters of Horace Walpole*, ed. by P. Cunningham, Vol. III, page 74.

[2] Lady Juliana Fermor, daughter of Thomas, 2nd Earl of Pomfret, married in 1751 Thomas Penn, Esq. (son of William Penn, the great legislator of

able for their erratic spelling and careless orthography, remained at Westminster till 1747. Chafing at the prolongation of his schooldays, and kept with the greatest strictness by his parents with whom he was constantly at variance, his early life seems to have been a singularly unhappy one :—

Lord Pulteney to Ensign Hotham

Though I can't but vastly desire an answer to my letters & that only enough to tell how you do, which I dare say you are sufficiently assured is the news I am most desirous of learning, yet give me leave to trouble you with a longer letter & tell (if that can be any satisfaction to you) all the chit chat I can pick up & let you know how all your old friends go on in this part of the world.

Lady Julia, whom I think you have entirely deserted, I have never seen since you have left us, so that I have very little to say concerning her, except repeating her charms, which would be endless, &, if I may use the expression, is a thread-bare subject to you and I. The first time I see her I intend to kindle up a jealousy between her and Lord Deerhurst,[1] for you must know at Colonel Yumley's Election My Lord came up into the Gallery to me, & first scraped an acquaintance with me in order afterwards to speak to Miss Villiers that was with me, which he did, & in all appearances was mightily taken with her & immediately presented her with his Ticket for Lord Lovat's tryal,[2] which is no small favour ; whereupon I immediately bantered him on his new Flame, & enquired how Lady Julia did, to whom I intend to tell the whole story and raise great animosities between them.

Although you are employed in more useful & more Essential study shurely you must regret not being here when Mr Garrick[3] performed the Part of Fribble, the account of which I shan't trouble you with, for by this time I reckon you have heard it

the Quakers), one of the proprietors of Pennsylvania. He died in 1775 and Lady Juliana in 1781. All Lady Pomfret's daughters were noted for their beauty, especially Lady Grenville. Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann, January 14th, 1745, says : "There is a fourth sister, Lady Juliana, who is very handsome."

[1] George William, Viscount Deerhurst, who succeeded his father in March, 1751, as 6th Earl of Coventry. In 1752 he married his first wife Maria, eldest daughter of John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Coote, Co. Roscommon, one of the famous beauties, sister of the Duchess of Hamilton and of Argyll. She died in 1760.

[2] See Vol. II, page 290.

[3] David Garrick, actor-manager and dramatist, 1717–79.

twenty times, but you can't conceive anything so drole as it was—if you have you must certainly have a very low opinion of it, but it pleased me, I own, in acting, most prodigeously, & the characters he aims at are you will think not uncommon. The Mr Fribbles are plentiful here, & I reckon you meet with a Cap^t. Flash now & then where you are. Another great entertainment you have lost is the new Play which is most charmingly acted & an admirable good thing.

I have been charged by so many People to give their Com^ts to their Friend Hotham that it would be endless to mention them all but particularly Jack Nicholl, & Col. Yumley, Miss Hort & "Lady Pulteney," alias Miss Villiers. I am going down to dinner, & shall inform myself of some more news to send you which will not, I hope, be disagreeable if you can read this scrawl.

Lord Lovat's tryal was to have been next Monday, but it is Put off, but upon what Account I know not. Colonel Conway[1] is to be married to Lady Alisbury[2] immediately, notwithstanding my Lord is not yet buried, the only reason I can give for her violent hurry is that Mr Conway is to go Flanders in a little while, and she has a mind to make shure of him whilst she can.

Lady Kildair was married ten days ago, & they cut a most flaming figure, & she looks most exquisitely handsome, they have by the Dutchess's consent been to see Lady Caroline,[3] the Dutchess said she was now at her own disposal and she hoped she would act with discretion, but for her part she had no thought of a reconciliation, but I know this not to be a diverting piece of news to you. Lord March is worse than ever. Duke Hamilton[4] is much better, but Miss Chidley[5] [Chudleigh] whom they say before he left England he offered to marry & settle a very handsome jointure upon, is still much out of order.

[1] Later General the Hon. Seymour Conway, afterwards Field-Marshal, brother of the 1st Marquis of Hertford, and cousin of Horace Walpole, M.P. for Thetford. He was the owner of Park Place and the father of the Hon. Mrs. Damer. (See pages 214–215.)

[2] Caroline, only daughter of General John Campbell of Mamore, afterwards 4th Duke of Argyll, in 1739 married, as his third wife, Charles, 4th Earl of Elgin and 3rd Earl of Ailesbury. He died the 10th February, 1747.

[3] Lady Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of the 2nd Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

[4] James, 6th Duke of Hamilton, K.T., who married in 1752 the celebrated beauty, Elizabeth, second daughter of John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Coote, Co. Roscommon.

[5] Elizabeth Chudleigh, 1720–88, Countess of Bristol and Duchess of Kingston, whose famous trial for bigamy took place in 1777.

I beg you would write me word how you divert your self & what sort of country you are in.

Three items of gossip in this letter are of interest. First that "Duke Hamilton," who afterwards married the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, was credited with having previously proposed to the almost equally lovely maid of honour, Miss Chudleigh, a lady subsequently noted for her curious matrimonial adventures; secondly, that little Lord March, at this date twelve years old, was "worse than ever," or, as his father asserts, was not only handsome, "but lively to a degree"; further, that the first matter in which his sister, Lady Kildare, exercised her newly-acquired independence upon her marriage, was to go to see her sister Lady Caroline Fox, from whom she had been separated since the latter had eloped early in May, 1744, with Henry Fox, M.P. for Windsor. "His father was a footman, her grandfather was a king," wrote Horace Walpole, and he explains how Lady Kildare went the very next day after her wedding to see her sister "to the great mortification of the Duchess-mother." Lord Pulteney, however, gives a slightly different account, and speaks of the Duchess treating the action of the bride with resignation. It must anyhow have borne fruit, for the following month it was reported that a grand ball given by the Duke at his delightful house upon the Embankment was in honour of the reconciliation which had been effected with his errant daughter:—

Lord Pulteney to Charles Hotham

March (1747)

My dearest Hotham,

You need not apologise for not writing . . . what gives me the most concern is that you should be so fatigued; I am as much rejoiced as surprised that your little thin carcase bares it so well. . . .

Billy Hamilton is, as you rightly imagined, very fond of his red coat,[1] & looks at all his accoutrements every minute, but old Ld Ar: Hamilton says "*Let him alone, after two or three fatiguing guards he will be soon tired of his play things.*"

[1] William Hamilton (afterwards Sir William Hamilton, Ambassador at Naples) entered the Foot Guards in 1747.

There was a ball at the Duke of Richmond's last night on account of the reconciliation with Lady Caroline where Lady Emily breakfasted, with the Duchess's consent, the Day of her marriage.

I was at the Opera last Tuesday, and there are some new fireworks—the prittiest things I ever saw. They talk of Lord Ashburnham being married to Miss Pelham soon.[1] Lady Emily I forgot to tell you was presented for her new title[2] last Sunday. . . . Compliments from all your acquaintance as usual. Jack Nicoll who was well diverted the other night at the Masquerade stays in town to see My Lord Lovet's tryal, which has been put off. There has been a violent fracas at Oxford, of which Lord Charles Douglas[3] was the chief offender, he has been forced to ask Pardon publickly. . . . Poor Garrick is not at all well, the new Play has done running until he recovers.

In view of the public rumour respecting the occasion for the Duke's ball, it is curious to find that the following year he was still refusing to see his daughter, even though his displeasure was evidently becoming tempered by the recognition of certain extenuating circumstances in her offence. "Caroline," he writes to a friend, "married against our wishes a man infinitely beneath her, so we do not see her; but I must also tell you that this man by his merit and talents is bound to make a name for himself in this country, and he holds one of the best appointments that a gentleman could have; he is Secretary for War. His name is Mr. Fox."[4] Nevertheless the marriage which Lady Caroline's parents so condemned proved a singularly happy one for over thirty years, and she was the mother of the statesman Charles James Fox.

Meanwhile the ranks of the Footguards in Flanders had been enlivened by the addition of young Billy Hamilton

[1] John, 2nd Earl of Ashburnham, 1724–1812. He was Keeper of Hyde Park and St. James's Park, and in 1775 First Lord of the Bedchamber and Groom of the Stole to George III. The marriage with Miss Pelham did not take place. He married in 1756 Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Ambrose Crowley, Alderman of London.

[2] As Viscountess Leinster of Taplow.

[3] Lord Charles Douglas. (See *ante*, page 14, note 3.)

[4] *A Duke and his Friends*, Vol. II, page 640–1. The Duke's letter, which is undated, was, however, written after the birth of Lord Offaly, who was born in January, 1748.

in his new red coat. Shortly afterwards Lord Pulteney wrote :—

(1747)

Lady Archibald Hamilton has been dangerously ill, I suppose Billy has not heard it, pray don't tell it him to alarm him, I gave Newton an account of Lord Lovat and some other particulars. He will show you the letter, & I need not have the trouble to repeat them.

Papa, Mama, & I have quarreled about a report of my being marryed to Miss Villiers & some other scrapes, & they won't see me. I have just wrote a long letter to Papa, *one part of it is full of submission, in the other I threaten him,* so that how he will take it, God knows. I long to get out of this country & don't know but these scrapes will hurry up my journey. Please send me an account of the least scrimmage that happens for I shall be a great man with a letter from Flanders. . . . I must break off for fear I should be brought to talk of Lady Julia or any other girl for I am to be confirmed tomorrow. . . .

Hervey and I are forbid to keep company together in the same manner that you and I were.

In their endeavour to keep their son strictly to his studies, Lord and Lady Bath occasionally cut him off from all communication with his young friends ; at one time he had been thus forbidden to associate with Charles Hotham. Such treatment at the present juncture naturally did not tend to lessen the friction between father and son :—

Lord Pulteney to Charles Hotham

June 1747.

By what Mr Hotham tells me I find myself more obliged to you than I imagined for he says you have the business of the whole company upon your hands which, though it deprives me of so great a pleasure, I am not sorry to hear, for you will have an opportunity to exert & shew your diligence.

Your father, according to custom, is looking out for a horse & if he gets one we are to ride out together. He tells me you have bought a new horse—surely it must be a great expense ?

The quarrel has lasted much longer than you or I could ever have imagined. . . . You must know I put an advertisement, in order to tease the Doctor, which God knows how he could find [out] I put in, & he spoke to me of it in school. So the report spread with some pritty violent additions, as you may

imagine. So much, that Papa heard that I was married and was greatly alarmed, after which, though he found their was nothing in it, he was very angry, and would not see me. Mama saw he was in such a passion that she prevented his coming to Westminster, but came herself with a heap of other Scrapes that she had found out, & in the midst of her discourse, which fretted her a good deal, I told her she should not depend too much upon what she heard when what they told her about you & me at Ranelagh was so false.

Bishop's mother[1] is dead of a cold which at last flung her into a fever, which she cought the night there was a fire in her street, & has left 12 children behind.

We have a famous mick [mimic] one foot[2] who was once a low Actor, that all the town runs after, & he entertains them every morning at the theatre in the Hay Market & takes off some new person or other every day.

Old Generall Philipps has got the hooping cough.

There have been great additions made at Vaux Hall this year. But the Bridge is not yet opened for anything but foot passengers & that not after such a time.

Remember that you was but t'other day a Schoolboy & do as you would be done by, don't flog your men much. *I leave school, you happy dog, & shall be as much a gentleman as yourself next Friday.*

You know my hand too well, therefore, for many reasons I will tell you when I see you, I won't sign my name.

The important event took place. "*I have left school,*" he wrote triumphantly to Charles Hotham, "*and live very jolly*"; but soon he found that his newly-acquired freedom was, in much, merely nominal; his parents kept him as strictly as before, and there were other disappointments in store for him:—

I set down to write in a very cross humour (he observes in one letter), having just received a message from Lady Julia to put off a Vauxhall party, that b—— Lady Pomphort [Pomfret] would not let her go.

[1] The wife of Sir Cecil Bishop, Bart., of Parham in Sussex. He had a large family and was very poor, but his daughters were noted for their beauty.

[2] Samuel Foote, actor and writer of comedy, 1720–77. He entered the Temple, but after wasting his fortune in a career of pleasure, he turned to the stage for a living. In 1747 he opened the Haymarket Theatre—where he was director, actor, and dramatic author—with *Diversions of the Morning*; in this and other pieces he introduced well-known characters, and by his power of mimicry drew large audiences.

Meanwhile the gentle Lady Gertrude, always more lenient in practice than in precept, commiserated the position of her nephew's friend : —

Lady Gertrude Hotham to Ensign Hotham

June 1st 1747.

I am much asham'd of being at this time two Letters in Yr Debt which had not happen'd if my Boye had not been lately ill of a pleuretick fever which has engross'd my whole time during his indisposition, But is now, thank God, so well recover'd as to have been out to take the Air. I hope I need not assure you that few things give me more pleasure than hearing of yr wellfare, & think my Self oblig'd to you for yr kind indulgence & punctuality, which, considering you are at present both a man of action & business, has been beyond what I cou'd reasonably expect. I am very glad you have got Mr Seebright amongst you as I'm certain 'twill contribute much to yr Satisfaction, pray my Compliments to him & tell him I thought my Self lucky in having an opportunity of being of some service to him, in getting his Horse & Baggage to go over with Lord Crawford's.

I suppose you know Lord Pulteney has left school entirely but I don't find there is any time fix'd for his going abroad nor as yet any Person pitch'd upon to go with him, So that he remains in a State of uncertainty, which I'm afraid is not agreeable to him, for he seems very low in Spirits, & now you & Mr Newton are both absent is left a good deal to him Self, for the Town begins to grow very empty. I think you are much better off where you are & rejoyce in finding you are of my opinion.

Warton is now in town where he will remain till called to Quarters, Yorkshire air has fattened him up & put him in so good a plight that I tell him now is his time to look sharp for a fortune while you & some others of his Brother red coats are out of the way that might possibly be his rivals.

Mr Cadogan[1] was marry'd last Saturday morning to Miss Bromley, and went to Causham immediately after, where they are to remain this Summer.

All mine joyne in good wishes to you.

Kensington June 1st.

[1] Charles Sloane, born 1728, succeeded his father as 3rd Baron Cadogan in September, 1776, and was created in 1800 Viscount Chelsea and Earl Cadogan. He married, on May 28th, 1747, the Hon. Frances Bromley, daughter of Henry, 1st Earl of Montfort.

Lord Pulteney, however, though not sent on the Grand Tour by his careful parents, was taken by them for a "progress" through two counties of England, as a means of enlarging his mind. They might not have been wholly satisfied with the success of their venture had they learnt from his letter to Charles Hotham his opinion of the "best of all" that he beheld in that designedly instructive tour:—

Lord Pulteney to Charles Hotham

Piccadilly Sept 27th O.S. 1747.

I am just come home from a very agreeable progress into Norfolk & Suffolk to see all the fine Seats & Places in that country, & at my return was mightily surpris'd not to find a letter from you.

Amongst a great number of Places, we were at Yarmouth, where we staid some time. Captain Gambier happen'd luckily to be station'd there, he carried us a-board his ship, & from there we went a fishing upon the sea. He gave himself a good deal of Pains to entertain us well as he could, in return to [*sic*] which Papa has got a Promise from Ld Anson that he shall be promoted into a higher ship. But the best of all he introduced me there to a woman of fashion, most exquisitely handsome & whom I left with a sorrowful heart. The jaunt has done me good, & entirely cleared my complexion which was so bad when you left me.

I have no news to send you except that the Duke of Bedford has been prodihiously [*sic*] beat at the Litchfield races.

Plays are begun but poor Garrick that opened them with a Prologue is ill of an ague. Lady Farmourth [Falmouth] is to be presented at Court the King's birthday, & the Duchess of Mangister [*sic*] & Lady Kildare, who is much disliked in Ireland, have had a violent quarrel.

I have not seen Lady Julia (not by Love's computation) but barely these three months. . . .

"Ld and Ly Bath & Ld Pulteney return'd three days ago from a jaunt they had employ'd a month in," wrote Beaumont Hotham to his son on September 29th. "I saw them all yesterday in good health and humour, & I delivered the latter your Message. He says he wrote to you last post." Horace Walpole, however, throws an amusing sidelight on the "progress" which the severe Earl and Countess undertook for the

benefit of their wayward son. Among other sights in Norfolk, they journeyed to see Holkham, the great house still in process of being built by Lord Leicester, who died before it was finished. Walpole relates: "Lord Bath and his Countess and son have been making a tour; at Lord Leicester's they forgot to give anything to the servants that showed them the house; upon recollection—and deliberation—they sent back a man and horse six miles with—*half-a-crown!* What loads of money they are saving for the French!"[1]

Another sidelight on the scanty success of the educational system pursued by Lord and Lady Bath towards their son is afforded by Martin Sandys,[2] equerry to the Duke of Cumberland, but at this date at home on a brief leave, and making the most of such an opportunity:—

Martin Sandys to Charles Hotham

London Dec ye 7th 1747.

I frequently go to the play with Ld Pulteney & I have din'd there 3 times, Lady Bath is very strict upon him & never lets him go out by himself, she takes me for a very good young man, which you know is not common with her, for she thinks most young men, especially us soldiers, are very wicked, & is afraid her son should be debauch'd, but I am sure he is wicked enough already and wants no instructions.

Their's [*sic*] a new Beauty call'd Miss Nicols[3] about town, she's worth 150 thousand pounds. I never saw her before this

[1] *Letters of Horace Walpole*, Vol. II, pages 96–7.

[2] Martin, second son of Lord Sandys of Ombersley. Later a Colonel in the Army. He married, in 1760, Mary, only child and heir of William Trumbull, Esq., of Hampstead Park, Co. Berks (who was only son and heir of Sir William Trumbull, Secretary of State in the reign of King William, by Lady Judith Alexander, daughter of Alexander, 4th Earl of Stirling, in the peerage of Scotland). Martin Sandys had two sons who both died young, and an only daughter Mary who married, in 1786, Arthur Hill, Marquis of Downshire. In 1802, on the death of her uncle, Edwin Sandys, 2nd Baron, she was created Baroness Sandys of Ombersley. Colonel Sandys died in 1769.

[3] Miss Margaret Nicoll, daughter and sole heiress of John Nicoll, of Southgate, in Middlesex. Horace Walpole describes her as "a most rich heiress," and relates that his friend, Mr. Chute, "arranged for her to run away from her guardians who had used her very ill, and he proposed to marry her to my nephew, Lord Orford, who refused her though she had above £150,000." (*Letters of Horace Walpole*, Cunningham, Vol. II, page 246.) Miss Nicoll married, March 22nd, 1753, James Brydges, Marquis of Carnarvon, afterwards (1771) 3rd Duke of Chandos. She died August 14th, 1768, and was buried in the Chandos vault at Whitchurch, in Middlesex.

winter, she is not above fifteen & I think has too much beauty for such an immense fortune.

The only marriages I hear of at present is Col. Conway to Lady Aisbury [Ailesbury], & Col. Howard to Lady Lucy Wentworth. I danc'd minuets at Court the Prince's birthday, my partners were Miss Granville[1] and Miss Lawson, Maids of Honour, & Peggy Banks[2] & a Miss Townshend[3] whom I did not know, she was frightened very much & danced very ill. The other 3 were all beauties and danced very well, so I think I was lucky. . . . Pray don't mention in your letters to Ld Pulteney anything I have said concerning him.

The Same to the Same.

Dec. ye 25th O.S. 1747.

I am very glad Breda is so agreeable to you, but I had much rather stay a little longer here. I was last Tuesday night at a Ball at Miss Moor[4] & go to another there next Wednesday. I intend having one at our house next week, perhaps Lady Julia may be at t. I have not seen her this 3 weeks, for since Lady Lempster[5] died she has lived with her mother, who keeps her very much at home.

Madame Alongeus of whom you talk so much may be very handsome, but by what I have seen of the Dutch beauties I could name you at least fifty whom I am sure, tho' you are so much in love with her, you would allow far exceed her.

I was the night before last to see Garrick act the part of King Lear, I should be glad to know if you have any Garricks at Breda, & Mrs Cibber[6] acted Cordelia charmingly.

I saw Ld Pulteney yesterday. I went to him by his own desire to give him an account of Miss Moor's ball which he

[1] Miss Granville, daughter of Lord Lansdowne, one of the minor poets of his day who died in 1734.

[2] Miss Margaret Banks, a celebrated beauty, afterwards married the Hon. Henry Grenville, brother to Lord Temple. Some verses written in her praise remark :

But Peggy's absence gives a general pain
Not to be eased till she returns again.

[3] Daughter of Charles, Viscount Townshend, afterwards married to Edward Cornwallis, brother to Earl Cornwallis and Groom of the Bedchamber to the King.

[4] Possibly Miss Moore, a daughter of Mr. Stephen Moore, who in 1764 became Lord Kilworth.

[5] Sister-in-law to Lady Juliana, and wife of George Fermor, Lord Lempster, who succeeded his father as 2nd Earl of Pomfret in 1753.

[6] Mrs. Cibber, wife of Colley Cibber, celebrated dramatic author and actor who died in 1757.

longed to be at. Ld Bath keeps him very close to his Studies.

I got a new acquaintance at Miss Moor's, which was Miss Ash.[1] I fancy you must be acquainted with her, she sings charmingly & is quite a mistress of Musick, she has often Concerts, & plays & sings at them herself. I had the pleasure of having her for my partner.

I think I sent you all the news of this town in my last letter but I believe I did not mention that Ld Pulteney is turn'd poet & has wrote some very pretty verses on Nancy Day, Dick Edgecomb's Mistress.[2]

The 14th of next month there is to be a Masquarade at the Opera House. I saw your father a few day's since at Mrs. Holman's.

My time of absence is allmost at an end, I shall hear tomorrow if it is to be renewed, if not you will see [me] if the wind is good the end of next week.

With two of the people mentioned in the above letter from Martin Sandys, Charles Hotham was probably well acquainted. Little Miss Ashe, known about London as the Pollard Ashe, with her diminutive form and lovely face, her exquisite voice and her ceaseless pranks, figures largely in the correspondence of the period. She was reported to be of " very high parentage " ; and it was considered an open secret that she was the child of Princess Amelia, that daughter of George II once destined to be the bride of Frederick the Great, but whose early romance had received its death-blow at the hands of Sir Charles Hotham.[3] Whatever her true history, the mysterious little beauty, not less appreciated on account of her alleged illustrious birth, was the inseparable friend of Lady Caroline Fitzroy, eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Grafton, and afterwards wife of Lord Petersham, a lady as handsome

[1] Miss Ashe, see also pages 54–56.

[2] Richard, 2nd Lord Edgecumbe. He was in love with Mrs. Day, to whom he appointed Horace Walpole trustee.

[3] See *ante*, Vol. I, Chapter X. The disconsolate Princess is said later to have fallen in love with the handsome young naval officer, Rodney, and of this connection Sir Nathaniel Wraxall asserted, " A living evidence existed." As Rodney, however, was not born in 1719, it is exceedingly improbable that he had a grown-up daughter by 1747 ; yet even Mrs. Piozzi, who comments upon this fact, adds with regard to the parentage of Miss Ashe, " Her *mother* people spoke of with certainty." (*Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi* (1861), Vol. I, page 332.)

and as lively as herself; yet the fate of "little Ashe" was not altogether a happy one, and we shall have occasion to refer to it later. But for the present we may leave her singing and dancing, and welcoming the gay world to her concerts with an infinite grace.

Mrs. Holman, also referred to by Martin Sandys, shared the tastes of "little Ashe" in one particular. This lady had a passion for giving an assembly "and literally inviting everybody to it." With this object in view she used to go to the Queen's drawing-room, or to any parties to which she could procure access, and lie in wait for *sneezes*. The instant any one of the fine ladies with whom she desired to scrape an acquaintance emitted a sneeze, Mrs. Holman triumphantly and sympathetically dropped a curtsey to the afflicted fair one, and the following morning sent round, full of solicitude, to inquire whether my Lady So-and-So's cold was better or worse. This paved the way to another manœuvre, and the fortunate sneezer was promptly begged to honour with her company the next assembly at Mrs. Holman's!

Of that other friend mentioned by Martin Sandys—Lord Pulteney—who was graphically described as being "*wicked enough already*," it may be added that he spoke in higher terms of Martin Sandys than the latter employed with regard to him. Before Sandys rejoined his regiment, Lord Pulteney wrote from London:—

I can tell you our friend Sandys has done great execution amongst our fair sex on this side of the water, and don't doubt but he will have the same success at your balls and assemblies at Breda, if those ladies have a good taste, and he is so charming a young man that neither sex can admire him more than he deserves, and as a proof of my liking him I am one of a thousand that am most heartily grieved to part with him, though he was my rival, and was, alas, far more successfull.

Another correspondent who kept Charles Hotham supplied with the news of that world from which the latter was severed was his old friend Frederick Campbell. Earlier in that year which witnessed the emancipation of Lord Pulteney from Westminster, Campbell wrote from Oxford to the young Ensign in Flanders to give him news of a catastrophe which had filled the University with consternation.

Frederick Campbell to Charles Hotham

Oxford, Thursday Ap. 16 1747.

My dear Hotham,

Nothing but your goodness could ever have made me a tolerable Correspondent, by which I mean a constant one ; but it is certain the love of gain overcomes all obstacles, of which you will be convinced when I tell you that yesterday I received your letter, to-day I answer it.

That I am unlucky in general is undeniable, yet I am so far otherwise now that I as heartily detest the Bob-wig etc ; etc ; of an Oxford Coxcomb as you do, & I believe I may safely say you will find me as you left me, except that I have now recourse to Locks which are made as like my own hair as possible.

By the bye a terrible affair has happen'd at our College of which there is so shocking, so unjust, and so awful an account in some of the papers, I can't help telling you the whole matter without the least partiality.

Amyand,[1] Smallwell, & four or five more of this House, some time ago made an agreement to sup by turns in one another's Rooms, each man at his own expense with regard to Victuals, the Liquer to be found by the Person in whose Rooms it happen'd that they supped ; the scheme indeed was sociable & not expensive, but in the end it prov'd unlucky.

Friday the 3d of this month, it being Smalwel's [*sic*] turn to be Master of the feast, he invited the Company as usual, but it so happen'd that there was nobody could come (all being engaged) but one Dobson, Carter, and Amyand. Everything went very discreetly & merrily till about eleven, when poor Amyand, sleepy and stupid as a dog, after having been burnt upon his toes with hot coals, went off in a huff, by which means he has avoided much shame & trouble.

The rest of the Company intending to laugh at a strange fellow of a Scout, or runner of errands, gave him a good deal of Liquer . . . the Joke went on very well. . . . Lord Abergaveny,[2] Lord Charles Scot,[3] Delaval Colossus,[4] who is lately

[1] Claudius Amyand, Esq. A Commissioner of Customs, married November 26th, 1761, to Frances Payne, daughter of the Rev. W. Payne, who became in 1758, Countess of Northampton.

[2] George Neville succeeded his father as 15th Lord and 1st Earl of Abergavenny, September 21st, 1745. Married 1753 Henrietta, daughter of Thomas Pelham, Esq., of Stanmere, Sussex, and sister of Thomas, 1st Earl of Chichester.

[3] Lord Charles Scot, second son of Francis, Duke of Buccleuch and great-grandson of the Duke of Monmouth. He died at Oxford this same year, 1747, in his twenty-first year.

[4] Probably Mr. Delaval whom Horace Walpole refers to as " a ridiculous character " (Vol. II, page 136, ed. Cunningham.)

come to this College, & one Bale, who was that time very drunk, coming into the Quadrangle, upon hearing a laughing and seeing a Light, directly made to it. Now again the Joke was to be continued, & in a short time they gave him liquor till he was dead drunk. Bale, to be facetious, cut off all his hair, many other tricks I believe was played, but none that seem'd to them to be in the least dangerous, most of the company was drunk, or near it by this time, except the two Lords and Delaval, who now went home, leaving the rest dragging him out to snore upon the stair-case.

What was done to him afterwards, heaven knows, but they themselves say nothing ; in short he was found next morning in the Quadrangle almost dead. Lord Abergavenny's man carried him home, & upon a Surgeon's examining him, he found a large fracture in his scul [*sic*], of which, under the necessary operation, without ever having spoke a word, he died.

The Coroner's Inquest sat next day upon the Body, and after a scandalous, & I sincerely think an unjust manner, brought in their verdict *Wilful Murder by Persons unknown*, when at the same time there was not three of the Jury but was drunk.

Everyone of these people mentioned, except Amyand, who, you see, was out of the scrape, made off immediately, being liable to be taken and put in prison directly ; however the two Lords and Delaval will return again soon, who, by the determination of the Convention since, are to appear as Witnesses ; there are warrents out against the rest, who intend to keep out of the way until the Assizes, which are in July, when they will deliver themselves up & take their tryals tho' it will be a scandalous thing to them & all in it, yet they will certainly be acquitted, even if the Verdict was not to be disputed, which [it] may, and will [be]. My opinion sincerely and impartially is that this was an unlucky accident, not a design'd thing ; as he was certainly wallowing about the staircase all night he might as likely fracture his scul himself, as receive any blow from one of them. There was some bruises on other parts of his Body, but none of any consequence that I can hear of. . . .

With your letter Lord Pulteney sent me a very civil Epistle, he seems to be as gay & as much himself as ever.

I don't pity you the hardships you have undergone, because like the juice of Lemons, their very sowerness have pleas'd.

I could not think of riding to town to see Lord Lovat beheaded ; I hear he behaved decently & bravely & that Jack hit the joint to a nicety. There was a more fatal execution

than this at the same time ; a whole scaffold breaking, so that upwards of twenty People lost their lives.[1]

Our Eyes are now turn'd Sir upon what you & the French are doing, so that there is no other News stirring at present ; it is report'd that the French have already attack'd Dutch Flanders—that *you* can best tell. Barnett's success against the French Transports going to Genoa is even stale with you.

The Bill against taking away the Jurisdictions from the Familys possessed of them in Scotland, will be oppos'd strongly ; the Duke of Queensbury has given in a Petition to the House of Commons about it, as I hear very ingenuously drawn up ; I am glad the Scotch have yet some Spirit left, but I suppose it will end in the Courts having the Majority.

My dear Hotham, I wish you and the Army all the success that the one can wish for, or the other expect ; I hope, & something tells me so, you will not be hurt this Campaign which, if it turns out true, will be the greatest satisfaction imagineable to

Your sincere Friend & humble Servt

F. C.

As you have good Eyes, I hope you will excuse my having scrawled so prodigiously.

The expectation of a Peers' trial that "had nothing to do with the Rebellion" excited universal interest. The "persons unknown" referred to by the Coroner's Jury were quickly discovered to be Lord Abergavenny and Lord Charles Scot—more especially the former, as the unfortunate scout with a fractured skull had been found lying at the foot of the staircase which led to that delinquent's room, yet everyone pitied the unhappy youths who, it was admitted, had never contemplated such a tragic ending to their foolish jest. Lord Abergavenny, indeed, was strongly advised to escape abroad, but he determined to face his trial, which concluded satisfactorily for himself ; and Frederick Campbell relates the issue in a letter saddened, however, by a personal grief—the death of his brother Henry,[2] who had been killed at the Battle of Laufeldt.

[1] During the last moments of Lord Lovat's life, a scaffold fell killing several of the would-be spectators of his end. The tale runs that the doomed man, delighting in evil to the last, turned round and remarked cynically with his final breath : "Ay ! the mair mischief the better sport ! "

[2] Second son of John, afterwards 4th Duke of Argyll.

Frederick Campbell to Charles Hotham

Oxford the 24th Sept. 1747.

My dear Hotham,

I am vastly oblig'd to you for your Letter, & beg ten thousand pardons for not having answer'd it sooner; but I believe to you my Excuse is already made when I assure you that I have not really been able till now. It requires greater patience & resolution to get over the loss of the best of Brothers & Freinds [*sic*] in such a shocken [*sic*] manner, than I am Master of: Common Fame & the small acquaintance you had with him, will convince you, without I had been a Brute, how much affliction this stroke must give me, which is as great, as irreparable.

I have been in town lately but it is so empty & I so stupid, that I never past any Time so disagreeably. I am at present in Oxford; but indeed very discontentedly, therefore I am going to make Seymour a short visit, where I propose myself a good deal of pleasure, God knows how it may turn out.

It is Vacation time, therefore amongst the rest our Freind Amyand is away. Ld Charles Douglas & Abergavenny are here at present, but leave it for good very soon. I suppose you have heard the Duke of Queensborough [*sic*] has brought Ld Charles into Parliament. Ld Abergavenny's Affair is over, & he is as little in it as anybody. The grand Jury for the County declar'd they saw no reason to find a Bil of Indictment, therefore the whole affair dropt.

In all my anxiety it was vast joy to me to find you was safe. Let me entreat you to write, which will be a great obligation to your sincere Freind & humble servant

F. Campbell.

Another friend with whom Charles Hotham had been constantly brought in contact also wrote to him during September, 1747. This was John Irwin,[1] a great protégé of his uncle Chesterfield. Irwin married three times, and it is probable that the commission with which he desired to entrust Hotham was for the lady who afterwards became his first wife, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. Henry, of Straffan, Kildare,

[1] Sir John Irwin, General (1728–88), son of General Alexander Irwin. He was page of honour to Lionel, Duke of Dorset when Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, and was given a company in his father's regiment (the 5th Foot) while still a boy. Lord Chesterfield, while Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, took a great fancy to him and subsequently corresponded with him for twenty years. He was Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, 1775–82.

who died four months after his marriage with her, leaving him in possession of her fortune of four thousand pounds :—

John Irwin to Charles Hotham

London Sept. ye 7th O.S. 1747.

If this keep you one moment, my dear Hotham, either from Sandys, or from the best Company in Europe, I mean Lord Albemarle's, I shall be extreamly sorry. I have too great an esteem for you to employ your time in reading what will be no use to you, that I shall always love and regard you and yet cannot help telling you so. The Town is so empty that it affords nothing to entertain you, so that I doubt extreamly my Letter will be filled with Common-place Phrases.

. . . One of the first things Lord Chesterfield asked me was about you, I have since dined with him twice, and am to dine there again to-morrow. I have met Lady Gertrude Hotham there, who enquired after you but would send no commands by me. . . .

I troubled you with some lines by Mr Arthur of White's[1] in relation to three books, for which I would ask pardon, if I did not think you would be better pleased if I did not. I now trouble you to beg you will bespeak a Papier Merché [*sic*] Snuff Box, Square—for a Lady of my Acquaintance ; it must not be large, as it is for a little Person, and it must have a Lip or Hinge of Gold, it must likewise be studied with Gold, as my Lord's and Yorke's are. After you have taken the trouble to bespeak it, be so good as to let me know what it will come to, & I will send an order to Sr John Lambert or Mr Selwyn to pay it.

I am afraid my Dear Sir, you will say I never write to you but when I have some Comission to give you but I assure you I should not send the Comission if I had not you to write to, whose Taste in this matter I depend much on. . . .

The only thing that employs the Town at present is grieving for the death of Heideggar,[2] the Contents of his will are not known, which I find is a matter of Speculation. He certainly is a great Loss to Poor & Rich.

[1] Mr. Arthur of White's Chocolate House.

[2] John James Heideggar was the manager of the Opera House, who was said to make £5000 a year by the management of public and private entertainments of every description. He was a singularly ugly man, and figures in several of Hogarth's pictures. He was ninety years of age at his death.

It may be added that Irwin, who was noted for his handsome person, delighted in the pleasures of society, where his charm of manner rendered him a universal favourite. He was in later life a great friend of George III, and Wraxall relates how one day the King observed tentatively, "They tell me, Sir John, that you love a glass of wine."—"Those, sir," replied Irwin promptly, "who have so reported to your Majesty, have done me great injustice; they should have said *a bottle!*" Sir John, however, was also noted for his reckless extravagance and love of display, so that he eventually left his third wife in dire poverty, and there is a letter from her when a widow to Charles Hotham begging the latter to find her a cottage upon his estate at a rental of twelve pounds per annum, that sum being the utmost she could afford.

Throughout the autumn of 1747, the letters from Hotham's own relations were full of speculation respecting the date of his return to England.

Lady Gertrude Hotham to Lieutenant Hotham

AIDE DE CAMP TO LORD ALBEMARLE
WITH THE BRITISH ARMY, FLANDERS.

Kensington Sept ye 23d 1747.

I hope I need not assure you y^{t} my long Silence has not proceeded either from want of attention or Inclination, but really & truly from thinking you must of late have much less time to Spare to read my Epistles than I had to write them; & mine has been a good deal taken up lately with Lady Chesterfield, who has been with me at Cambden House for these last three weeks, & was so much out of order when she first came y^{t} I could not help being in some pain for her, but is now (thank God) perfectly recover'd & desires her Comp^{ts} to you.

My Brother & Sister Hotham[1] din'd with me last Sunday & gave me a very satisfactory account of Yr Welfare, but it wou'd have been still more so if they had brought me ye joyfull tydings of yr being soon to turn Homewards, for I can't help dreading a Winter Campaign; tho' hitherto you have prov'd yr Self a Sturdy Warrior.

[1] Beaumont Hotham and his wife.

I was glad to hear of Sebright's New Honnours & hope your's will come next, pray make my Comts to him, adieu, believe me

Yr very sincere Friend
& constant well-wisher
G. HOTHAM.

All Mine joyn in Compts to you.

Beaumont Hotham to his son Charles Hotham

Tuesday 29th Sept 1747.

I duly receivd your letters to ye 23d inst N.S. wch gave us great pleasure, as they inform us of your keeping your health so well when such multitudes all around you are afflicted with different kinds of Sickness. We hope you will continue to escape, since we suppose you are by this time upon your march to winter quarters, which I doubt will be but indifferent ones, the french force, the Austrian Weakness, and the Dutch Insensibility (to term it no worse) having jointly contributed to deprive you of the only good quarters, such as Brussels, Antwerp etc., may be reckon'd, in comparison to those you must now take up with, tho' it has been reported for these two or three days that ye guards are to winter here & return (to Flanders) in the Spring, but I believe without foundation, unless the french should threaten us this winter with an Invasion, which is not impossible, & in that Event we might be so frightened as to call for your further assistance.

As you observe you have stepp'd pretty well forward in a twelvemonth's time, and if the next should produce in your favour as successfull an alteration (wch is not unlikely) you will with hasty strides have reach'd preferment. Your campaign we reckon being now at an end, we expect the Duke over in a fortnight or three weeks.

Before the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed, in the early summer of 1748, Charles Hotham, now promoted to the rank of Captain, returned to England, and the delight with which the young soldier of nineteen was welcomed back by his family can easily be imagined. Moreover he reached home in time for an entertainment which he must greatly have enjoyed. In 1746 Sir William Stanhope had, for the second time, been left a widower, and the following year his only daughter had married Mr. Welbore Ellis of the Admiralty, afterwards Lord Mendip. Lonely and very deaf, Sir William consoled himself with the bright society of his young relation Lady Caroline

Petersham, who had so ingratiated herself in his favour that many people thought she was minded to be his heir. In June, 1748, the lively lady persuaded Sir William to give a ball on her behalf, and the entertainment surpassed in magnificence her wildest expectations. Sir William's house was admirably adapted to the purpose; it was exquisitely furnished, all the ornaments being designed by Kent, and the general effect being that of a beautiful Florentine villa. In this attractive setting everything was arranged for the enjoyment of the guests; exquisite music for the dancers, silver Pharoe and whist for the elderly ladies, basset and quinze for the men, and a superb supper for all. Every member of the Hotham and Stanhope families then in England was present; and the young Captain, newly returned with his laurels from abroad, doubtless danced with handsome Lady Caroline and her devoted satellite pretty Miss Ashe, and met there all the friends from whom he had been parted during the adventurous months which were past.

Those light-hearted days of idleness, however, could not long continue; and in the following September Hotham set off once more to rejoin Lord Albemarle in Paris, where the latter had now been sent as Envoy-Extraordinary, while Monsieur de Mirepoix was dispatched in the same capacity to England.[1] *En route* the young traveller wrote an entertaining account of his journey to Mr. Wood, his father's old friend at the Customs House in London.

Captain Hotham to Mr. Wood at the Customs House

dated Paris 16th Sept. N.S. 1748.

Sir, I did intend to have returned you my Thanks upon the Road at some Place between this and Calais, for the Civilities shewed me (through you) by the Custom house Officers at Dover; but my time at all the Inns has been taken up in learning the Coins of this Country, which at first seem very difficult, but I am now almost Master of 'em. I had a very pleasant Voyage, but tedious, being above ten hours on board the Pacquet; however, I liked it very well, 'twas what I much wished for to have the Sea smooth, and believe I was the only contented Person in the Vessel, for the most Part of 'em, both Passengers and Sailors, sware very heartily, especially when

[1] See *ante*, Vol. I, page 259.

we were becalmed for two hours, but it would not do ; my Prayers got the better of their Curses. A French Servant I hired in England about 5 o'clock in the Morning plaid us two or three Tunes upon the French Horn, and, soon after, there sprang up a gentle Westerly Breeze. The Sailors said they would advise him not to blow his Horn but when it was a Calm, for that if he did, he would soon have wind enough, and seemed really to think that the small gale we had was owing to the Fellow's blowing the Horn !

I took your advice about stopping at Chantilly—I really think it a very fine Place ; and staid there all yesterday and Part of To-day to look at the Curiosities, and do not believe I saw half, at least not so perfectly as I should desire, being obliged to hurry over every Place. Tho' I was alone, the Evening did not seem tedious to me ; for the Prince of Condé, who is the Owner of this fine Castle, and about twelve years old, has been here for ten Days ; he had never seen it before, and there was, as you must suppose, great Rejoycings at Chantilly on this Occasion—amongst the Rest, a Comedy and a Puppet Shew. The Prince went away but Thursday, and the latter of these Diversions still continued ; I can't say I was vastly intertained, but it served to pass away the Evening—the Principal of it was the Defeat of the Allied Army with the taking of Bergen-op-Zoom. *Punch* was extremely witty upon the English and Dutch, and brought us frequent Accounts of so many of my Countrymen being demolished by way of Breakfast.

At Paris Hotham encountered many of his former friends. In the excitement of the longed-for peace, the English flocked abroad, and the gay city was filled to overflowing. " I have heard from other hands than yours," wrote Mr. Wood to Captain Hotham, " of the Cargoes of English every Day almost entering Paris. Surely the French must think us a very foolish and a very Rich People, and bless themselves for the Happiness of Peace." Hotham meantime witnessed the life of the fascinating city under the most favourable auspices. The hospitality and the luxury of the Ambassador's mode of living had seldom been surpassed, so much so that Horace Walpole dubbed him " the Spendthrift Earl." " Everybody," he relates, " goes to Paris ; Lord Albemarle keeps an immense table there, with sixteen people in his kitchen. His aides-de-camp invite everybody ; but he seldom graces the banquet

himself."—" My wife has one apprehension & so indeed have I," wrote Beaumont Hotham to his son, " that as my Lord may possibly keep a better table than your mess did, you will too much despise plain meats, tho' they are certainly more wholesome & nourishing than the same things disguis'd, I may say spoilt often, by all the tricks of modern cookery." But in another letter the anxious parent adds with considerable satisfaction :—

I am not at all displeas'd that you don't meet with those prodigies of perfection & delight in France which our unthinking & superficial Countrymen are too apt to fancy are to be found no where else.

Undoubtedly the young aide-de-camp, with his privilege of inviting whom he chose to the Ambassador's table, was in great request among the English who now hastened abroad. In due course most of his friends found their way thither—officers who had been his comrades in the recent campaign, diplomats with letters of introduction from his Uncle Chesterfield, and an endless train of young men of fashion, many of whom had formerly been his school-fellows at Westminster, and among whom was at last numbered Lord Pulteney, still, however, under the close supervision of his anxious parents :—

Beaumont Hotham to his son Captain Hotham

London Sept. 7th 1749

By a letter I saw 'tother day, Lord Bath's family will be with you as soon as this, Ld P[y] is to pass the winter with them at Paris & to take the benefit of the Academy there instead of going to Turin.

If the Masters are good, a little military mathematicks & fencing might, I think, be proper for you by way of exercise for Body & Mind, an hour or two in the morning. I am glad Mr Yorke[1] has given occasion to your seeing some things which a person that goes to Paris should see ; they not only amuse for the time, but recall agreeable & sometimes usefull Ideas afterwards, & *properly* seeing a variety of Men & Things in ones youth, is laying in a sort of food or nourishment for old age, both for Conversation & Reflection.

[1] Probably Captain the Hon. Joseph Yorke, son of Lord Chancellor Hardwick, promoted to the rank of Colonel in 1754.

Lady Gertrude Hotham to Captain Hotham

Kensington Oct 14th 1749.

My old friend & young Captain,

I receiv'd yrs with no small Pleasure in finding you was still so English in the midst of yr french gayitys as to have a place left in yr thoughts for a Jone Trott[1] Aunt in the Country, who is so ungentile as to take all opportunities of enquiring after her Nephew's Wellfare, and to be delighted with ye accounts she has had hithertoo of his Behaviour & conduct, for tho' it must be allow'd you have set out with unspeakable advantages in falling under the protection and Introduction of such a Patron, as likewise having such a friend in the best of Fathers who studies Whatever is most fr yr Essential good, yet I must be so Partial as to think every one would not perhaps have made so good Use of them as you have done, and that you may continue to do so, may God of his Infinite Mercies direct your heart aright.

Ever yrs

G. H.

All here joyn in Comts to you.

Kensington, Oct: ye 4th 1749.

I am obliged to you for offering to be troubled with any Commissions, but the Product of my own Nation fully satisfies Me and Mine as yet.

There were others who, at this date, shared the sentiments of Lady Gertrude in regard to her own nation. While the English continued to flock to Paris, the French determined upon a peaceful invasion of England in the form of a company of comedians, who at length announced their forthcoming appearance at a new French theatre which it was designed to open. But the British mob, mindful that the French had so recently been their enemies, determined to have none of them. News of a premeditated riot having consequently reached the ears of Lord Trentham, he and certain of his friends banded themselves together to frustrate the evil intentions of the masses. An account of what occurred was dispatched to Captain Hotham by Thomas Bowlby,[2] together with news of

[1] In another letter from a male correspondent the writer refers to himself as a *John Trot* person. Apparently the modern expression *jog-trot* is derived from this older form.

[2] Thomas Bowlby, Comptroller of Army Accounts, Paymaster of the Forces and a Commissioner of Excise. Born 1721, married 1754 Lady Mary

various friends of the former who were then meditating a visit to Paris.

Thomas Bowlby to Captain Hotham

London Nov. 15th 1749.

The day after my arrival (in town) I went to Court as ye most probable place to meet any acquaintance. There I saw our noble Lords, Ca——t holding up his head as high as Su—x does his shoulders, they are, tho' in different ways, both esteemed vastly French. The latter saies he has lost 350 pounds since he came to London, people who have been with him every night say he never Plays. Lord Charles Douglass is here & very happy, because he sets out next Wednesday with Lord Cornbury for Paris ; he, Ld March and I din'd together yesterday and went to the French Theatre, which was opened for the first time last night. *England is a Country of Liberty ;* the pitt and boxes were filled by Gentlemen who frequent the King's Arms & ye Star & Garter. They were dress'd in Frocks & arm'd with oak sticks ; the Faction possess'd the Gallery. When the last Mysick was playing, the riot began. Hollowing & cattecalling soon deafened the Orchestra, & poor Harliquin, notwithstanding all his courage, was obliged to Duck, vollies of apples and Pottatoes were liberally discharg'd at him from the Gallery ; the women cryd & abused Monet, who looked a Statue.

It was now time for the above-mentioned oak-sticks to become employ'd ; Lord Granby, Hume, Draper, Townshend, etc ; etc ; mounted amongst the rioters, and broke the fat heads of three or four greasy Tallow chandlers, one of whom descended into the Pit & like Banquo's Ghost presented his Bloody Blockhead to the audience. This contributed to keep up the spirit of opposition during the whole first piece (which was *Les Amants réunis*)—of which no one heard a syllable.

The active and determined spirit which the Gentlemen had shewn begun to quell and abate the Mouth-courage of the inhabitants of Cheapside and Fleet street, & the Mob were at last out-Mobbed. La petite piece (*Le Coque du Village*) was played without any disturbance.

Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe were the only Ladys present at this Elegant Spectacle ; they encourag'd their heroes—I am convinced their presence accelerated the Victory.

Brudenell, daughter of 3rd Earl of Cardigan and widow of Richard Poys of Hintlesham Hall. He had two brothers, Richard and Peter, who in turn succeeded their father as head of the family.

The Play was given for this evening without hissing & it is my opinion they will go on well, but as the post does not go out till tomorrow you shall have the sequel. I reserve the rest of my paper for what this evening may produce. . . .

I come this moment from the French Play, where we have been Triumphant, Ld Granby, etc ; came escorted with about ten of Broughton's Heroes ; two or three Clerks were troublesome at first, but the most impertinent were knocked down, & the others remained peaceable. But no Women ventur'd to come. Thus Sir, you have a full and true account of the whole affair.

On November 16th Beaumont Hotham wrote to his son, "John Bull and the French Comedians Here are still at variance, the first night of their acting there were broken heads, last night it went off better, but I doubt the Mob will at length prevail." A fortnight after he added the latest news respecting two fresh items of current gossip :—

London Dec. 4th 1749.

The Topick of conversation here, which for some time has been upon Lady Mary Coke's affair (who it is thought will scarce live long) has for these few days past been changed into Queries concerning the Westminster Election which will probably end in Lord Trentham's favour, if it is allowable to use that expression where the attendant of success will be an expence of at least £5000.

The family at Kensington and here are all well, and desire to be remember'd to you.

If Charles Hotham, in later life, ever re-read his correspondence of this date he must have smiled over this allusion to a famous trial. Mary, youngest daughter of John, second Duke of Argyll by his wife Jane Warburton, maid-of-honour to Queen Anne, had married, in 1746, Edward, Viscount Coke, only son of the Earl of Leicester. The union was singularly unhappy, and Lord Leicester eventually kept Lady Mary a prisoner in solitary confinement in order to bring her to submission, till she succeeded in letting her family know her plight, when a writ of Habeas Corpus having been procured by her relations, her husband was forced to produce her in Court at a trial which ensued in November, 1749. She appeared at it ragged and in wretched guise, and

won her case in spite of Horace Walpole's prediction that though "the young men of fashion who espouse the French players have hitherto triumphed, the old ladies who countenance Lady Mary Coke are likely to have their grey beards brought with sorrow to the grave!" Beaumont Hotham's record of the current impression that the unhappy lady could not survive the ill-treatment she had received is of interest in view of the fact that she did not die till 1811, when she closed an eccentric career at the age of eighty-five!

The famous Westminster election, concerning which he remarks at the close of the same letter, terminated in the manner he anticipated. Lord Trentham, who wished to be re-elected on being appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, won his seat; but the struggle was a fierce one, and a scrutiny was demanded which was not settled in his favour till May, 1750. The mob were indignant against him because he had given his support to the French actors, and this was made great use of by his opponents during the canvass. When the scrutiny was finally decided in his favour, the rabble threatened to pull down the house of the High-Bailiff who had pronounced the decision; and they pelted Colonel Waldegrave, whom they mistook for one of his supporters, the whole way from Covent Garden to Hyde Park, likewise knocking down a friend who was with him. Moreover the expenses of the successful candidate came out far heavier than Beaumont Hotham believed to be the case. The Duke of Bedford, Lord Trentham's brother-in-law, is said to have defrayed the cost of the election itself by a payment of £7,000, while the scrutiny, which cost as much, was paid by Lord Gower. The seat thus secured at an approximate price of £14,000 was not long retained, for Lord Trentham resigned it little over a year later!

Lord Trentham's electioneering triumph, however, was a second blow to the mob who had previously been defeated over the theatrical invasion of the French. "It will be a new era (or, as my Lord Baltimore calls it, a new *area*) in English history," wrote Walpole; "I think, if possible, we brutalise more and more!" Meanwhile Lady Caroline Petersham and her companion Miss Ashe gained great *kudos* as the only ladies who had dared to face that stormy opening of the new

French theatre ; and Charles Hotham, in view of what followed, took a special interest in the accounts of that event which travelled out to him. Poor " little Ashe ! " she was soon to disappear temporarily from the gay scene and return to it only with an aching heart and damaged reputation ; but she went to her doom jauntily, with colours flying and unfaltering song.

During the summer of 1750 various of Hotham's friends sent to him an account of a merry outing to Vauxhall promoted by Lady Caroline and her friend, at which almost all the men of fashion then in London were present, and the description must have made Captain Hotham smile in the midst of his French gaieties.

On the eventful evening Lady Caroline and Miss Ashe, " handsome as crimson could make them," having assembled all their guests in the Mall, the merry party marched up the wide roadway, filling the air with laughter, and embarked upon a barge which awaited them on the Thames. There, through the lovely June evening, they paraded up and down the stream " with a boat-load of French horns attending and little Ashe singing," till they landed at Vauxhall for supper. This meal was prepared by Lady Caroline assisted by her guests ; seven chickens were minced into a china dish, and then stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, the amateur cooks all the while " stirring, rattling and laughing " till the onlookers momentarily expected the dish and its contents to fly about their ears. This primitive supper was enhanced by hampers of fruit and bumpers of wine, while the conversation which enlivened it waxed yet more rash and sparkling. Before long, all the rest of the people in the gardens were attracted by the behaviour of the noisy, irrepressible group, so that the beaux belonging to it were moved to quaff fresh toasts to the health of the spectators. Not till three o'clock in the morning did Lady Caroline and her friends disperse ; when, with jest and song, they sailed once more up the Thames, and so home to a well-earned repose.

This was perhaps one of the " Pollard's " last merry escapades. Soon afterwards she fell in love with Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu,[1] " a perfect Gil Blas," writes Walpole,

[1] Son of the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

" who, for one of his last adventures, is thought to have added the famous Miss Ashe to the number of his wives." She eloped to France with this gay deceiver, who was speedily arrested in Paris with Mr. Taaffe, another Member of Parliament, and imprisoned for cheating and robbing a Jew when playing faro with too much finesse.—" Poor Miss Ashe weeps like the forsaken Ariadne on a foreign shore," wrote Mrs. Montagu to Gilbert West. But to the honour of Lady Caroline she did not desert her unhappy friend in her plight, and the following year Lord Chesterfield wrote drily :—

Miss Ashe is happily reconciled to Lady Caroline Petersham, who had broke with her on account of her indiscretion, but who has taken her under her protection again upon the assurance that she is as good as married to Mr Wortley Montagu, who seems so puzzled between Le Châtelet in France and his wife in England, that it is not yet known in favour of which he will determine.

So little Ashe, somewhat subdued by her late adventure, returned to London ; and we hear of her again inviting Ministers to parties at which she played hostess, dining at fashionable taverns with her friends, and figuring at the play with the rest of Lady Caroline's " court " ; till, by and by she married a Mr. Falconer, an officer in the Navy, and, in the quiet monotony of domestic life, she disappears finally from view.

Meanwhile, to swell the number of his former acquaintance which Hotham daily encountered in Paris at this date, he learnt that the arrival there was imminent of his old friend Lord March who, as a gay youth of fifteen, was about to accompany his parents on a visit to Lord Albemarle. But before the date of that anticipated meeting, on the night of August 8th, Lady Albemarle had a remarkable dream. She thought she saw standing before her her brother the Duke of Richmond, who, with a grave expression, bade her farewell and vanished. So vivid was the impression she received that on waking she could not bring herself to believe the Duke had not been present in person. Following hard upon this event came the news that, upon the 8th of August, Charles, second Duke of

Richmond, lay dead, and his son Charles the third Duke now reigned in his stead. The Albemarle family were plunged into mourning; and it was proposed that the young Duke should shortly be sent upon the grand tour, and stay for a time with his uncle in Paris. But with the prospect of this arrival, and also that of two other friends—Lord Huntingdon and Philip Stanhope, Hotham heard, with infinite regret, that he personally was to rejoin his regiment in London. In November, 1750, he therefore sadly bade farewell to his beloved Paris, while Lord Albemarle, on his side, parted from his young aide-de-camp with a sorrow which was expressed more in the terms of a young man writing to a cherished comrade and equal, than that of an older man addressing a youth who was the age of his own son. "No wonder I should be so concerned," wrote the Ambassador, "when during near four years I have received so many instances *of your friendship and goodness to me,*" and in another letter he remarks, "It is doing me justice to believe that my love and friendship for you can never cease but with my life"; moreover, long after Hotham had departed, Lord Albemarle continued to furnish his former aide-de-camp with news of the merry life which he had left:—

Lord Albemarle to Captain Hotham

Paris Jan 9 1750–1.

So many of our family are desirous, my dear Hotham, to put you in mind of them, that I fear it is troublesome to you to receive our Letters, but my impatience to return you my thanks for the two last I had from you, and for all your kindness to me gets the better of any other thoughts, and I must again repeat to you that next to your most near relations, nobody existing wishes you more happiness than myself.

I can acquaint you with no news from hence; operas, Plays & Balls go on as usual, as does M'Kay's love and Sandys's, the last is perfectly recovered from his lameness, and he is endeavouring to recover the lost time by being in a perpetual motion, those two poor old Horses travel twelve hours in the 24 at the rate of six miles per hour.

I shall take care of everything directed for me for Lord Huntingdon's use. He arrived here last week in Company with Lord Stormond [*sic*], they are both by their figures and good-breeding an ornament to our nation. Mr Stanhope I look upon as more immediately under my care by the charge my Lord

Chesterfield gave me of him, especially since Mr Hart his Governor has left him ; but notwithstanding all my endeavours to live with him, having been several times to visit him, and having as often sent to invite him to dinner, I have seen him but once. . . . I should be extremely pleased to have a true and just account of the youth from you, for I know you would not flatter me. This I could wish to have before I leave this place for England, where I hope to embrace you next month, and to assure you that I am with the greatest truth & sincerity

my dear Charley
your most obedient humble servant

ALBEMARLE.

Lord Albemarle, however, soon became better acquainted with young Stanhope, and it is interesting to record his impression of a youth who has erroneously come down to posterity as a lout unworthy of the care which a punctilious father expended upon him. In February Lord Albemarle writes :—

I have seen Stanhope of late very often, he is a most delightful youth, I am in love with him, his spirit and his good-nature are equal to each other.

And the following month he writes again to Hotham :—

Paris March $\frac{17}{6}$ 1750–1

I propose drinking your health to-day with the Byssys,[1] they dine with me & with them Crebillon[2] and little Stanhope, who I have got acquainted with the Sett. Pray, with the offer of my compliments to the Earl of Chesterfield, tell him that the young man behaves to the liking of everybody, but that I could wish his Lordship would remove him from the Academie (I mean as to Lodging & Boarding in the house) for the dirt & nastyness of the Place is not to be expressed.

ALB.

Besides Stanhope whom he regarded as a cousin, and Lord Huntingdon whom he viewed as a brother, Hotham missed the arrival in Paris of Lady Gertrude's delicate son Sir Charles who, as we have seen, went thither with his tutor-physician in

[1] The French Minister and his wife.
[2] A celebrated dramatist.

the spring of 1751. On April 9th of that year Lord Albemarle writes: "Sir Charles arrived here last Monday. I have not yett seen him, but he dines with me to-day with young Stanhope." Monsieur Ruvigney de Cosne, the Ambassador's private secretary, further sent news later on of a yet more important visitor to Paris whose projected advent was eagerly awaited:—

Compeigne. Friday July 1752.

All Paris has been so long in Expectation of seeing Lady Coventry that their Patience is almost tired out, and all the Accounts that have been given of that Beauty, have been so extremely heighten'd (tho' I dare say not above her Merits, but all the Women here might think so) that if she is anything less than a Seraphim, great will be the Disappointment. I own I long very much for the Happiness of seeing her Lady^{sp}, which I have never had. Lady Car. Petersham was expected at Paris the night before last.

On the very day when Ruvigney de Cosne was thus writing the gossip of Paris to Captain Hotham, Horace Walpole, writing the gossip of London to his friend George Montagu, relates: "Did you hear Captain Hotham's *bon-mot* on Sir Thomas Robinson's[1] making an assembly from the top of his house to the bottom?—He said he wondered so many people would go to Sir Thomas's, as he treated them *de haut en bas!*"

In truth at this date, young Hotham, with the coveted veneer of a man who had seen the best society in Paris from an exceptional standpoint, with the glamour of an officer who, despite his youth, had been on active service, and with the additional advantage of a ready wit, a pleasing address, and a handsome person, was greatly in request among an ever-growing circle of acquaintance. Nor was it long before he fell a victim to the romance inseparable from youth and charm.

It will be remembered that, as a boy, he had often accompanied his father to visit Lady Suffolk at Marble Hill. There his young companions, John and Dorothy Hobart, had enjoyed, under the guardianship of their aunt, a liberty of which occasionally they took undue advantage. John Hobart

[1] Sir Thomas Robinson, Secretary of State in the Duke of Newcastle's ministry.

especially, by his merry impertinence, had occasionally wrung from his long-suffering relative the epithet of " saucy whelp ! " while her friend Horace Walpole used to describe the spoilt youth as " *A Clearcake ; fat, fair and sweet, and seen thro' in a moment !* " Lady Dorothy, on the contrary, was a more complex character. A stronger personality than her brother, she was handsome, clever, wayward and of an uncertain and excitable temperament. Even in her childhood she had suffered from vapours of a peculiarly marked type, if, indeed, the mischievous account given by her brother can be trusted. In 1744 Lady Suffolk sent her two young charges to visit their maternal grandfather, and thence John Hobart wrote respecting his sister :—

The poor girl has lately fallen into a very odd way : for about two days ago she *took a gardener in a black waistcoat for a rat,* and immediately after, *fancied she was turned into a pine-apple.* It was really vapours, and not affectation ; for there was nobody present at that time but your humble servant !

Whether Lady Dorothy, according to the doubtful testimony of her brother, still occasionally suffered from the impression that she personally was a pineapple is impossible to say, but certain it is that her equally strange hallucination respecting the appearance of the " gardener in a black waistcoat " was not extended to the good-looking young officer, her former playmate, Charles Hotham, who now not only renewed, but multiplied, his visits to Marble Hill. The young couple quickly fell in love with each other ; and although for a time there were the usual *pour-parlers* among the elders respecting the advisability of a match where wealth was lacking and the bridegroom, for the present, was a mere soldier of fortune, all obstacles were at length brushed aside, and the first intimation of the approaching happy issue to their courtship occurs in a letter from Captain Hotham's old friend Martin Sandys :—

Martin Sandys to Captain Hotham

Ombersley Court Sept the 1st 1752.

By your long silence I suppose you mean that I should begin first, which, considering we are old friends, I think rather too formal, especially as you are at the Fountain Head, from whence all sort of news flows, when you can expect nothing

more from me than that I tire myself very much with being allways a family party, which I have not been much used to and consequently is not very agreeable to me.

My father and Brother have been gone near a month to make a tour through Yorkshire & Derbyshire, but as they ride about twenty miles a day, stay two hours in every Churchyard and intended staying some days with Lord Carlisle and some more such agreable companions, I choose rather to stay here with my mother & sisters.

The Letters of news from London to this County for several Posts mentioned nothing remarkable *but your being soon to change your way of life and to retire in a family way with Lady D. near Richmond Hill.* I am very sorry you would not let me know it from you, that I might have had an opportunity of giving you joy on the occasion, but the last says her Father has sent her into the Country, & never to return to town till she promises not to speak or think more of you. How true all this may be you best know. . . .

We expect Lord & Lady Coventry here next week to our Musick Meeting. I hear he was affronted by some Person of Great Rank in France, if it's true you must have heard of it in London. I should be glad to know what the town says of it. I hear Miss Chudleigh has bought a house on Hill Street unfurnish'd, which has cost her 3,500 pounds, pray send me word if it is true ; and if Pulteney has return'd from the North. I am told he mett Miss Nicols[1] at Scarborough.

I intend being in town in Novr. If I had any money I should not stay so long here. . . . To amuse me I have a recruiting party at Worcester, otherwise you know I could not stay so long from the Reg[t]. I have got seven very fine men, and have great prospect of getting many more. I have had my party with me not a month, so I think I have succeeded very well.

The following month, October, 1752, Charles Hotham and his former playmate Lady Dorothy Hobart were wedded, an event marked by a characteristic letter of congratulation from Lord Chesterfield, which may be contrasted with the letter sent on a similar occasion by his father when Lady Gertrude became the bride of another Charles Hotham, long since dead:—

[1] Not the Miss Nicoll mentioned page 37, but Frances Catherine, only daughter and co-heir of Sir Charles Gunter Nicholl.

Lord Chesterfield to Captain Hotham

Bath Oct. ye 25th 1752.

My dear Captain,

I do not wish you and Lady Dorothy joy for I am sure that you both have it, but I sincerely wish you the continuance of it, till the season of Joy is over, that is till you come to be of my age, and then may quiet and comfort succeed it for the rest of your lives. As I will suppose that by the blessing of God upon your endeavours you may happen to have children (but do not tell Lady Dorothy that I suppose so strange a thing) may they, according to their Sexes, be severally like Father and Mother, and deserve well of their father, as you do of yours. If there be anything more that you wish yourself, I wish it for you too from the bottom of my Soul.

Au reste this is no letter of ceremony, no wedding garment formally put on upon the occasion, but the plain honest messenger of those sentiments of affection and esteem with which I am

Your insignificant friend and most
faithfull servant

Chesterfield.

Another letter of congratulation has survived from one who did not, with mock humility, describe herself as the bridegroom's "insignificant friend," but who was as little known to fame during the days of her humble existence as her identity is now lost in an impenetrable past. Yet one can picture her still—that possibly hard-featured old Scottish nurse, with the heart of gold and a power of love which neither time nor absence could diminish, so that she has left behind her one little human document which, for sweetness and sincerity, it would be hard to surpass:—

Honourable Captain,

Heareing the accounts of your marriage I cannot omit to let you know what joy & happiness it give me that your Lady is one of great perfection and a very exteroardenary character & a daughter of the Earl of Buckinghams. May the allmighty god bless you both with the best of blesings, much joy, love & all happiness attend you is the sincere Desire of your affectionate nurse.

I must lay asid titles & writt in the words that I spok you long agoe, my Dearest jewel, tho' I have not had the pleasure

of seeing you these maney years, yet the ties of my affection to you are stronger than I can possibly express, when hearing my Dr Lord abedour speak of you it geve me great pleasure. He told me I might be very proud of you, for ye had every good qualification and that ye was the pritiest youth in the age. I thank god that ever your honourable familie was in Scotland & that I had the good forton to be in it, your Dear Papa & mama who was my great comfort & syport in my greatest affliction. I cannot express my gratitude to my good & worthey benefactor may god bless and reward him.

My dearest deare pardon what is amiss in this from one who so affeconately lovs you I offer my Dutie to your Dear Lady & to your Papa & mama & I am with all sincerity your affectionate nurse

& most humble Servant

MARY MCKAY.

Aberdour March 1st 1753.

CHAPTER XV

PUBLIC LIFE FROM 1753 TO 1787

CHARLES HOTHAM and his bride appear for a time to have taken up their abode at Richmond, near Lady Suffolk; and there, on December 14th, 1753, a daughter was born to them who was named Henrietta, and who was destined to be their only child. By 1755, however, they had purchased a house in Spring Gardens, next door to one occupied by Mrs. Delany, for the latter, writing to her friend Mrs. Dewes on February 22nd of that year, remarks with cheerful surprise—"Lady Dorothy Hotham, who is next door to me, on whom I called, has been in her house six weeks, and says they have got no cold!"

During these early years of his married life we hear of Charles Hotham only through the medium of his large circle of friends. His brother-in-law John Hobart appears at this date to have been much in his society, and to have learnt to regard him with an affection which sought his advice and sympathy in most of the difficulties which beset that future diplomatist's chequered, if illustrious, career. Visits to beautiful Blickling, in Norfolk,[1] likewise cemented Hotham's new connection with that county; and when, in April, 1754, John Hobart was once more elected for the representation of Norwich,[2] we find him writing at once to claim his brother-in-law's congratulations:—

[1] The seat of John, 1st Earl of Buckinghamshire. It originally belonged to the father of Anne Boleyn.

[2] He had been Deputy-Lieutenant for Norfolk, and at the General Election in June, 1747, he was returned to Parliament for Norwich and St. Ives, when he decided to sit for Norwich.

LADY DOROTHY HOTHAM, NÉE HOBART
WIFE OF THE 8TH BARONET, AS DIANA
From a pastel by Hoare of Bath, R.A.

John Hobart to Charles Hotham

Norwich
Monday April the 15th 1754.

Dear Brother,

The Election is over without any sort of opposition or any disagreeable Circumstance. My friends flatter me & declare that everybody here is pleased.

I have had the satisfaction of being toss'd about in a chair for three hours, but am at length happily landed. You can hardly conceive the Number of People of different sorts that have appear'd upon this occasion; many handsome women did not a little contribute to give the whole an agreeable appearance.

My head is a little confused at present with hurry, but not with drink, for I have tasted but one glass of wine to-day. We are going now to dinner, & in the evening there is to be an Assembly where, in all probability, the woman of the first rank & the least beauty will fall to my lot. Make my affectionate Compts to Madam, Miss & all, & believe me most sincerely yours

Hobart.

Shortly afterwards John Hobart begged Hotham to procure for him from Paris, through the agency of Lord Albemarle, "a suit of cloaths against the Birthday. I should like a gold embroidery upon some red shade of velvet," he wrote, "and I could wish the price not to exceed sixty Louis—which I suppose would be sufficient."

Very handsome, doubtless, would the Clearcake have looked wearing that suit of gold and red in admirable contrast to his fair complexion, but it was not to be procured through the channel suggested. In December Lord Albemarle had been dispatched to Paris once more in order to demand the liberation of some British subjects who had been unwarrantably detained by the French Government. As he was returning home on the evening of December 22nd he was taken suddenly ill, and died in a few hours. He was greatly blamed after his death on the discovery that, despite the wealth of which he and his wife had been possessed, and the £15,000 a year which he had received from the Government, he had left his family little besides debts. But *de mortuis nil nisi bonum;* whatever the fault of the Spendthrift Earl, to Charles Hotham he had

proved a constant and affectionate friend, and his loss was sincerely mourned by his former aide-de-camp, who later heard from his friend Fat Van, now Colonel Keppel, certain curious particulars in connection with the sad event.

It will be remembered that when Lady Albemarle lost her brother the Duke of Richmond in 1750 she had an exceedingly realistic dream, in which she saw the dead man come to bid her adieu. When her husband went on his last visit to Paris, as he was in perfect health and his sojourn there was not likely to be long, she had remained in London with her children ; but on the night of his death she dreamed vividly that she saw him before her, clad in white, and that he too bade her an eternal farewell. The dream made a painful impression upon her, but she said nothing about it, and was seated at breakfast with her daughters the following morning when suddenly there arrived Lord Bury, who having been at Windsor when he received an express to inform him of his father's death, was now come to break the tidings gently, and with all the circumlocution possible, to his widowed mother. His filial intentions, however, were quickly frustrated. "Child!" exclaimed Lady Albemarle with the air of an inquisitor, "what brings you to town so early?"—"I was sent for," replied Lord Bury evasively. She eyed him searchingly—"You are not well," she persisted. "I am perfectly well," replied Lord Bury ; "only—rather upset at some news I have heard." "Let me feel your pulse," insisted his mother ; and, her suspicions confirmed that her son was extremely agitated, she exclaimed abruptly—"*Your father is dead!*" "Good God, Madam," exclaimed Lord Bury astounded, "how could that come into your head? I should rather have thought you might imagine it might be my poor brother William who is just gone to Lisbon for his health." "No," responded Lady Albemarle firmly, "I *know* it is your father—I dreamed last night he was dead and come to take leave of me!"—and, so saying, she immediately swooned away.

The coincidence of this dream and its fulfilment was certainly rendered more remarkable in that, as suggested, while Lady Albemarle was at that date in no anxiety respecting the health of her husband, her thoughts had been greatly

occupied with the condition of her unfortunate son William. Since the days when Fat Van had been so drastically "blooded, sweated and vomited" at Westminster, he had been—figuratively as well as literally—constantly in the wars. Early in 1754 Hotham had written to advise him to tax his strength less, and had received from him a reply referring with melancholy envy to the fate of his sister who had recently died :—

Thanks to a constant fever I have had upon me I am the same Colonel Keppel you want me to be, for I can attribute the little spirits I have to my disorder, for I know of nothing else that can raise 'em, except the hopes of following soon the steps of my poor sister Anne, which I am sure are happy ones.

In July, however, the unfortunate invalid was sent to Bristol, and thence he had written to describe the wretched existence to which he was condemned :—

July ye 6th 1754. Bristol Hot Waters.

The life here is the most miserable one that ever mortal led ; at six in the morning Larose pours half a pint of asses' milk down my throat ; at seven he pulls me out of bed ; at eight he puts me in a Chair and sends me to ye Wells ; from that time till near ten I swallow quantitys of water ; after that breakfast, and then, whether I will or no, on Horse back they mount me and ride me about till one ; the waters again till two ; Dress, go to dinner, which is hardly done before you are dispatched again to the well, from whence I am conducted to a room which is longer than Sir Farrel's park, where I am either obliged to walk with Gouty men or set down and play with coughing women, till the clock strikes ten, which is the hour I repair to my own habitation, in order to go to bed. This I assure you is an exact account of our motions, which are every day the same thing over and over again, and I leave it to you if one had not better be in one's grave than lead so terrible a life. I vow to you I would prefer it.

But the luckless Fat Van did not attain the rest for which he craved, and was destined to survive yet another eight-and-twenty years. From Bristol he was sent to Lisbon, and as we have seen, was there at the date of his father's death. He appears, however, to have escaped the earthquake which devastated that city on November 1st, 1755, and in which it is

believed that ten thousand people lost their lives. Mindful of the terror which had been occasioned by the slight shocks experienced in London in 1750, the people of England were filled with sympathy for the unfortunate sufferers in such a terrible calamity; and from his sailor brother, William, Charles Hotham received tidings of the help which England was dispatching to Lisbon :—

William Hotham to Charles Hotham

Portsmouth Dec. 6th 1755.

The accounts we have had of Lisbon are truly Melancholy and Dreadful, and altogether as sad as any we may ever remember to have heard of. Captain Brodrick in the *Hampton Court* is to sail from hence to-morrow or the day after for Lisbon, he is to take on board money to the amount of 50,000 pounds which is already come down to Portsmouth and Provisions (as Bread & Beef) as much as he can possibly carry; and has orders when he comes there to deliver the whole of what he has on board to the Portuguese Secretary of State, which, if properly distributed, may be a great relief to many of the Inhabitants, that may perhaps now be in the utmost distress. It being reported that many of the English escaped, it is to be hoped your friend Lord Drumlanrig[1] may have been of the number. I now hear the *Hampton Court* is to have £75,000[2] put on board of her, which is a good deal more than it was at first said. The Newspapers mention their having felt another shock.

But while Lord Drumlanrig, and various of Hotham's friends, then touring abroad, escaped in safety from the smitten city, another friend, at this date safely resident in England, was overwhelmed by a disaster of a more personal nature. This was the unhappy Lord Pulteney, who, whatever his faults, had from boyhood been condemned to an existence warped and blighted by the injudicious severity and capricious temper of his parents. It will be remembered that Martin Sandys, writing to Hotham in 1752, makes mention of Lord Pulteney having met Miss Nicholl at Scarborough. For some time there was great discussion about his marriage with this lady, who was a considerable heiress. "But," relates Walpole,

[1] Formerly Lord Charles Douglas. (See *ante*, page 14.)

[2] The sum eventually reached a hundred thousand pounds.

" there was some great *fracas* about his marriage ; the stories are various on the *Why* ; some say his father told Miss Nicholl that his son was a very worthless young man ; others that the Earl could not bring himself to make tolerable settlements ; and a third party say that the Countess has blown up a quarrel in order to have her son left in her power and at her mercy."[1] Whatever the true sentiments of Lord Pulteney in regard to his projected marriage, he, in despair, consulted Lady Townshend, who gave him the doubtful advice that he should quit the paternal roof and his troubles without more ado. He accordingly left two letters for his infuriated parent and fled to France—thus running away from £30,000 a year, and risking the alternative of being disinherited. In January, 1755, Miss Nicholl married William Legge, second Earl of Dartmouth.

The outbreak of war, however, drove the self-exiled Lord Pulteney back in the rôle of prodigal son to those parents whom Walpole all-graphically describes as "*My Lord and Lady Bath who lived in the vinegar bottle.*" Subsequently we find him M.P. in the Whig interest from 1754 to 1761 for the non-existent borough of Old Sarum,[2] while from 1761 till 1765 he nominally represented Westminster. Not for long, however, did he suffer from maternal guardianship. In 1758 Lady Bath had a paralytic stroke which drew her mouth to one side and deprived her of speech. Before those about her had realised what had occurred, the dauntless lady actually signed for writing materials and scribbled the fatal word *Palsey*. Aid was at once summoned, and for a time she rallied, but died a few weeks later on September 10th, 1758. The following year, Lord Pulteney, possibly finding life more intolerable with one parent than when two had occasionally confined their recriminations to each other, offered to raise a regiment of which he generously stipulated that he was to be only Lieutenant-Colonel, provided the command was given to Colonel Crawford, an old soldier whose valuable services had long been denied the recognition which was their due. Lord Bath, it is true, had to provide the sum of five thousand pounds necessary for

[1] *Letters of Horace Walpole*, Vol. II, page 33 (ed. Cunningham).

[2] "Great towns like Manchester or Birmingham remained without a Member while Members sat for boroughs which, like Old Sarum, had actually vanished from the face of the earth" (*A Short History of the English People*, by J. R. Green, page 765).

the undertaking ; but this he did not hesitate to do, and Lord Pulteney, having gained great *kudos* by the disinterested spirit of his behaviour, and satisfied at last in having some purpose in his hitherto aimless existence, joyfully set forth to join the British forces upon the Continent.

Four years earlier, Charles Hotham had again been called on active service ; and in the position formerly filled by his friend " Fat Van," that of aide-de-camp to Sir John Ligonier, he had embarked for the coast of France. For a time the campaign went adversely for England, but when in 1757 Pitt took office in coalition with Newcastle, the astute Minister at once saw that a close alliance with the victorious Frederick of Prussia was essential to England if she was to maintain her position beyond the Atlantic. He therefore gave a subsidy of £67,000 a year to Frederick, and sent 12,000 English soldiers under the Duke of Marlborough to join the Hanoverian army, which was commanded by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, one of the ablest of Frederick's Generals. With this force went Hotham to fight on behalf of the Prussian Sovereign against whom, in the last campaign, he had been combating. The story of his ensuing promotion is best given in his own words :—

When the late Duke of Cumberland took the command of the Army in Germany, Sir John Ligonier, to whom I was then 1st aide-de-camp, was appointed to succeed him as Commander-in-Chief at home ; and H.R.H. having, during his absence, obtained the Captain-Lieutenancy in the First Regiment of Guards, of which he was Colonel, for his aide-de-camp Captain Carleton, over the heads of several older Lieutenants in the Regiment, of which number I was one, I felt it so severely & Sir John Ligonier resented it so highly as an affront to himself, that he named me to the King for the Office of Deputy Adjutant-General to the Army, with the Rank of Lieutenant Colonel ; with which request his Majesty immediately complied.

When the expedition to St Malo took place under the order of the late Duke of Marlborough, I was appointed Adjutant General to it, and that business over, and his Grace being ordered to Germany with a Corps of British Troops to reinforce

the Army under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, I attended him there also, and serv'd the whole war there in that capacity.[1]

Many of Hotham's friends were again associated with him in this campaign, among others, his former schoolfellow the young Duke of Richmond. Two years earlier, in April, 1757, the Duke had married Lady Mary Bruce, the beautiful daughter of Caroline, Lady Ailesbury, and niece of Hotham's old friend Frederick Campbell.[2] They had gained the reputation of being the handsomest couple of their day, almost eclipsing in fame that previously "glittering object" lovely Lady Kildare and her fascinating bridegroom. But the call of duty had enforced a separation, and the Duke, having parted sadly from his lovely wife, was now aide-de-camp to Prince Ferdinand. Early in 1759, however, Hotham heard with delight of an expected addition to his friends abroad. His brother John who, at the age of twenty-four, had just been ordained, was appointed chaplain to the staff of the British forces then in Germany, and in the April following he joined the camp at Munster in Westphalia. At that date Lord George Sackville[3] had been deputed to command the British and Hanoverian Horse; and while John Hotham was acting in the capacity of chaplain to Lord George, his brother, Colonel Hotham, as Deputy Adjutant-General, was closely associated with the movements of that commander for whom he had a strong personal friendship. This, cemented by the fact that the greatest intimacy had always existed between his own family and that of the Sackvilles, served to heighten his distress at the unfortunate turn of affairs which was to gain for his friend an evil notoriety in the famous Battle of Minden which followed.[4]

The story is well known to history, and requires but brief

[1] MS. in possession of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Hotham, G.C.B.

[2] Caroline, eldest daughter of the Hon. John Campbell, afterwards 4th Duke of Argyll, married, first, Charles, 3rd Earl of Ailesbury, and had an only daughter, Mary. She married, secondly, Field-Marshal the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway. See *ante*, page 4.

[3] Lord George Sackville, youngest son of the first Duke of Dorset, was born in 1716 and died 1785. In 1770 he took the name of Germain, in accordance with the will of his aunt, Lady Betty Germain, who left him a large fortune. In 1782 he was created Viscount Sackville by George III.

[4] Among the Hotham papers are the returns of the troops at this battle. Space will not permit their quotation here.

recapitulation. On August 1st, 1759, Prince Ferdinand, by an exceedingly clever ruse, induced the French under Marshal de Broglie to quit a strong position they had taken up upon Minden Heath, and forced them to an engagement upon his own ground. The result was pre-eminently satisfactory for the Prussian Commander-in-Chief. The battle consisted in great part of a series of charges made by the French cavalry on compact bodies of English and Hanoverian infantry; till, weary with their futile exertions, the cavalry which formed the centre of the French line at length gave way. This line once broken, a charge of the English and Hanoverian Horse alone was wanted to complete the destruction of the French army.[1] Prince Ferdinand therefore dispatched an aide-de-camp to Lord George, who, as already stated, was in command of both the English and German horse, with orders to him to charge instantly.

But for some inexplicable reason, Lord George did not obey. "Either," points out an historian of the war, "the orders were not sufficiently precise or they were not sufficiently understood by the English commander, so that there was some delay in waiting for an explanation; but the critical minute passed away, the British cavalry lost their share in the glory of the action, and the French retreated in some order. Had Lord George obeyed the command of Prince Ferdinand, the enemy, it was supposed, would have been left without an army in Germany."[2] But although, on the same order being sent to Lord Granby, who commanded the second line, that officer charged promptly, the psychological moment had been lost by the procrastination of Lord George. Victory indeed rested with the Allies, but not of such a decisive nature as would have been ensured had a charge of cavalry rendered the defeat of the French complete, for in direct consequence of the hesitation of the cavalry to attack, the enemy had been enabled to withdraw in order, and to regain their former advantageous position.

The Prussian Commander-in-Chief was naturally indignant at the disregard of his instructions which had robbed his victory of its brilliance. "In the general orders issued by

[1] *History of England*, J. F. Bright, D.D., page 1031.
[2] *The Georgian Era*, Vol. II, page 54.

UNIDENTIFIED PORTRAIT AT DALTON HALL
TRADITIONALLY SAID TO BE H.R.H. PRINCE FERDINAND OF BRUNSWICK

Prince Ferdinand on the following day, he stated that if the Marquis of Granby had been at the head of the cavalry, he felt persuaded that the success of the day would have been more complete and brilliant ; and in a very emphatic and pointed manner he required that the generals of the army should, upon all occasions, punctually and without delay act in obedience to such orders as might be brought them by his aides-de-camp. In consequence of the severe insinuations thus thrown against him, Lord George immediately requested leave to return to England."[1] An outcry against him was raised throughout Europe, and Beaumont Hotham wrote anxiously to his son :—

Dr Charles,

I wrote to you a few lines last post, and am sorry to say that the rancour & outcry is by no means abated, the publishing in all the Prints Pr F.'s order of ye 2d inst having made the whole affair very publick. Ballads & abuse of all kind abound, & great severity seems to be call'd for, so that I confess I much fear for consequences, & cannot but with sorrow reflect on the confin'd Bounds of human Reason, which upon this occasion has converted the noblest opportunity for glory which ever offer'd, into a Snare for Disgrace & I fear Punishment ; Where I am not silent, I confess concern, from Gratitude & Humanity, and tho' you and your Brothers have a nice game to play, I trust in your Judgments and discretions for the well conducting of it, and as I much doubt the affair will not admit of justification, Silence is the next best.

I should wish He did not come through the city by daylight, for if one wrong-headed or drunken fellow begins an Insult, I should much dread its soon becoming general.

In your particulars, though from your connections, this affair may for a little while disconcert you, yet in the main your prudence will, I hope, prevent your losing ground where you would wish to gain it.

Friday 17th Aug 1759.

Meantime Lord George was travelling back to England accompanied by the young chaplain, John Hotham, who returned apparently in order to give evidence at the forthcoming court martial :—

[1] *The Georgian Era*, Vol. II, page 54.

Lord George Sackville to Colonel Hotham

Rotterdam Sept 2d 1759.

DEAR HOTHAM,

Here we are, after a long and as agreeable a journey as could be expected in our circumstances.

I was much disappointed at not hearing from you at Osnabruck, but we all agreed it could not be your fault. "Sir John" is writing, I hope, a short history of our public entrys, and the great curiosity of the People in the different towns through which we passed, at Utrecht it was intolerable, as they came on purpose to gaze at the poor disgraced General; but they were only curious, not the least uncivil, and, I believe, as they had not try'd me, had not then condemned me.

I have had some letters from England, none later than the 21st. The cry of the mob was still as great as ever; other people began to hear reason, and some even began to think that I might not have been so much to blame. The Duke of Argyle particularly has acted like a man, and speaks out very freely upon the occasion, and, as he was going to Scotland, sent me an obliging message declaring his sentiment as to the motives of this late extraordinary proceeding, and his opinion that I had acted as became me.

What I shall be able to do when I get thither, God knows, my present thoughts are to insist upon the most publick method of searching this affair to the bottom; if the Ministers expect I can clear myself they will undoubtedly wish to avoid any explanation as it may be productive of disagreeable Truths, so that I may expect obstacles on the side of Power, and prejudices on the side of the People, and yet I must not be discouraged, and cry aloud *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*, you know one Latin sentence of common sense is worth ten in English!

I hope you are as happy as I wish you, I could not take my leave of any of you the day I left the army; silence upon such occasions is more expressive than words. My best compliments attend my friends, and tell them how infinitely I feel myself obliged to them for their attention and affection to me in my late distress; if this misfortune does not absolutely crush me I shall have no greater happiness than endeavouring to show my love and regard to them. . . .

I daresay Browne by this time has made himself sick, especially if Lord Granby insists upon early rising, to do business as Secretary. I am sorry the Marshall showed *peu*

d'empressment to be continued in his office, he certainly might have made me the compliment of returning with me without the least risk, but indeed I was not disappointed, for I think from the day of my disgrace till my going away, I had not the honour of his company three times, but I hope his present attachment will be of more service to him than I could ever have been.

Adieu, dear Hotham

GEO. SACKVILLE.

"Sir John," as Lord George termed his young chaplain, wrote upon the same date to furnish his brother with fuller details respecting the aforesaid entries into the towns they had been forced to traverse. Although we shall review the life and correspondence of John Hotham later, yet a portion of his letter may be quoted here, since his point of view contrasts amusingly with that of "the poor, disgraced General":—

The Revd. John Hotham to his brother Lt. Colonel Hotham

Rotterdam.

Sept. 2d 1759.

The first day we got to Stadtberg, the 2d to Paderborn, the 3d to Bileveldt & the 4th to Osnabruck. There we halted a day, & then proceeded thro' Rhene, Delden, Daventer, & Utrecht to this place, where we arrived last night in admirable health & spirits, & without a single accident of any kind. The Machine & the three yellow waggons gained immortal credit by their perseverence & good behaviour, & it is entirely owing to them that the journey was performed with such success. Success that, from its being wholly unexpected (by me, at least), deserves a place in Every English newspaper. If I knew the names of the horses, I should return them my thanks one by one for their signal services, as it is, they must be lumped, & I must content myself with assuring them that I shall ever remember, & gratefully acknowledge their "bonne contenance" throughout the journey. . . .

I have in my time seen a charge of Cavalry upon a common, & liked it very well; but I have also seen a charge of hogs in a town, & like it much better. As we were walking in Stadtberg, in the evening, we heard a rattling, & turning about, descried an herd of swine to the amount of at least a thousand, rushing into the town & dispersing themselves, *quasi* light troops, upon full gallop. Each hog, to my utter astonishment, took his house,

and tripping up the steps with much more agility than can be expected or conceived in pork, shot in, & disappeared.† The whole force was invisible in less time than I have written this account of them, except a few young stragglers, who in the confusion had overrun the constable, & very soon found out their place. I expected for some time to see them return, like true irregulars, laden with plunder or provision, but found they were quartered in the town, & had only had a *field* day of it!

Little did I imagine, when you & I lived long ago (or indeed late ago) together, that it would ever fall to my share to make a publick entry, except once a week into my parish church; but so it is, quanquam animus meminisse horret visuque refugit; that I have had the satisfaction of bearing a part in *three*, within the space of as many days. At Daventer, Utrecht & Rotterdam. The last was not quite the thing, because it was the day of a great fair, so that the mob was ready raised to our hands. Daventer's riot was very curious, Utrecht at first sight very terrifying. At the first of these two places, upon entering the town, I discovered that English horses & a post chaise was something of a rarity, as the boys & girls seemed to be mightily diverted with them. But as soon as the carriage began to rattle upon the pavement & Messieurs Lloyd & Sutherland on horseback trotted on before, as harbingers or heralds of the pomp that was to follow, then it was that the doors & windows of the houses flew open, maid Servts over-turned their mops & pails, coblers, beaux, tinkers, Taylors, gentlemen, barbers, burgomasters, distillers, surgeons, grocers, & " all the thousand trades that flesh is heir to " with their wives & families raised such a riot in the town with a mixture of joy, fear, expectation & ignorance, as cannot yet I think be totally subsided. Such a racket & such a clatter I never beheld. The figures that presented themselves of both sexes, upon my honour, " beggar all description." Lloyd says that it was much more entertaining to him, as being on horseback, he could see better down the cross-streets, which filled & came rushing with the utmost impetuosity towards the place where the clamour sounded loudest. In short, we may well be said to have scoured the town, for all the people in these byeplaces came rushing to the scene of action, leaving their own street desolate, & joining with the stream in the high street, swept that clear also. . . . Thus we were hurried out of the town, & I daresay when the good old women of Daventer tell the story of our appearance to their children fifty years hence, they will not be believed— I am sure they will not if they speak truly.

Lloyd, tho' I think not extravagantly fond of hunting, had a glorious chase that day, at least by his own account. It was not a stag, nor a wild boar, nor a fox, nor any animal that is intended as food for a pack of hounds, but something upon two legs, like a man, prodigeously fat, in a blue night-gown & slippers, & a most noble flowing bob major. This apparition, hearing the uproar, & imagining either an earthquake, or that the town was taken by assault, or on fire in every quarter at once, bolted out of his house in horror, & darted into the middle of the street. At that instant Lloyd was close on him on full trot ; which the man perceiving, & that no time was to be spared in saving himself from an immediate and complete mash, he tucked up his blue gown over his posteriors, turned short about, & trimmed away along the street. Lloyd claps spurs to Sudbury and after him full rush. The man, without ever looking back, mends his pace, & away they went full cry, till just as Sudbury had got up to him, our heroe turned short, spun down a blind alley, & has never been heard of since. I do not know how this story affects you, but I have laughed so much in the telling it, as well as almost ever since it happened, that I must give over. . . .

The mob at Utrecht was in a different style ; there it was all gathered about the coach when we were setting off, so that people were forced to make a lane for us to get to it ; but all was very civil & without disturbance of any kind.

Lloyd has been laughing over this letter with me, & bids me say that, as he does not understand latin, he will defer writing till he gets to England, & there he shall perhaps steal a scrap for you out of the Spectator. Ld George says the sentence he sends you is the only one he knows. I do not believe him !

The arrival in London, however, was worse for Lord George than the entries into foreign towns had proved. He was received in his native land with open vituperation, and was deprived of all his military employments. In the court martial which followed, the evidence was contradictory, but Lieutenant-Colonel Sloper, of Bland's Dragoons, was the most damaging witness against the accused man, indicating that cowardice had been the true motive of Lord George's neglect to charge. Against this, not only John Hotham gave evidence, but his brother, Colonel Hotham, who had returned from Germany for the purpose, stated emphatically that, upon the

fatal occasion, there had not been the slightest sign of any fear or of anything unusual in the commander's manner.

In so asserting, however, the Colonel found himself in direct opposition to several of his fellow officers ;[1] but he appears to have been persuaded of Lord George's innocence. "He always," wrote his nephew Sir William Hotham, many years afterwards, "spoke in terms of indignation of the spirit of Colonel Sloper's evidence at the Court Martial, for Sloper had been under many obligations to Lord George, and had witnessed upon many former occasions decided proofs of that personal courage which he was in this instance the only man seriously to call in question. The prisoner's feelings got the better of him and he gave the evidence the lie."[2] Lord George, indeed, vehemently stigmatised Sloper's conduct and evidence as false and malicious throughout ; and, in somewhat theatrical protest, exhibited in court the coat pierced by bullets which he personally had worn at Fontenoy. But he had to contend against an antagonism adamantine in its obstinacy. George II, at this time seventy-six years of age, was strongly prejudiced in favour of his relative and countryman Prince Ferdinand, and proportionately infuriated against Lord George ; so much so that he vindictively informed the latter of the Royal determination that, whatever the sentence of the court martial, it should be put into execution without delay or mitigation. There is no doubt that the King anticipated and even desired Lord George's life to be forfeited ; and when, early in the year 1760, the finding of the court martial pronounced the culprit to have been guilty of disobedience to orders, further decreeing him unfit to remain in His Majesty's service, the King eagerly confirmed the sentence, and himself struck the name of the

[1] "The only question was whether he (Lord George) manifested any such Backwardness to lead on the Horse after he received Prince Ferdinand's orders for that Purpose as justly rendered him liable to the Suspicion of Reluctance or the Imputation of Cowardice ?

"The Depositions of Lieutenant Colonels Ligonier, Sloper and Fitzroy would certainly seem to affix on him either one or the other of these Charges. But the Evidence of Lieutenant Colonel Hotham, as well as the positive testimony of Captains Lloyd and Smith, two of Lord George's aides-de-camp, appear as completely to exculpate him. There were even negative, if not positive Doubts stated by Hotham and Smith relative to the Accuracy, not to say the Truth or Existence of the asserted conversations held by Colonels Fitzroy and Ligonier with Lord George when they successively delivered him Prince Ferdinand's orders." (Wraxall, Vol. II, pages 171–3.)

[2] MS. written by Admiral Sir William Hotham, G.C.B.

dishonoured General from the list of Privy Councillors. Thenceforward the mob took up the cry of cowardice, and the name of Lord George for a time became a byword among the populace.

It was the irony of fate that, only a few months later, there took place an event which might have largely influenced the verdict of the court martial and of the public upon Lord George in this matter—the death of his arch-enemy George II, which occurred suddenly on October 24th, 1760. Meantime of the brief visit of Colonel Hotham to England and his presumably hurried return to his duties abroad there is no record save in the minutes of the trial. Subsequently the campaign upon the Continent continued to drag on till, in 1762, England declared war against Spain, and a series of brilliant victories following, hastened the conclusion of the struggle. While his friend Pulteney was engaged against the Spanish forces, Hotham, however, remained in Germany, escaping without hurt in the various conflicts in which he took part and greedily devouring news from his distant home.

During his absence Lady Dorothy had spent much of her time at Blickling with her brother. John Hobart who, in 1755, had been made Comptroller of the Household to George II, had, in 1756, succeeded his father as second Earl of Buckinghamshire, and had thereupon been made a Lord of the Bedchamber to the King. On the death of George II and the accession of that Sovereign's grandson as George III, Lord Buckinghamshire had been confirmed in his previous position at Court, and in that capacity had been present at the coronation of the young King on September 22nd, 1761, when the Duke of Richmond carried the sceptre with the dove, and another friend of Hotham's boyhood, Lord Huntingdon, carried the sword of state as his father had done at the coronation of George II. In 1762, however, Lord Buckinghamshire was appointed Ambassador-Extraordinary to Russia, and in the following August departed for that country, leaving behind him in England a bride to whom he had been married only a few weeks previously.[1]

In his letters to Hotham the new Ambassador thenceforth

[1] Mary Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Drury, Bart., of Overstone, Northamptonshire, who in 1761 married John Hobart, 2nd Earl of Buckinghamshire. She died in 1769, leaving four daughters.

related his strange experiences at the Court of Catharine II, who became sole ruler of Russia after the murder of her husband in July, 1762. In the January following a grand review was held before her at which, the envoy writes, he watched "15,000 men up to their knees in melted snow, cannon and all," executing manœuvres upon the River Neva in January, "when they were warmed only by the presence of their august Mistress whom they entertained by a *feu de joie*." Another time he stood by the side of the Empress when 4000 men "put themselves into a most warlike confusion," during which suddenly a tragic incident occurred. "A sailor was killed by the rammer of a six-pounder," relates Buckinghamshire; "the man had half his head blown off; but the Generals politely informed Her Imperial Majesty that he was not *materially injur'd*."

Yet the news which filtered through to Hotham in his exile from his many friends dispersed about the world, or from that far-away life in England with which he now seemed to have no connection, must at times have served but to intensify his loneliness. Often during that long-protracted campaign he must have yearned to return to the wife and daughter from whom, save for one brief reunion, he had now been separated for years. His health was also suffering from the hardships endured so tediously and unremittingly, to an extent, indeed, of which he was to feel the effects all his life. Long afterwards he wrote: "The last war overset my health. It was too much for my constitution which, tho' originally not bad, was never a good one. But youth, spirits and zeal supplied my strength and carried me through." Nevertheless his endurance had been severely tried, and had hostilities continued, the strain must have overpowered him. It was therefore with profound relief that he hailed the close of the war in 1763 when the treaty of Hubertsburg was concluded between the belligerents, and the Peace of Paris was also signed by England, France, Spain and Portugal. This, among other clauses, provided that England should keep her conquests in America, including Canada, and that—alas, for Maria Theresa!—Frederick should retain his long-disputed acquisition of Silesia.

But while Hotham, after a banishment of nearly eight years, joyfully prepared to return home, his departure was saddened

by melancholy tidings which reached him from the former area of war in the south. Lord Pulteney, who had gone through the latter portion of the campaign there without hurt, had already left Portugal for England when, in traversing Spain, he fell ill of a "putrid fever" in Madrid, and there, on February 12th, 1763, he terminated his ill-fated existence. The circumstances of his death enhanced its sadness,—the thought of all the needless unhappiness of his past youth, of the brilliant future and great wealth which should have been his,—even the pathos that he had been spared throughout a protracted and fierce contest merely to end his life ingloriously on a lonely bed of sickness.[1]

Thus, while Hotham journeyed to England, the body of his unfortunate friend was brought back to be interred, on April 12th, in the Islip Chapel in Westminster Abbey; but it may be added that, even in death, the animosity of Lord Bath pursued the son whose life he had saddened. The debts which Lord Pulteney left were repudiated by his father; his will was proved by a creditor, Lord Bath renouncing probate, and the unnatural parent further refused even to bestow the small legacies which his son had left to his cousin George Colman and others.

To Hotham, on his return, the loss of many former friends, the effacement of dear and remembered landmarks, characterised his introduction into a new world in which, for a time, he felt himself a stranger. One thing, however, served to counteract the sensation of loneliness inevitable under such circumstances. The graciousness of the new Sovereign, and the friendship which the latter immediately exhibited for him, went far to dispel this feeling of estrangement, as it did to compensate him for the sacrifices, past and future, involved in his service.

George III, at this time twenty-five years of age, was a Prince calculated to win the affection of his people. Of commanding presence, the young King was endowed by nature with sufficient good looks to be considered a prototype of splendid manhood in the eyes of his loyal subjects; while the

[1] *The Dictionary of National Biography* erroneously gives the date of his death as 1743.

affability of his bearing, and the consideration which he invariably exhibited for those about his person, formed a delightful contrast to the irascible behaviour and the puerile conversation which had characterised his Hanoverian grandfather. Thus the people hailed with delight the accession of a Sovereign, born and bred in their midst, and as typical of the national temperament as though he did not possess a drop of foreign blood in his veins.

Moreover, those were days when something of divinity still hedged about a King, and loyalty was a religion. In the imagination of men of the best type the Sovereign stood for their highest ideals—for a patriotism which was holy, for a self-negation which was glorious, for the grandeur of that dominion of which each man formed an insignificant unit, but for which each unit was prepared to lay down his insignificant life. George—handsome, stolid, conscientious, kindly, an epitome of the domestic virtues—exhibited nothing to offend this ideal ; and in the glamour with which it successfully enshrouded him, he could win and enchain the devotion of subjects mentally superior to him, but who loved him not for that which he was but for all which he betokened. From the first he showered upon Hotham a regard and an affection which to the latter was infinitely precious ; and the result of which, as we shall see later, was recorded by Hotham in a pen-portrait of the Sovereign, perhaps one of the most exact and distinct of any left by the diarists of that generation.

The treatment, on the other hand, which Hotham experienced on his return, from those in lesser authority, was far from satisfactory. He found that his post of Deputy-Adjutant was to cease, and although this he considered reasonable, since in time of peace there was no need for the expense of such an officer, yet when his senior, the Adjutant-General, Lieutenant-General Napier, was removed, he had every right to expect to succeed to the vacant post. He, however, found himself superseded by Lieutenant-Colonel Barré, and although he was offered the Secretaryship to the Embassy in Russia, with the intimation that the King intended him to succeed Lord Buckinghamshire as Ambassador there, he declined, pointing out that his health had suffered too much by "the severe Service" he had so long been engaged upon for him to leave

England again so soon. A few days later, at Bath, he received the notification that the King had appointed him a Groom of the Bedchamber—"the office of all others," he relates, "that I was most desirous of, tho' I never appli'd for it. I thought it full amends for the mortification I had sustained in the affair of the Adjutant-Generalship. The only unpleasant circumstance attending that was the necessity of my reduction, which cost me £12,000. But the King's constant and most gracious behaviour to me made me every day more and more pleas'd with my new situation."

A fresh source of trouble, however, presented itself to Hotham in discovering that, through an unjust favouritism, no fewer than seven Colonels who were junior to him in the Army were preferred before him to the command of regiments, while despite his long and distinguished service, he had only a company in the Guards. Fearful that this might be interpreted by the public as a mark of his unworthiness, he laid his case before Lord Barrington, then Secretary at War, and he relates :—

A few days afterwards the King sent for me into the Closet & said 'I have only sent for you, Colonel Hotham, that I might have the pleasure of wishing you Joy of being Colonel of the 63d Regiment. I have long wish'd for an opportunity of shewing my regard for you, & I do assure you I never did anything that gave me more pleasure. I feel so much satisfaction in it, that I was resolv'd to have the additional one of giving it you myself.'

To a Favour so very graciously bestow'd, the only Reply I could make was that I beseeched his Majesty to believe that I felt more Satisfaction in receiving it in such a manner, than I could do in obtaining ten Regiments any other way. And I found afterwards that I was still more oblig'd to him than I imagined for both Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Grafton, then Ministers, fairly owned to me they had exerted all their strength in favour of Lord Cornwallis !

The 63d Regt being on the Irish Establishment I went to it at Cork as soon as I could, & had great reason to be highly pleas'd with it. . . .

The King, however, becoming aware that Hotham had not been fairly dealt with, investigated the matter personally in the

painstaking and conscientious fashion for which he was early remarkable. The result was that on Hotham visiting London the next year he had a long audience with his Sovereign, who subsequently sent him a message to the following effect: "*Tell him he shall have the whole succession as he desired.*"

So far, all was satisfactory to Hotham, but another incident which occurred shortly afterwards, flattering as it was, filled him with alarm. The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick,[1] who, he relates, "during the whole of the War had been constantly very obliging and Civil to me, & who was then in England, held a conversation with me that amazed me, in which I soon had reason to believe, and afterwards found he had been perfectly sincere."

The Prince began by expressing the complimentary opinion that there was "nobody in the Kingdom who was in better favour with his Majesty" than was Hotham. "I have constantly had occasion to notice this," the Prince pointed out; "and it is always in the same tone that the King mentions you." Then he added pointedly: "His Majesty desires you for an employment the most important, the most delicate, the most dazzling, which will attract to you great envy, but will place you above all malignity; and in which if you succeed you will gain infinite honour and earn the profound gratitude both of the king and of the nation. *In short, when the Prince of Wales is of an age to be removed from the care of women, his Majesty is resolved to place him in yours, and to confide to you his education.*"

Hotham was astounded. "*Mais Monseigneur,*" he relates that he exclaimed, "*Votre Altesse a commencé par m'étonner et Elle finit par me faire trembler. A Moi?*"

"*Oui, Monsieur, à vous; et vous pouvez compter que c'est une affaire decidée.*"

"*Mais Monseigneur, votre Altesse sçait que j'ai passé quasi ma vie au Camp, et que je ne suis qu'un soldat!*"

"*En voilà une raison entre autres. . . .*"

In vain did Hotham protest "*que je ne m'y sens nullement propre,*" and that "*plus j'y pense, plus je tremble,*" the Prince,

[1] Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick; born 1735, died at Ottensea, near Altona, November, 1806, of a wound received at the Battle of Jena. He married in 1764 H.R.H. Princess Augusta of England.

while agreeing that the proposed work was "*une affaire serieuse*," informed Hotham that although the decision was arrived at, nothing was to get abroad respecting this determination of the King, which was at present known only to two persons, himself and the Hereditary Princess.

The more Hotham reflected on the manner in which this communication had been made to him and the character of the man who had made it, the more he became convinced that the Prince had received definite instructions from the King to acquaint him with the decision. This impression was confirmed when, at a Review in Hyde Park a few days later, George singled him out for special attention. The instant the King saw him he called him to his side, " and after many most gracious things," relates Hotham, " all of which were said with a manner more marked and more particularly obliging than usual—His Majesty added that he hoped soon to review my Regiment here, ' for besides all that, I wish to have you on this Establishment, *I want you here*,'—which he repeated two or three times looking very significantly." Not long afterwards, when Hotham asked leave to return to his duties in Ireland, the King replied, " If you choose it, I can certainly not refuse you, and I am oblig'd to you for the example you set. . . . You may go now, but this shall be the last time, for I mean that you shall have the first Regiment which becomes vacant on this Establishment," and when Hotham suggested that it might be possible to remove the 63rd to England, the King continued: " It might not be easy to remove the Regiment here ; but that is no reason why I should not remove *you* from a young to an old Corps, for you may be sure I should not think of changing you but to an old and distinguish'd one, and that is a Promotion ; and as you will not take care of yourself, I am so much the more bound to take care of you—besides I tell you again, *I want you here*."

Vainly did Hotham, while expressing his profound gratitude for the King's goodness towards him, yet struggle to free himself from the net which he felt was closing about him. " You have bestowed so much upon me already," he protested to the King, " that I must suppose you have some reliance on my future services ; but my health is unfortunately so shook I fear I may disappoint you, and that the time may come, when

I shall no longer be an efficient man ; I am therefore bound in duty and honour to beg your Majesty to stop your hand."

But the King was not to be diverted from his project ; and said so many flattering and gracious things that Hotham, in modesty, forbears to record them. " Upon this last point," he says with reticence, " I must not attempt to do justice to his Majesty's kindness and humanity, tho' I have been perfectly accurate in the preceding Conversation, as well as in all the others."

In 1767 Hotham's prospects underwent a change by the death of his delicate cousin Sir Charles, the sixth baronet, which left his father, then advanced in age, the head of the family. Sir Beaumont at once suggested that his son should take up his residence at Dalton for part of the year, offering him a suitable allowance for the purpose. Hotham accordingly journeyed from Ireland, and almost immediately after his arrival received a notification that he was appointed Colonel of the 15th Regiment, upon the resignation of Sir Jeffery Amherst. Other duties now crowded upon him in his new position of heir to the estate, and they are best described in the little memorandum he has left :—

Before the General Election which took place this year, 1768, it was propos'd to me to continue my Seat for St Ives. But there being a probability of an Opposition, and the expense of it, even without one, being greater than it was proper for me to engage in, I declined it. I gave the King my reasons for it, which he entered so much into and so entirely approved of, that my mind was quite at ease on that subject.

When I first arrived at Dalton, I was offered a seat for Beverley where I was sure of no opposition. The same motive produced the same resolution. . . . I did not think it fair to wish my father to be at such an Expense, before he was well in possession of his Estate.

I rather bent my thoughts to improving it, and rescuing the Place from Ruin. Accordingly the enclosure of Hutton Cranswick was carried into Execution, and that of Lockington begun in 1770. I had a view, too, of an Allum Work at Filing Dale ;[1] but upon thorough investigation of that matter, found Allum so much fallen in Price as to make it a very unwise under-

[1] See *ante*, Vol. I, page 308.

taking then. It continues to be so still, and probably may never again be so advantageous a business as it was at the close of the last war.

I lost my Father in 1771, and I must, as a just tribute to his Memory, say he most eminently fulfill'd his Duty to his Family, was, I believe, one of the most Honourable Gentlemen in the world, and had one of the clearest understandings, and most direct Judgment I ever knew.

The house at Dalton which I hope will be an acceptable present to my successors was just begun.

My mother, as good and respectable a woman as ever lived, survived my Father only a few months.

That same year which witnessed the loss of his parents, the King bestowed upon Hotham a fresh mark of his favour. George had by now learnt to look upon his Groom of the Bedchamber as one of his most faithful friends and to treat him accordingly. When Hotham appeared at St. James's, the King delighted in repairing alone with him to some quiet apartment where he could indulge in long confidential conversations, with the certainty that such confidence would never be misplaced. These talks, when they dealt with impersonal and trivial topics, Hotham recorded with a reverential affection; but when they contained anything of a private nature he scrupulously forbore to transcribe them.

One day, however, he relates that the King, when alone with him, complained much of having been "indecently press'd to give the Order of the Bath to a person on whom it was extremely inconvenient to bestow it at that moment"; and George added emphatically:

"I wonder that people do not feel that the mode of obtaining that distinction makes its merit. Even this," laying hold of his own Ribbon, "loses of its Dignity if it is acquir'd by dint of Solicitation. Now the Order of the Bath which, in its line, I hold to be as high as this, is not worth the wearing on those terms. *But a Military man, who is a Gentleman, & has serv'd, and chuses to ask for it, has a right to it and it will not be refus'd to him.*"

"This," observes Hotham, "was said in a manner so pointedly civil that it was impossible I should not feel it to be meant for me"; but, fearful of making any mistake and of

appearing to take advantage "of the unguarded freedom of private conversation," Hotham made no attempt to follow the lead thus given to him by the King.

George, however, when his mind was once bent upon any course of action was extremely persistent. As he could not, in this instance, bring about what he was minded to accomplish, he deputed his brother to assist him. A few days afterwards Hotham met the Duke of Gloucester, and the latter inquired abruptly if Hotham would not like to have the Red Ribbon. "I answered," relates Hotham, "certainly—if his Majesty thought me worthy of it, nothing would make me happier."

"Then why don't you ask for it?"

"Sir, His Majesty has already been so good to me, I am asham'd to think of giving him any further trouble upon my account."

The Duke smiled. "I shall certainly see you with it," said he.

At last, so many hints being dropped, Hotham could no longer avoid making the suggested application. He was gifted with the pen of a ready writer, and the letter which he now addressed to his Royal master was manly and dignified:—

Sir Charles Hotham to George III

Feb. 12th 1771.

Sir,

Your Majesty's Time is so precious that I think that by this method of laying myself at your feet to ask a Favour, I shall give less Interruption to it than if I had presumed to take that Liberty in Person, and as every mark of goodness you have been graciously pleased to bestow upon me has been the immediate act of your Majesty yourself, I am ambitious of increasing, if possible, the gratitude I feel towards your Majesty already.

There are now several Vacancies in the Order of the Bath, an Honour one of my Ancestors enjoyed in the time of King Edward the 2d, and if your Majesty should think me worthy of reviving that Distinction to my Family, so ostensible a Proof of your Royal Favour & Approbation would make me extremely happy, particularly at this time, as I should then have the honour of being installed with one of your own Royal Family.

I do not presume to urge one word to induce your Majesty to comply with this my most humble Request. If you shall be pleased to do so I shall owe it, as I do everything, solely to your Indulgence, not to any Merit of mine. I can pretend to none, and shall only say that, as a Soldier, I hope my conduct has been such as not to disgrace the Order, that as a Gentleman I shall not degrade it, but that my having the honour of being your Majesty's Servant will give credit to it.

I have the honour to be, etc. etc.

This letter was placed in the hands of the King the following morning during the Royal toilette, and immediately he had read it he drew Hotham aside, and said with immense satisfaction—"*Nobody more proper!*"

Meanwhile it so happened that Sir William Hamilton, Envoy to the Court of Naples, the little "Billy Hamilton" of Hotham's Westminster schooldays, had made the same application, though not for the first time. "He was a Minister," points out Hotham, "had long ask'd for it, and it was now urged for him again upon the first vacancy that happened." But the King was obdurate. "Sir William shall undoubtedly have one when another falls vacant," he pronounced, "but there is a person who must be invested before him," and no representations could shake the Royal determination. "This," relates Hotham, "Sir William told me himself; and when Lord Rochford, the Secretary of State, came out of the Closet, as did Lord North immediately after, to tell me it was his Majesty's pleasure I should attend the next Levée day to receive the Ribbon, they both assur'd me they did not know till then for whom the King had intended it." Moreover, George was profoundly pleased at his own independence of spirit. "On the day of the Investiture," Hotham relates, "when his Majesty was putting on the Red Ribbon at his Dressing, which he always wears upon those occasions, he said to me most obligingly—'I wear this to-day with great pleasure, as I shall so soon put on yours!'"

After all, another vacancy occurred in time and Sir William Hamilton was publicly installed as a Knight Companion of the Bath on the same day as Sir Charles Hotham, when the picturesque ceremony took place as usual in Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

About this date the attention of Hotham was claimed by a curious communication from another former comrade in arms, Lancelot Baugh, who had fought with him in the campaign of 1746–7. Colonel Baugh, who in 1751 was a Captain in the 41st Foot, in 1771 became a Lieutenant-Colonel in the 1st Guards, and apparently shortly afterwards he wrote to enlist the aid of Sir Charles in an endeavour to right a great wrong which had been perpetrated. This was the result of a court martial which had taken place in the previous year ; and although the name of the victim is suppressed, he is shown to have been a man of good birth and honourable antecedents, while the details supplied convey a strange impression of the type of justice which could be meted out at that period to an officer wrongly accused of a fault, at the worst so petty as to be undeserving of notice :—

LEAFLET SETTING FORTH THE DETAILS OF A DISGRACEFUL INJUSTICE

The unfortunate Gentleman whom it is meant to save from utterly sinking under the pressure of his misfortunes, is in a situation of Distress at present horrible past all description, with a Wife & Seven Children (at his Tryal 9). He is a Captain of Thirty Years' Service brought to an ignominious Tryal (for no Crime) ; convicted upon the Evidence (if it can be allowed any) of an infamous Drum and Private Soldier, discharged the Prisoner's Service as such.

The Charge against him is sending the refuse Candles when on Guard to his Wife, instead of giving them as other Captains did to the Drum. This is the Whole !

They sentence him to a punishment the most ignominious, put in execution with the utmost rigour, and ignominy ; being brought forth as a common Culprit, the Division forming a circle, with the Drums in the centre etc ; (expecting the flogging of a Captain to promote better Discipline and Subordination in His Majesty's Service) ; and there his accusers pronounce his Doom—his everlasting *shame, dishonour, poverty and disgrace.*

Colonel Baugh to Sir Charles Thompson

Don't you remember, my dear Sir Charles, the gaol scene in *The Deserter* where Parsons beats his Head, and says he should have been a Marshal if he had known how to write ?— *à propos* to myself for many a knock does my thick head get to little purpose, contradictory to the Scripture which says " Knock, and it shall be open'd." . . .

I enclose you an extraordinary case that has lately come before me, and has work'd upon my feelings more than can be imagined. I have (or rather we, Mrs Howe having brought me into the scrape) saved them from absolutely perishing, over head & ears in debt and misery. It is now proposed to raise a sum to extricate him out of all his difficulties, and sufficient to relieve him of his three eldest children, the two Boys, by equipping them for the Marines & Army, having secured commissions for them. Lord Sandwich has done for one, & will for the other, & Lord Barrington has promised if it falls first ; and Mrs Howe provides for the girls when cloathed.

No, my dear Sir Charles, you who are [*sic*] the pen of a ready writer will draw me up something that will strike the feelings of the World (as if they saw the Case). We shall get £50 or £100 from the Queen, a couple or less will do the whole. The affair of the Court Martial must be drop'd, nothing ever was so extraordinary or so wicked. They all deserve hanging, as you will say when you see it. He is a Gentleman, and a polite Scholar, his grandfather Lieut. Genl. of Horse, Commander in Chief in Ireland, Governor of Limerick, etc ; etc ; his own Father a Colonel ; persecuted by a set of the lowest Fellows who, half of them, would have stole the *snuff of a candle ;* and no such thing as getting redress. He is in the Marines, & Lord Sandwich (who was not then at the Head of the Admiralty) will not enter upon the subject. I want some pecuniary reward for his unjust sufferings. We have had half a dozen letters pass'd, & succeeded in part ; I must try my activity for the whole when he comes to Town.

Sir Charles possibly realised even more keenly than did his friend the hopelessness of any appeal in such a matter to Lord Sandwich. That old acquaintance, of sinister fame, became First Lord of the Admiralty in 1771, and Hotham used to relate an anecdote illustrative of the summary manner in which the new Minister was wont to dismiss applications that he was determined not to investigate. One day, soon after

Lord Sandwich had entered upon his fresh duties, he received a very importunate, although admittedly disrespectful, letter from a dissatisfied naval officer. Without delay the Minister took up his pen and wrote the following concise reply :—

SIR,

Your letter of the 24th inst is now before me, and I have to assure you it will soon be behind me—in the fire.

Your obedient Servant,

SANDWICH.

Doubtless Hotham, in the kindliness of his heart, did his utmost to help the unfortunate victim of that strange court martial, although at this date his own affairs must have occupied much of his attention. On May 25th, 1771, he was promoted to be Major-General, and not long afterwards he became Lieutenant-General. In 1772 he further came into the possession of another fine estate. By the deaths successively of the two sons and one daughter of his mother's brother, William Thompson, of Humbleton, he succeeded to the estates of Humbleton in Holderness and of Ebberston Lodge near Scarborough. " Thus," he relates, " the property of the female as well as the male line of the family center'd in me. It oblig'd me to take the name of Thompson, which I wish'd if possible to have avoided, but it is of the less consequence because when the Entail can be cut off, the then head of the family may of course resume his own name, which I trust and hope will not be neglected."

Nor was it. On Christmas Day, 1772, Sir Charles assumed his new surname. In 1787, the estate having been settled to his entire satisfaction upon the son of his brother John, he resumed the name of Hotham on July 2nd of that year, having thus borne the name of Thompson for fifteen years of his life.

CHAPTER XVI

HENRIETTA HOTHAM AND HORACE WALPOLE TO WHICH IS APPENDED A LETTER OF ADVICE, 1753–1769

HAVING thus glanced at the events of Hotham's public career during this period, we must now turn to matters connected with his private life; and, so doing, our attention is at once arrested by a personality alike attractive, baffling, and yet vividly human—that of his only child, Henrietta Hotham.

On his final return from that wearisome campaign abroad, of all the changes which must have served to accentuate to Hotham the length of his absence, none can have been so potent as the transformation which he beheld in his own little daughter. The child who had been a mere babe upon his first departure had now grown into a vivacious girl of nine, pretty, wayward, and gifted with a cleverness which made her the spoilt plaything of some of the foremost wits of the older generation. It is not perhaps surprising that two people of such strongly marked individuality as Henrietta Hotham and her mother should have proved incompatible to each other, and such early seems to have been the case, for, only child though she was, Henrietta spent her early years under the care of Lady Suffolk, who having formerly enacted the part of a mother to Lady Dorothy, was prepared to repeat the rôle in the case of Lady Dorothy's daughter. That this undertaking was not entirely a sinecure may be judged by a letter from Henrietta, written probably the year of her father's return, but which, apart from the liveliness of the writer, shows remarkable talent for so young a child:—

Miss Hotham to her parents

Marble Hill June ye 5th.

Dear Papa, Dear Mama,

I hope I shall give you a most sensible pleasure by a full and true account of those improvements I have made both in Body, and mind, since my retirement into the Country.

Old Aunt & Nurse take great pains to teach me the Gracefull Swim of the Body, and General motion of the Arms in my Dancing ; in which I succeed to the Admiration of our whole Family. But when I sing ! all the tarras walkers attend with astonishment ; and as I have nothing of the *Mauvais Honte*, I perform with great Ease to myself.

Upon my first arrival here there was placed a seat in a small Building in the Garden, upon which it was expected I should retire and meditate, but like the Hanoverian General (on another occasion), I prefer a Tree.

I am a great Friend to low humour, I can grunt like a Hog, Quack like a Duck, sing like a Cuckoo, but old aunt observes this is only proper whilst I am a spinster. I have learnt with surprising quickness to sell my Uncle[1] a bargain, and the droll face with which I perform gains me universal applause. Sure this will make us friends. For some nights past I have shown a dislike to gown and shift, and have render'd both useless ; you know I must not be cross'd. The two wiseheads have sat in council and after mature deliberation have split the difference, and taken away the gown ; but I design to shew them I prefer the Naked Truth.

I discover a strong inclination to swim, upon seeing the Boys in the River ; & wait with great patience to see what method will be found out to gratifie me in this ; the good woman succeeded tolerable well in another instance. You must know I would not let anyone wear a necklace without I had one ; upon which it was kindly remembered by a long tradition handed down from her Great Grandmother that amber beads was always put about children's necks.

I show a very particular talent for mimicking, my first essay has been on Mr Favre,[2] and all the best judges (who you know reside under our Library) says it is pure, and charmingly like.

[1] Probably George Hobart, the half-brother of her mother, who became 3rd Earl of Buckinghamshire.

[2] The Swiss manservant of Horace Walpole.

MISS HENRIETTA HOTHAM
DAUGHTER OF THE 8TH BARONET
Portrait by George Romney

I have worked so hard in the Groto[1] and Rock that it is fear'd I shall damage my fingers, and to divert me from this, you must get me a small knotting needle, round at both Ends, and a pound of the best Thread for mine and my aunt's use. I wish you would get us some Flax and then I shall amuse myself with the spinning wheel which I cannot yet get out of the Box.

I have not yet declared of what Religion I shall be ; but I go three times a week to the Church door ; & upon Moses Hart's having done a most humane Charitable action by one of Mr Carr's sons, I have been to the Jew's Synagogue ; it is observed that there is no Apprehension of my being a Papist, I like Fish too well to have it my Duty to eat it.

If you take Grandmama & Aunt's Method of Education,
You will both always find me
Your dutifull and obedient Daughter
H. Hotham.

Aunt wants a Blue and a green Gauze Handkerchief, half of each will be big enough this hot weather ; and a little lace to trim them.

In view of the reputed antecedents of Lady Suffolk, it may appear strange that she should be entrusted with the guardianship, in succession, of her niece and her great-niece, neither of whom when placed under her care was without a home which might have been deemed a more suitable place of residence for a young girl. But, as before pointed out, the anomaly must be borne in mind that Lady Suffolk was regarded by her generation as the quintessence of propriety ; and that, apart from the possibly groundless rumours connected with her former position at Court, no one could have been more circumspect in behaviour. Even ladies of such undoubted saintliness as Lady Gertrude Hotham and her friend Mrs. Carteret did not hesitate now to visit at Marble Hill ; while irreproachable Mrs. Anne Pitt was an *habituée* there and, writing to Lady

[1] An old account of Marble Hill in a guide book, *circa* 1770, relates :— "The house is most properly styled Marble Hill, for such it resembles, in a fine green lawn [*sic*] open to the river and adorned on each side by a beautiful grove of chestnut trees. The house is as white as snow, a small building without wings, but of a most pleasing appearance. The garden is very pleasant, there is an alley of flowering shrubs which leads with an easy descent to a very fine grotto whence there is a fine view of Richmond Hill."

Suffolk on August 19th, 1758, took warmly to her heart the nieces of two generations :—

I beg my respects to Miss Hotham and my love to old Aza [the dog]. But I had rather you would forget both these messages than to forget my most sincere compliments to Lady Gertrude (Hotham) and Mrs Carteret. I have a mind, though it is a little out of season, to wish them all joy of the marriage ; for upon my word my joy is not yet over since I heard it ; and I desire Lady Gertrude may be told that I had a very great share in my Lady Dorothy's education ; for I am sure I told her once of a drawing-master, and I believe she improved him as well as herself ![1]

In short, Lady Suffolk's house still continued to be the rendezvous of all the brightest intellects of the age, and Henrietta Hotham grew up in an atmosphere of wit and intellect which fostered her precocious and remarkable intelligence. Often during those happy days, too, she had a young companion who, although over three years her senior, shared many of her childish amusements and was a rival in the affections of her aunt. This was pretty Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, the god-daughter of Lady Suffolk, who spent much of her childhood at Marble Hill.

The youngest daughter of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley, Lady Elizabeth, a great-niece of Lady Albemarle,[2] was related to Lady Suffolk through her second husband George Berkeley. From the earliest existence of the somewhat neglected child, Lady Suffolk took her to her heart. " A dislike both unjust and premature in my mother for me," relates Lady Elizabeth, " excited in the breast of Lady Suffolk, even at that period, the lively interest which she preserved for me to the latest day of her existence ; and when the family were in London, I was sent for by my godmother Lady Suffolk and my great-aunt Lady Betty Germain to pass the whole day with them every week." None dreamed then of the surprising fate which the years held in store for that graceful, dainty child ; but even then she was already an egoist, complacent and self-centred, so that, in her Memoirs, which she indited at a date

[1] Mrs. Anne Pitt eventually died at her house in Kensington at an advanced age in 1780. She was mentally deranged during the later years of her life.

[2] James, 3rd Earl of Berkeley, married Lady Louisa Lennox, eldest daughter of Charles, 1st Duke of Richmond, and sister to Lady Albemarle.

when her name had become known throughout Europe, she observes condescendingly: "I made Lady Suffolk a pattern for my manners."

But a yet more celebrated friend of Henrietta Hotham was Lady Suffolk's neighbour at Strawberry Hill, Horace Walpole, the unrivalled social historian of his generation. At this date in the prime of life and of mental vigour, he delighted not only in the society of Lady Suffolk with her enthralling tales of an adventurous past, but also in the company of her merry niece, whose talent and wit he keenly appreciated. To this small playmate he professed himself devoted; he wrote for her the fable of *The Magpie and her Brood*,[1] and to his tireless pen we are indebted for many a glimpse of the lively child and her exceptional surroundings. When the coronation of George III took place, Miss Hotham, with her maid, figured on the list of Walpole's especial friends invited at his request by Mr. Grosvenor Bedford to his house in Palace Yard to see the procession; and not contented with providing this entertainment for his playfellow, Walpole relates that he helped to adorn her aunt for the ceremony. "My Lady Suffolk ordered her robes, *and I dressed part of her head*, for no profession comes amiss to me, from a tribune of the people to a habit-maker!"[2] But the most graphic picture of Henrietta and her *entourage* is that recorded by him respecting New Year's Day, 1763, when he was hastily summoned to Marble Hill. The quotation is long, but only in its entirety is the picture perfect in grace and charm:—

Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq.

Arlington Street. Jan. 2d 1763.

Instead of politics I will amuse you with a Fairy-tale. I was desired to be at my Lady Suffolk's on New-year's morn, where I found Lady Temple and others. On the toilet Miss Hotham spied a small round box. She seized it with all the eagerness and curiosity of eleven years. In it was wrapped up a heart-diamond ring, and a paper in which, in a hand as small as

[1] It was taken from *Les Nouvelles Recréations de Bonaventure des Periers*, Valet-de-Chambre to the Queen of Navarre.

[2] *Letters of Horace Walpole*, ed. Cunningham, Vol. III, pages 437–8.

Buckinger's[1] who used to write the Lord's prayer on the com pass of a silver penny, were the following lines :—

Sent by a sylph, unheard, unseen
A new-year's gift from Mab, our Queen ;
But tell it not, for if you do,
You will be pinch'd all black and blue.
Consider well, what a disgrace,
To show abroad your mottled face ;
Then seal your lips, put on the ring,
And sometimes think of Ob, the King.

You will easily guess that Lady Temple was the poetess, and that we were delighted with the gentleness of the thought and execution. The child, you may imagine, was less transported with the poetry than the present. Her attention, however, was hurried backwards and forwards from the ring to a new coat, that she had been trying on when sent for down ; impatient to re-visit her coat, and to show the ring to her maid, she whisked upstairs ; when she came down again, she found a letter sealed and lying on the floor—new exclamations ! Lady Suffolk bade her open it ; here it is :—

Your tongue, too nimble for your sense,
Is guilty of a high offence ;
Hath introduced unkind debate,
And topsy-turvy turned our state.
In gallantry I sent the ring,
The token of a love-sick King ;
Under fair Mab's auspicious name
From me the trifling present came.
You blabbed the news in Suffolk's ear ;
The tattling Zephyrs brought it here ;
As Mab was indolently laid
Under a poppy's spreading shade.
The jealous Queen started in rage ;
She kicked her crown and beat her page ;
" Bring me my magic wand ! " she cries ;
" Under that primrose, there it lies,
I'll change the silly, saucy chit,
Into a flea, a mouse, a nit,
A worm, a grasshopper, a rat,
An owl, a monkey, hedge-hog, bat ! " . . .
Then thrice she stamp'd the trembling ground,
And thrice she waved her wand around ;
When I, endow'd with greater skill,
And less inclined to do you ill,

[1] Matthew Buckinger, born 1674 without hands or feet, died 1722. There is a print of him drawn and written by himself, with the Book of Psalms engraved on the curls of his large flowing periwig. (See Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*, page 61.)

Mutter'd some words, withheld her arm,
And kindly stopp'd the unfinish'd charm.
But though not changed to owl or bat
Or something more indelicate:
Yet, as your tongue has run too fast,
Your boasted beauty must not last.
No more shall frolic cupid lie
In ambuscade in either eye,
From thence to aim his keenest dart
To captivate each youthful heart;
No more shall envious misses pine
At charms now flown, which once were thine;
No more, since you so ill behave,
Shall injured Oberon be your slave!

The next day my Lady Suffolk desired I would write her a patent for appointing Lady Temple Poet Laureate to the fairies. I was excessively out of order with a pain in my stomach which I had had for ten days, and was fitter to write verses like a Poet Laureate, than for making one; however, I was going home to dinner alone, and at six I sent her some lines, which you ought to have seen how sick I was, to excuse; but first I must tell you my tale methodically.

The next morning by nine o'clock Miss Hotham (She must forgive me twenty years hence for saying she was eleven, for I recollect she was but ten)[1] arrived at Lady Temple's, her face and neck all spotted with saffron, and limping. "Oh, Madam!" she said, "I am undone for ever, if you do not assist me!"

"Lord, child," cried my Lady Temple, "what is the matter?" thinking she had hurt herself, or lost the ring, and that she was stolen out before her aunt was up.

"Oh, Madam," said the girl, "nobody but you can assist me!"

My Lady Temple protests the child acted her part so well as to deceive her. "What can I do for you?"

"Dear Madam—take this load from my back; nobody but you can!"

Lady Temple turned her round, and upon her back was a small child's waggon. In it were three tiny purses of blue velvet; in one of them was a silver cup, in another a crown of laurel—and in the third four new silver pennies, with the patent, signed at top, "*Oberon Imperator*," and two sheets of warrents strung together with blue silk according to form; and at top an office seal of wax and a chaplet of cut paper on it. The Warrents were these:—

[1] She had only completed her ninth year on the 22nd of December previously.

FROM THE ROYAL MEWS

A waggon with the draught horses, delivered by command without fee.

FROM THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE

A warrent with the Royal sign manual, delivered by command without fee, being first entered in the office books.

FROM THE LORD STEWARD'S OFFICE

A butt of sack, delivered without fee or gratuity, with an order for returning the cask for the use of the office, by command.

FROM THE GREAT WARDROBE

Three velvet bags, delivered without fee, by command.

FROM THE TREASURER OF THE HOUSEHOLD'S OFFICE

A year's salary paid free from land-tax, poundage, or any other deduction whatever, by command.

FROM THE JEWEL OFFICE

A silver butt, a silver cup, a wreath of bays, by command without fee.

Then came the Patent :—

By these presents be it known,
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and Fairies, Elves and Sprites
Beauteous dames and gallant Knights,
That we, Oberon the grand,
Emperor of Fairy-land,
King of moonshine, Prince of Dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled Isles
That lie in pretty maiden's smiles,
Arch-treasurer of all the graces
Dispersed through fifty lovely faces,
Sovereign of the slipper's order,
With all the rights thereon that border,
Defender of the sylphic faith,
Declare—and thus your Monarch saith :
Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals Countess Temple name,
To whom oneself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which scorning art and veiling sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart
Sense seldom gains, and never art :
This lady, 'tis our Royal will
Our laureate's vacant seat should fill :
A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brow and guard her lays.
Of nectar sack an acorn cup
Be at her board each year filled up ;

And as each quarter feast comes round
A silver penny shall be found
Within the compass of her shoe—
And so we bid you all adieu !

Given at our palace of Cowslip Castle, the shortest night of the year

Oberon

and underneath—

Hothamina.

Scarcely could a more appropriate and graceful jest have been devised, nor one so eminently suited to the elfin-like charm of the clever child ; and Walpole pays a just tribute to the originator of the pretty farce :—

Shall I tell you the greatest curiosity of the story ? The whole plan and execution of the second act was laid and adjusted by my Lady Suffolk herself and Will Chetwynd, Master of the Mint, Lord Bolingbroke's Oroonoko Chetwynd,[1] he fourscore, she past 76 ; and, what is more, much worse than I was, for, added to her deafness, she has been confined these three weeks with the gout in her eyes, and was actually then in misery, and had been without sleep. What spirits, and cleverness, and imagination, at that age, and under those afflicting circumstances ! You recognoitre her old court knowledge how charmingly she applied it : Do you wonder I pass so many hours and evenings with her ? Alas ! I had like to have lost her this morning ! They had poulticed her feet to draw the gout downwards, and began to succeed yesterday, but to-day it flew up into her head, and she was almost in convulsions with the agony and screamed dreadfully ; proof enough how ill she was, for her patience and good breeding makes her for ever sink and conceal what she feels. This evening the gout has been driven back to her foot, and I trust she is out of danger. Her loss will be irreparable to me at Twickenham, where she is by far the most rational and agreeable company I have.

But not yet was Walpole to be deprived of the friend to whom, for so many years, he had turned for unfailing entertainment and companionship. The lamp of life might occasionally show signs of approaching extinction, but in the intervals it had lost none of its old effulgence. Almost daily

[1] William Chetwynd, brother of the two first Viscounts, and himself, in 1768, 3rd Viscount Chetwynd. He was familiarly called Black Bill, and sometimes Oroonoko Chetwynd from his dark complexion.

at this date would Walpole find his way from Strawberry Hill to the less pretentious home of his neighbour, and there in the gathering dusk would glean from her tales which were to enliven his future reminiscences, stories of that dead Court of George II, of forgotten scandals, intrigues, cabals; of slights which she had endured from the haughty Queen, of the ingratitude of the uncouth King, and of how recently "it happened oddly to her that one day she went to make a visit in Kensington"—probably to Lady Gertrude Hotham—and, not knowing that there was a Royal review taking place, found herself hemmed in by coaches, and next discovered that she was close to the King "whom she had not seen for so many years, and to my Lady Yarmouth, his present favourite." But when Lady Suffolk, like a being from another world, met the glance of the man who had once hung upon her every word, she saw that, so completely had she passed from his memory, he did not even know her. Two days later she heard that he was dead. "It struck her," relates Walpole, "and has made her very sensible to his death."

Thus, through the gathering twilight, would Walpole sit, while there drifted across the brain of the woman before him pictures of the long-ago, episodes of her own romantic youth, of her early struggles, of her chequered and historic career—confidences of which her listener was to make base usage, but which fell with arresting interest from the lips of his old friend who, slowly sinking to the grave, was yet triumphant in charm. Then, by and by, as night stole over the river below, and shrouded in gloom the fragrant garden which Pope had once planned, Henrietta Hotham would come in to listen to the desultory talk of her elders, to dissipate their serious mood, and banish, with her merry prattle, the ghosts which they had raised.

Sometimes, when Lady Suffolk was too feeble to accompany her, Henrietta would now go alone to Strawberry Hill to visit its owner—that playmate of whom she was never tired. It so befell that, on August 15th, 1763, she was dining there with a small family party when she witnessed a curious scene, calculated to revive the all but forgotten talk of the London earthquakes of 1750, or the more recent and terrible occurrence at Lisbon. Of this Walpole gives the following account:—

Lady Buckingham,[1] Lady Waldegrave,[2] the Bishop of Exeter,[3] Mrs Keppel, and the little Hotham dined here (to-day); between six and seven we were sitting in the great parlour ; I sat in the window looking at the river. On a sudden I saw it violently agitated, and, as it were, lifted up and down by a thousand hands. I called out, they all ran to the window ; it continued ; we hurried into the garden, and all saw the Thames in the same violent commotion for I suppose a hundred yards. We fancied at first there must be some barge rope ; not one was in sight. It lasted in this manner, and at the further end, towards Teddington, even to dashing. It did not cease before I got to the middle of the terrace, between the fence and the shell.[4] Yet this is nothing to what is to come. . . .

In truth, the sequel surprised Horace Walpole more than the occurrence. Hurrying out with the Bishop—who, although brother to Fat Van, was of more slender proportions—and accompanied, we may be sure, by the " little Hotham," he made his way down to his meadow by the riverside. There he first saw two fishermen sitting placidly in a boat, evidently having noticed nothing of the phenomenon ; but as their backs were turned towards the part of the river which had been so agitated, this was at least comprehensible. At the further end of the same field, however, was a gentleman fishing, with a woman seated beside him, and as the angler necessarily had his face towards the expanse of water, Walpole now thought himself secure of a witness, while the disconcertingly phlegmatic appearance of the stranger in question he attributed to the latter not having yet recovered from a surprise which had stunned him. Walpole therefore hastened breathlessly to this opportune spectator, and began eagerly to question him.

" Sir, did you see that strange agitation of the waters ? "

" When Sir ? When Sir ? "

[1] The first wife of John, 2nd Earl of Buckinghamshire. (See *ante*, page 79.)

[2] The niece of Horace Walpole, one of the natural daughters of his elder brother, Sir Edward Walpole. In 1766 she married as her second husband, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester.

[3] Frederick Keppel, the fourth son of William Anne, 2nd Earl of Albemarle, born 1726, was consecrated Bishop of Exeter in 1762. He was the brother-in-law of Lady Waldegrave, as he had married Louisa, another of the daughters of Sir Edward Walpole, K.B. He died in 1777.

[4] Erroneously printed " hill " in some editions of Walpole's correspondence.

"*Now*—this very instant—not two minutes ago!"

"Stay, Sir, *let me recollect if I remember nothing of it!*"

"Sir," cried Walpole, astounded, but unable to help laughing, "you *must* remember whether you remember it or not, for it is scarce over!"

"I am trying to recollect," repeated the imperturbable angler coldly.

"Why, Sir," protested Walpole, "six of us saw it from my parlour window yonder."

"Perhaps," propounded the angler, "*you* might perceive it better where you were. But"—with a sudden burst in intelligence, "I suppose it was an earthquake!"

"His nymph," concludes Walpole despairingly, "had seen nothing neither, and so we returned as wise as most who inquire into natural phenomena!"

Henrietta remained at Marble Hill even after her father's return from abroad, and was there the following year, 1764, when Walpole was the victim of another disturbing incident. It must be explained that the King and Queen had latterly been residing at Kew, and had started the fashion—which was to prove a lifelong inconvenience to many of their loyal subjects—of calling unexpectedly to inspect the houses, humble or palatial, of those whom they elected thus to victimise. The horror of such an invasion, paid, as it usually was, without warning, requires no emphasis; and, in the case of a humble homestead, this was greatly increased by the fact that nothing was sacred from the inquisitive eye of the Royal visitors, who invaded the most private precincts of the house without apology; while the knowledge that they expected a suitable collation to be provided as if by magic, was calculated to add further embarrassment to the distressing situation of their unfortunate host or hostess.

Lady Suffolk, possibly by reason of her antecedents, seems to have been immune from invasion; and to her neighbour, Walpole, the terror did not exist in its most aggravated form. Strawberry Hill was sufficiently spacious for Royalty to invade one portion of it, while he prepared to accord them a suitable reception in another part of the building; moreover, his cuisine was equal to all emergencies. He therefore contemplated the possible inroad with complacency; but

when it came upon him, it was in a form which he had not anticipated.

One evening Walpole came hastening round to Marble Hill with a tale of woe to which his two confidants there, old and young, accorded both sympathy and laughter. He was, he explained, not an early riser, and that morning as he lay still dozing peacefully in bed at a quarter to ten, he heard the door-bell at Strawberry Hill clang loudly. No explanation being forthcoming and his curiosity being roused, he at length summoned his valet Favre and inquired who had been his untimely visitor. To his dismay, he was informed that the Prince of Mecklenburg and De Witz had called to know if their Majesties could see over the house; but that his two Swiss servants, Favre and Louis, determined that his slumbers should not be disturbed, had responded firmly that their master was in bed, adding that if the visitors *would call again in an hour*, they might be allowed to see the house! "I shuddered at this report!" related Walpole fervently; but worse was to follow. On further inquiry he discovered that Queen Charlotte herself had been in a coach immediately behind her emissary, having, with unwonted politeness, given a few minutes' notice of her advent; and thus, not only had the door been arbitrarily shut in the face of the Prince, her forerunner, but in that of the Queen of England herself!

Vainly did Walpole rage at this untoward incident, and picture miserably the garbled version of it which was likely to go abroad for the delectation of the British public. "See what it is to have republican servants! When I made a tempest about it, Favre said with the utmost *sang froid*—'Why could not the man tell me he was the Prince of Mecklenburgh?'" The argument was not easy to combat, and under the circumstances Walpole had felt there was but one course open to him—he would, as usual, consult his "oracle" Lady Suffolk, the former frequenter of Courts, the infallible authority upon Royal etiquette. And although the advice which she gave him has not survived, yet as he poured his woes into the deaf but sympathetic ear of his old friend, we may safely conclude that her small niece made greatly merry at the tale, and enlivened the occasion by one of her best imitations of the imperturbable deportment of the offending Favre!

But for Henrietta, as for Walpole, those happy days at Marble Hill were fast drawing to a close. Lady Suffolk's health continued to decline in a fashion which could not escape the notice of her niece. "Miss Hotham need not be in pain what to say when she gives me an account of your Ladyship, which is all the trouble I thought of giving her," wrote Walpole in 1765. "If she could make those accounts more favourable I should be better pleased." Even when absent from Marble Hill his thoughts were there; in July of that same year he wrote to his old friend:—

Pray keep a little summer for me. I will give you a bushel of politics when I come to Marble Hill for a tea-cup of strawberries and cream. Mr Chetwynd I suppose is making the utmost advantage of my absence, frisking and cutting capers before Miss Hotham and advising her not to throw herself away on a decrepit old man. Well, well; fifty years hence he may begin to be an old man too; and then I shall not pity him, though I own he is the best-humoured *lad* in the world now.[1]

That year Lord Buckinghamshire returned to England, having, it was hinted, not been altogether successful in his rôle of Ambassador; and about the same date, as we have seen, Henrietta's father was appointed Colonel of the 63rd Regiment of Foot then quartered in Ireland; but to a suggestion that she should visit her parents there, Miss Hotham seems to have turned a deaf ear:—

Henrietta Hotham to her father Colonel Hotham

October ye 10th

Dear Sir,

I wish it was in my power to give you a better account of Lady Suffolk, but she has got a bad cough which keeps her from sleeping. I had the pleasure of seeing Lord Buckinghame yesterday and he inform'd me all was well at Blickling. They say he was sent for.

Lady Suffolk says *no love* shall be lost, and she desires you will present her compliments to Mrs Chetwynd. We cannot visit you in Ireland, as I am allready turning into the Dumplin kind. We have had glorious Weather.

I wish I could convince you with what Duty and affection

I am ever yours

H. Hotham.

[1] Mr. Chetwynd was at this date seventy-nine. Horace Walpole was forty-eight.

Even then, little can the relations of Lady Suffolk have realised her state of supreme feebleness and the sufferings which she bore so uncomplainingly, or the suggestion of her journeying to Ireland would scarcely have been made. During the next two years, while her strength further waned, her danger was scarcely suspected, and the end, when it came, appeared so sudden, that all her life Henrietta Hotham must have retained a vivid recollection of those last sad hours in the home of her childhood.

One Saturday evening in July, Walpole called as usual to ask after his old friend. He found her changed indeed, but there seemed to him no cause for anxiety. "I was going to say she complained—but you know she never did complain," he wrote afterwards, "of the gout and rheumatism all over her, particularly in her face." It was a cold, cheerless evening, with chill mists rising from the river, but Lady Suffolk, with her usual spirit, insisted on sitting up to entertain her visitor. "She sat below stairs when she should have been in bed," he related regretfully, "and I don't doubt this want of care was prejudicial." In the morning when he sent to inquire after her, she had had a bad night, but rallied again as the day passed, and in the evening enjoyed a visit from Lady Dalkeith.[1] When the latter took her departure, she told her old friend Lord Chetwynd, who was present, that she intended to eat her supper in her bedchamber. He accompanied her upstairs "thinking that the appearances betokened a good night; but she was scarce sat down in her chair, before she pressed her hand to her side, and died in half an hour."

Thus, gentle, dignified, and charming to the last, Lady Suffolk closed her eventful career. Walpole, who later was to sacrifice her memory to the entertainment of his friends,[2] in that first moment of sad bereavement wrote to Lord

[1] Lady Caroline Campbell, fourth daughter of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, widow of the eldest son of the 2nd Duke of Buccleugh. She afterwards married Charles Townshend, and was created Baroness Greenwich. Died 1794.

[2] "Walpole certainly felt kindly towards Lady Suffolk; and it is therefore the more to be regretted that he permitted himself, nearly thirty years after her death, to record, for the misguidance of posterity, the scandal which he had picked up against her in the prejudiced talk of his father's profligate table." (*Suffolk Letters*, Vol. II, pages 241–3 (ed. 1824).)

Strafford with profound sincerity a touching tribute to her life and death. On July 20th, 1767, he relates :—

I am very sorry I must speak of a loss that will give you and Lady Strafford concern ; an essential loss to me, who am deprived of a most agreeable friend, with whom I passed here many hours. I need not say I mean poor Lady Suffolk. . . . I believe both your Ldship and Lady S. will be surprised to hear that she was by no means in the situation that most people thought. Lord Chetwynd and myself were the only persons at all acquainted with her affairs ; and they were far from being easy, even to her. It is due to her memory to say, that I never saw a more strict honour and justice. She bore *knowingly* the imputation of being covetous, at a time that the strictest economy could by no means prevent her exceeding her income considerably—the anguish of the last years of her life flowed from the apprehension of not satisfying her few wishes, which were, *not to be in debt, and to make a provision for Miss Hotham.* I can give your Lordship strong instances of the sacrifices she tried to make to her principles.

I have not heard if her will is opened ; it will surprise those who thought her rich. Lord Chetwynd's friendship to her has been unalterably kind and Zealous, and is not ceased. He stays in the house with Miss Hotham till some of her family come to take her away.

I have, perhaps dwelt too long on this subject ; but as it was not permitted me to do her justice when alive, I own I cannot help wishing that those who had regard for her may now, at least, know how much more she deserved it than even they suspected. In truth, I never knew a woman more respectable for her honour and principles, and have lost few persons in my life whom I shall miss so much.

In a letter to Sir Horace Mann under date July 31st, Walpole enlarges further on his loss :—

I have been very unfortunate in the death of my Lady Suffolk, who was the only sensible friend I had at Strawberry. Though she was seventy-nine, her senses were in the highest perfection, and her memory wonderful, as it was as accurate on recent events as on the most distant. Her hearing had been impaired above forty years, and was the only defect that prevented her conversation from not being as agreeable as possible. She had seen, known and remembered so much that I was very

seldom not eager to hear. She was a sincere and valued friend, very calm, judicious and zealous. Her integrity and goodness had secured the continuation of respect, and no fallen favourite had ever experienced neglect less. Her fortune, which had never been nearly so great as was believed, of late years was so diminished, as to have brought her into great difficulties. Yet they were not even suspected, for she had a patience and command of herself that prevented her ever complaining of either fortune or illness. No mortal but Lord Chetwynd and I were acquainted with her real situation. . . . I believe she left Marble Hill to Lord Buckingham, and what else she had to Miss Hotham, at least I guess so from what I have heard her say. I think now of going for a few weeks to Paris; my autumns will not be nearly so pleasant, from the loss I have mentioned. Adieu![1]

Walpole, who survived Lady Suffolk for thirty years, constantly complained after her death that he had not a single "rational acquaintance" left in his neighbourhood. He had not only lost his old and valued friend, but also his lively playmate Henrietta Hotham, who thus, at the age of fourteen, returned to her mother's care with an independent fortune. Lady Suffolk had left five hundred pounds to her god-daughter, formerly Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, who in the previous May had married William, afterwards the sixth Lord Craven; but, save for a few minor legacies, all else was bequeathed to Henrietta, though Marble Hill was to belong to Lord Buckinghamshire for his lifetime, and to come to her only at his decease.

Two months later, when the death of her delicate cousin Sir Charles left her father heir to the family estate, it must inevitably have been a matter of regret to her parents that their only child, by reason of her sex, was debarred from the succession; but Henrietta, exuberant in health and spirits, probably wasted but scanty regret on the heritage from which she was excluded. The year after her change of home, we find her writing to her father, who was still with his regiment in Ireland, full of the progress she was making in the art of dancing and in her studies:—

[1] *Letters of Horace Walpole*, Vol. V, pages 59–60.

Henrietta Hotham to her father

DEAR SIR,

I receiv'd your Letter dated from Clare Castle last Wednesday, and I really pitty your situation sincerely, but I fancy it must have been if possible still worse in the Depth of the Winter. Sir Warton[1] and Lady Warton called here the other Day. Mrs Master & Mrs Gee are recover'd by the Bath. There is an English Regiment vacant by the Death of Lord George Beauclerc, which Doctor Knox is vastly anxious you should have, and he had been very good-natured about it, but it is imagined Coll. Maitland will have it. Mr Slingsby and I are exceeding good friends ; Lady Temple has seen me dance twice since you left us. I am at this time learning a Minuet, a very pretty Dance the name of which I do not know ; an Allemande and a Cottillion. I flatter myself you have receiv'd a proof that I have not been idle since your departure.

There has been a most terrible riot, and had it not been for the Soldiers they would have pulled down the King's Bench Prison, and the merchants are prodigiously offended because one man is Kill'd and they plead that he was innocent, but Mama constantly replies *que Diable avoit-il à faire dans cette Galère*, but as I have now encroached on your time long enough, permit me to subscribe myself,

Your most dutifull and affectionate daughter

H. HOTHAM.

That same year, as we have seen, Hotham was given command of the 15th Regiment of Foot, and removed to England. On renewing his acquaintance with his daughter, he now found her verging upon womanhood, and singularly handsome. If we may judge by the charming portrait of her left to us by Romney,[2] her features were finely chiselled, her eyes beautiful, and her head, exquisitely poised on a full and shapely neck, was crowned by luxuriant locks dressed high above an arched brow. But the true attraction of her face lies in its expression, the roguish glance, the laughing mouth, the look of buoyant health, of a pretty waywardness. Henrietta Hotham was no

[1] Sir Warton Pennyman Warton, Bart., of Beverley Park, in Yorkshire ; his youngest daughter, Diana, married Colonel George Hotham, fourth son of Sir Beaumont Hotham.

[2] In the various pictures of classical subjects also painted by W. Hamilton, R.A., which Sir Charles purchased and which are now at Dalton, Miss Hotham is said to have been the original of many of the most beautiful female figures therein depicted.

cipher ; determination lurks about her curved lips, wit and wilfulness shine from her bright eyes ; and the critical affection of her father soon detected certain imperfections in his daughter to which he considered it advisable to draw her attention. The result was a letter, carefully indited by him and reverently copied by her in a round and childish hand. The little document throws such a curious light on the character of both father and daughter, and affords such a striking picture of the age in which they lived, that it is worth perusal :—

[ENDORSED]

This excellent Letter was written by Sir C^s^ Hotham to his Daughter Miss Hotham, 1768–9

My Dear Harriet,

As you are now verging upon your 16th year, you are proceeding with hasty strides to make your entrance upon the great Stage of Life ; and tho' the longer you can defer your appearance there, the more it will essentially be to your advantage, yet I think it high time, even thus early, to treat you as a Woman, that you may be the less at a loss how to play your part there, whenever you may be called upon so to do.

I consider you therefore no longer as a child ; and, indeed, since I have had, jointly with your Mother, the superintendency of your Education and Conduct, I have avoided doing so as much as possible, in order the sooner, by shaking off the follies, Prejudices and little Passions of Childhood, to open and enlarge your Mind and to ripen and direct your Judgment. To that end I have treated you always rather as my Younger Sister than my Daughter ; and tho' it was highly improper to allow you to mix in the World, yet, as is common with Young People at that time of Life, I never shut you up in your Nursery, but made you my Companion ; nay more, far from Secluding you from the Society and Conversation of my Friends and Acquaintances, I constantly encouraged you in becoming part of the Company. . . . It is natural for Youth to be more attentive to what is said of others than of themselves ; and it saved me very often the disagreable task of harsher admonitions ; not that it prevented them altogether, for sometimes, tho' not so frequently as they otherwise must have been, they were essentially necessary. However I trust and believe every thing of that sort is now over between us, and then I shall easily

forget the pain they put me to, when I reflect you have reason to consider them as the only Remedy I could employ, and therefore the highest Obligation I could confer upon you.

Another reason I had, and a material one: that the more I seemingly left you to yourself, the less you would be upon your Guard, and that consequently I might the more easily see thro' your failings and inadvertancies. I will therefore endeavour in the course of what I shall say to you, to give you as perfect an account of yourself as I can, by setting up to you a Glass wherein you shall see the inmost part of you. If you like the Picture, or what you like of it, you will own and adopt as yours. If you dislike it altogether, you will destroy it and sit again, or you will blot out such parts as offend you, till you have obtain'd one quite to your mind. . . . But do not from hence be afraid I am going to preach you a Sermon, or enforce such rigid Doctrines as Youth and Gaiety must reject. I am going to do no such thing. Austerity is not consonant to my way of thinking. I would have you by all means enjoy the pleasures fitting for you, but I would wish you knew how to choose them; and that I might see that you govern'd *them*, not that they govern'd *you*. . . .

The Natural Walk and Situation of Woman, is Marriage. It will of Course be yours in common with the rest of your Sex, but when I sit down and consider that State in itself, and when I look Round me and see how few, how very few, become it, how Seldom their Chains, tho' golden ones, sit easy upon them, I tremble for you; It is of all others the most fiery trial you can undergo, and yet, as in all human probability you will attempt it, It is my Duty as far as I am able to point out to you the Variety of Rocks, Shoals, and Dangers in Short of all sorts, that you must encounter before you reach the Port, to which my infinite Affection for you will be your Pilot, and will endeavour to conduct you safely, if Possible, thro' them all.

The first object then that necessarily occurs both to your Mind and mine, is the Choice of the Man with whom you are not only to pass your Life, but to whom you are to devote the whole of that Life. Upon that Choice depends your all; your Fame, Fortune, Person, Health, Happiness, or Misery; and as if this were not a Stake sufficient for one cast, there is Superadded to it the feelings of your Parents and Friends, as well as the Welfare or Wretchedness of your Children; for so far does this first irrecoverable false Step extend, as to affect not only those who have lived, but also Generations unborn. It has a Retrospect to the past, is

decisive of the present, and carries with it that determinate property even to futurity. And since this is the light, and the true one, in which this important Step must be viewed, it behoves you to consider it well : but should you think, which perhaps you may, I paint rather too Strong, I desire only you will read over now and then, always with attention, the Marriage Ceremony, and I believe you will no longer be of that Opinion. You will find he has by the Laws of God and Man an absolute right to your Obedience ; that he is your Head, your Lord, and Master, and that you must be Subordinate to him in all things. Let us then see what are the requisites to fit any Man for such a Dominion, and how You are to be recompensed for having submitted to have him impose it upon you. And be not discouraged : you may, and God knows I hope you will, meet with a very ample reward for having thus resign'd to him your Liberty ; but let me assure you that Reward, provided your Choice is a good one, is more in your own Hands than his ; that is, it depends most upon your own Conduct.

Your Birth, Fortune, Connexions, and Situation in Life are such as entitle you to reject with Scorn any and every Man who is not a Gentleman, and your Principles I persuade myself are so good, that you would abhor the thought of being the Wife of a Dishonourable Man, even tho' he were of the first Nobility of this Country. What your personal Qualifications will be, it is impossible to say, as People of your Age change daily. At present, I who see you with more partial Eyes than your Lover will do, but who will not flatter you so much, will tell you, they are rather for you than against you, and yet you have nothing on that score to be particularly vain of, but if you had, It is a thought will never, I hope, gain admittance into your mind. When I come to speak of it I will shew it you in its true Colours. The present point now is what have you a right to expect in return for your Birth, Fortune and Person,— none of them of the very first Class, indeed, but all of them sufficient to enable you to look rather above than below you ? Why you have undoubtedly a right to a Gentleman with a good Estate. The Word *Gentleman* it is unnecessary to define, and a good Estate I will not fix down to a determinate Sum ; but leave the precise Idea of the one and the other to your own Judgment hereafter. Just now it is enough to caution you against flinging yourself away ; which you would do had your Husband neither Birth, or Fortune, which would be the Case too had he even the one without the other. You would blush

for ever to be tied to a low man, and you would Starve with a Gentleman who could not maintain you ; for your fortune, tho' more considerable than you had originally reason to expect, is not, however, sufficient for you both. Thus you see what are your Expectations, but perhaps, which I shall not be surprised at, you have more Ambition for yourself than I have for you. You think you will become a Coronet, it may be so ; and I would as little advise you against it if I saw the bestower of it worthy of you in other respects, as I should counsel you to accept it if I thought that his only merit.

High Rank, tho' a fortuitous Advantage, and of course what no Man can value himself upon, is undoubtedly a great one ; for when it is supported with worth and Honour it is worn with a dignity and a real lustre that commands admiration and Respect, and if such you can find, Win it and wear it by all means. But if you so foolishly set your Heart upon it, as to seek it, you never will obtain it with that degree of Comfort and happiness attending it I wish you. Should it even fall in your way, distrust it, beware of it, be not dazzled with the Glare and Glitter of it, for be assured You have not so good a chance for solid Happiness with it as without it. The wretched Education of our Young Nobility in General but too much authorizes me to say so : there is scarce an Englishman among them ; It is a Composition of Italien and French, awkwardly, and, what is worse, viciously put together. Their Life is consequently one continued Scene not of pleasure,—if it were I would forgive them,—but of dissipation, in which very creditable Amusement they waste their Time, their Health, their Fortune, their Parts, (if Providence had been so much kinder to them than they deserved as to bestow any upon them,) and their Character. Unless necessity obliges them to enter into the factious views of desining Men, they are dumb in the Senate, but petulantly loud at Almacks, and ignorantly and impertinently so every where else. From Men of such a cast, what are you to expect at home ? A sullen morose Disposition, a total Negligence and Disregard of you, your Children, and all Domestic thoughts and Cares. I do not however, mean to say this is the Characteristick of all men of Quality ; certainly there are many endued with many Virtues, and if it be your lot to fall into the hands of one of them, would to God He may be of the latter Class.

But rather than title, It is your Business to seek for good sense, good Nature, and Honour. If your Husband possesses these Qualities, it is your own fault if you are not a happy

Woman. You will look up to him, and confide in him ; and he will hold you up in the World in proportion to the Consequence he is of in it. If he be ten Years at least older than you, so much the better ; You will have the Higher Opinion of his Judgment, and will with the greater Pleasure be guided by it. If you think more highly of his understanding than your own, You will have the fairest Prospect before you ; but if on the contrary you in your own Mind give yours the preference, you are infallibly lost in his Esteem, and forfeit at once every View of Domestic Comfort.

I will now suppose the Man of your Choice is precisely what you wish, and what he ought to be ; that his Opinion of you is great, and his Affection for you still greater ; that you are consequently perfectly happy, and fully perswaded you shall be so for ever. Many Women have had equal reason to say, and have said the same thing, yet many have been, and are every Day, totally mistaken. Let us find out, if we can, from whence this arises.

One of the first causes of it, I take to be, that they set out originally wrong. They are so easily flatter'd, and find so much pleasure in so sensible a Gratification to their Vanity, that they are too soon led to set a much higher value upon themselves than it is possible they can deserve, and thence unreasonably think this golden Dream is to last for ever ; and when the Husband shews them it is time to lay aside the Mistress in order to assume the more respectable Character of Wife, Disappointment ensues, and in its train follows, Sulleness, Peevishness, Altercation, and all those petty Airs silly Women put on when they are hastening to their own undoing. Be you wise enough not to expect too much and you will avoid Mortification ; trust in your Husband but distrust yourself ; and Stifle in its Birth, as you would a Serpent in your Bosom, every tincture of Vanity. Shall I tell you I am afraid You are not quite exempt from it, but sure you will be from henceforth everlastingly, when you consider it as it ought to be seen, in the meanest, lowest, and most Contemptible light. It is of all the silly Vices that assail and possess a female Mind unquestionably the most dangerous to her Character and peace of Mind ; besides I do protest to you, I never knew any Individual Creature that was not essentially the worse for it. It leads into a thousand Scrapes and never yet got any body out of one. Affectation is a Spice of it, and so poor and insignificant a mockery of its execrable original, that it only renders the wearer of it compleatly ridiculous.

You have it not, I hope, but you have some times so much the Appearance of it that those who do not know you well, may mistake it. Can you then be too attentive to correct it ?

Now if you have neither Vanity nor Affectation, your Mind and Temper will always be so entirely in its natural Seat, that you will at all times be prepared to meet your Husband with Smiles and Sunshine ; and you are qualified hitherto so to do ; for to do you justice I believe your Heart excellent, and your disposition to be both good temper'd, and good natured. You are from Constitution Chearful, and lively from good Spirits. They are a real Blessing, and, when properly conducted, of the greatest use ; but while you Cherish them, take care they do not run away with you, which they are sometimes apt to do : they lead you insensibly to talk too much and too fast. It is a bad habit and gives every Woman who has it the Appearance of being either Silly, or forward, or both. Good Spirits are sometimes, tho' never by a discerning Eye, mistaken for Wit. But Wit at best is so dangerous a talent that I should be sorry you possessed it. It creates millions of Enemies, and never made a Friend. It is a two edged Weapon, it cuts both ways : and I have often seen Women who thought themselves exceedingly Witty, when they were only abusive, scurrilous, and Impudent.

Take care of being too Volatile ; it unsettles and unhinges the mind, and renders it incapable of attention to any thing. It suffers nothing to make that Impression it should, and I have seen you often from thence tho' fully perswaded of the truth and consequence of what has been said to you at the time, shake it off the next Instant, and think no more of it a second time than if it had never happen'd. That you should totally alter in this particular is of the utmost and Deepest Importance to you ; for what Confidence can any Man have in any Woman who pays him so bad a Compliment as to listen to him and agree with him, and yet in practice disregard the next moment every thing he has, for her good, and perhaps necessarily for his own sake too, given himself the trouble to say to her ? She cannot expect he will ever forgive such an unpardonable Inattention.

That you may then the better study, with effect, your Husband's Temper and Disposition, (which if you do not do and conform to it too minutely, you will be miserable,) It is necessary You should turn your Eye upon Yourself, and be fully apprized of your own, that you may correct those imperfections (the condition of human nature), that are, and must

be, perpetually arising. It is what every wise Woman, and Man too, must do continually.

You are quick and Hasty enough to be sometimes look'd upon as passionate, which to speak of it in the gentlest terms is a very great Inconvenience. I am sorry you possess it in the smallest degree, because I know by my own experience how much it ought to be avoided. I am unfortunately extremely passionate naturally, but by infinite Attention and Care have been happy enough so far to have Corrected it that I do not recollect to have ever suffer'd from it essentially; and I promise you I should not have got thro' Life as I have done had I not got the better of myself even as I have, which I confess is by no means sufficient. I beg you to remember You are never upon any account whatever, notwithstanding any provocation you may receive, to let a hasty word, much less an angry Passionate Expression, escape your Lips towards your Husband.

I have seen about you, when you have been told of a fault, I will not call it Obstinacy, but a Resistance that, unless You resolve to check it, will too soon become so: and think of the Folly of it: for to what end can a Wife possibly be Obstinate, when she knows, if he chooses She should, she must submit.

I do not mention any one of these things, either to put you out of humour with yourself, or me, but meerly to keep my word with you in shewing You Yourself. I do not upbraid you with your Mistakes, I will not call them Faults; all I mean is to point them out to you that you may know them; for unless you do, It cannot be expected you should amend them.

If therefore You receive this as coming from a rigid Monitor, and not from your best Friend, you do me the highest Injustice, and are your own worst Enemy.

I will take it for granted then that You see and feel your Errors and imperfections, and are fully resolved to the utmost of your power to correct them all; nay I will go farther, that you actually have done so; therefore what follows will be chiefly to your Conduct, rather than to your Failings.

And that it may be at all times such as must be productive of many Virtues, accustom yourself to think of the part you are to bear in marriage, not in a frightful Point of View, but in a most serious one, for it well deserves that Consideration: and lay it down as a principle in your own mind never to be departed from, that there is nothing in it indifferent, nothing trivial, but that every thing is of Consequence.

The first thing you have to do is to gain your Husband's good opinion ; that once settled, you may make yourself sure of his esteem, Friendship, and Affection, and the primary Ingredient towards obtaining and retaining them, is to have a due Sense of Religion, and to be uniform, constant, and firm in the Practice, and Exercise of it. It is the Bond of Peace, and the Source of every virtue. I need, I am sure, say no more upon this great Point, because I am happy in believing you think and act in that respect as you ought, not meerly from [having] been told from your Childhood it is right, but because you feel in your Heart it is so. Besides, it softens and gives to the mind such a Constant Serenity as will prevent your ever appearing with a cloud on your Brow.

The Cares, Anxieties, and Business of the World, may often have that effect upon him ; and whenever they have, It is your Part never to see it or enquire into the Cause of it, but with Gentleness and good humour, two Lenitives you always have in your Power, to endeavour to alleviate it. If he thinks proper to trust you with it, you will know what to do ; but never attempt to learn what he chooses to conceal, and never fancy yourself the Object of his displeasure till he informs you you are so. I know many Women who imagine this perpetual Sollicitude about themselves is a proof of their Affection ; It is no such thing ; it arises from Curiosity and Vanity, either of which are sufficient to fret, teaze, and wear any reasonable Man to Death.

It was well said by Madame de Maintenon to the Duchess of Burgundy, let your Husband be your only Confidant and your First Friend : but let me add to it, tho' you are never to have a Secret from him, you should never pry into his.

You would have, if you encouraged it, and practice will do so, a turn for Play ; lay it down then for a Rule never to Play but merely for amusement, and rather to oblige other People than yourself ; and then for such trifling Sums as make it a matter of meer indifference to you whether you win or lose. The moment your Mind becomes so far engaged as to make you eager about it, It ceases to be an amusement, but is a serious pursuit that, if you follow it, cannot fail of making you seriously miserable. But could no greater mischief arise from it than to so put you off your Guard as to make you lose your Temper, is not that enough ? Does it not cost you the Best thing about you ? And I ask you, if even in your observation, you ever saw a number of People at play, tho' for what could not

materially affect them, without some of them exposing themselves extremely ?

I have never let slip an Opportunity of inculcating in you the Necessity of Cleanliness, in your Person, Dress, and general Appearance ; and I have labour'd this essential Point with you upon all Occasions, because I knew the extreme Consequence of it, which you do not seem to do ; for you are inclined, either from Indolence or Hurry, to be much too negligent in that Particular. I cannot Conceive what merit you find in being dirty and a Slatern, or where you learnt it ; not from your Mother I am sure, for she is as much the reverse as any Woman can be, and so I hope will you. I say this, as I perceive with great Pleasure you are forsaking so filthy a Habit. Besides its being filthy, there is Shocking Indecency in it that, believe me, no Man can endure. No Woman who values her own happiness, or her Husband's affection, will ever for an Instant appear in his Sight undressed ; (and I recommend to your Serious reading a very true and a very pretty Paper upon this Subject in the Spectator,) much less dirty, in the most trifling instance, must she be, unless she means to disgust him for ever.

Cleanliness, as it is a principal Ornament, so it is the first beauty ; and it is amazing every Woman has it not, for it is in every Woman's power : if She wishes to please she cannot succeed more effectually, especially with her Husband, than by doing the thing in the World perhaps the most agreable to him and comfortable to herself. Another great Advantage it has is, that it is a Strong Index of Purity of Mind as well as manners, It is the Height of Elegancy and good Breeding, and Strongly marks out the fruit of a good Education and the Character of a Gentlewoman. And such a Woman ought constantly to appear with that Freshness about her that is ascribed to Venus rising out of the Sea, not that she need go so far to answer that End. Water is to be had in profusion in every House and should be used accordingly ; to shew the Veneration our Forefathers had for ablutions, Bathing was made one of the first articles of Religion, and most wisely so, as nothing contributes more to Health. It continues to be so in some Sects to this Day, as even with us in the Article of Baptism.

Upon every account, a Woman who feels her own dignity as a rational Creature, will dare to defy the searching penetrating Eye of the Microscope. Her dress will be as clean as her Person, but if that is not so to the nicest, minutest, degree, no matter what it is cover'd with, one dirty rag will do as well

as another. If it is, what you wear is not indifferent. All Men Love to see Women they are so nearly connected with well dress'd ; that is, that what they put on should be good of its kind, and well chosen. I would even, if your Husband did not disapprove of it and that your Circumstances admitted of it, recommend it to you, not to be Gaudily and Magnificently Deck'd out, but to be rather fine than otherwise. Without all your attention to this Requisite you must never expect to see your Children, or Servants, or House in order. They will take their Impressions from you ; and you will be the Pendulum to regulate, direct, and ascertain their Motions in this as in every thing else.

No Woman ever had ONE QUARREL ONLY with her Husband, many I hope never had one, and I flatter myself you will be of that Number ; but from the beginning of time to this Hour, the first Quarrel never was the last. Avoid it by every possible means as you would the plague. Never enter into an argument with him, no matter how serious or how trifling the subject, it must beget Warmth, which will produce dispute, which can only end in a Quarrel, in which you must infallibly be in the Wrong because it is your part, Business, and Duty, to submit. He will no doubt have failings like other men ; you must expect it and be prepared for it ; and do not foolishly imagine you are to reclaim him by Argument or tears. He will think you impertinent in the first Case, and weak in the Second. You must be Deaf, Dumb, and Blind to them all, whatever they may be ; there is your only Remedy, and, depend upon it, It will not prove a fruitless one ; Time and Reflexion will bring about what Reproaches and Lamentations would never effect ; and your Patience, Meekness, and Forbearance will, in Spite of himself, force him back to you with ten times more Affection and Love than perhaps he ever possessed.

Treat his Friends as you would your own, and make them so if you can : you will find your account in it ; for they will insensibly raise you in his Opinion. He will be sensibly flatter'd with their Approbation of his Choice, and certainly Love you the better for it, and you will please and oblige him in the highest degree by every attention you can shew them. Receive them always, no matter how inconveniently they come, with open arms. Who do you think would bear to see his Friend or even Common Acquaintance, coldly treated or Slighted in his House ?

As to your own Friends, the fewer you have the better.

Intimacies between Women are in general dangerous things. They are too apt to form them too lightly, and to break them with as little cause. They fancy themselves at first, and at once, perfectly Sincere, whereas that they are but weak quickly manifests itself in the Discovery of each other's little Secrets, and then their Simple Quarrels become the amusement of the Town, and they the ridicule of it ; for, be assured, and I believe you have seen Instances of this Truth, no Mortal pities them, or indeed cares one farthing about them.

Treat your Servants with the greatest mildness, and goodness : reward and encourage those who are good ; and dismiss immediately those who prove otherwise ; and tho' you must necessarily have more trust and confidence in some than in others, yet there is no occasion any should be too great Favourites or treated with an improper Familiarity. You will be the Happier if they are not, and so will they ; as no sensible Servant who knows his own Interest will wish it ; and Regularity, Œconomy [*sic*], Order, and Subordination, (which you must insist upon without relaxation) will be the consequence of it, and will give you the best Chance you can have for Quiet and good Humour.

As to the Domestic Affairs of your Family, take as much of them upon yourself, readily and chearfully as your Husband may choose you should : look upon it as it is, one of your principal Duties ; and attend to it assiduously. Never suppose it an Object below your notice, or beneath your care ; for besides that it must be an infinite Satisfaction to you to lessen and take off so much of his trouble, It is an Occupation exceedingly honourable to you, and an amusement infinitely more solid, and therefore greater, than any You can meet with abroad : for there is nothing more certain that however a Woman may please abroad, It is at Home only she Shines. Make that Home, therefore, for your own Sake and your Husband's, by every means you can conceive, as agreable to him as possible ; let him see you always happy there, and pleased with his Company and Conversation, and with that of his Friends ; and to fit Yourself to bear a becoming part in his and their Society, Study to improve your understanding to the very best of your power and abilities ; if you do not, and can only talk of Fanns and Tippets, and repeat over the Chit Chat, News, and Scandal of the Day, you will soon perceive he does not think you a Companion for him. Take up always the turn of the Discourse, but never give it : and never suppose that in order to appear pleased you are always to talk, or always to

laugh, It is a tiresome, Wearing, idle Habit and is excessively Ill bred. Talking at random will keep him in a Fever while he loves you, and will make him despise you when he does not. I do not mean you should be quite Silent, and, like the Children, never speak but when you are Spoke to, but I would have you accustom yourself to have a constant guard upon yourself in that respect, which if it does not make you say a good thing (which, by the bye, it *will*), certainly will prevent your saying a silly one ; or what you may ever have reason to repent of. Recollect that the emptiest Vessels sound always the loudest ; and then I think you never can give into that rage for talking, and Intemperance of Tongue that is really intolerable. Besides, the highest good manners is to give every body their Share, not run away with it all oneself ; and it is the greatest Instance of good Sense to act an underpart. Mankind will always give you credit for what you do not assume ; and send but People away satisfied with themselves, and you may depend upon their being pleased with you.

I have said enough in this large Field I have enter'd into to induce you to behave to your Husband with Attention, Civility, which no Familiarity should ever destroy, and Respect. That should Constantly be your Conduct in publick and in private ; and you depart from Decency, Delicacy, and your Dignity, if ever you manifest towards him before any human Eye the least familiar Fondness ; it would be disgusting to him, and Shocking to every body else.

And now I think it is time I should dismiss you and relieve myself. I have given you the best advice I can, and I can only say the more of it you follow the happier Woman you will be. Receive it therefore as I meant it, give it fairly your Attention, and I think your Heart will tell you to pursue it. If you do, I do not doubt of its having the Effect I earnestly wish it may, and then I shall feel the trouble it has cost me to be the pleasantest act of my Life.

So ended Sir Charles's letter of advice to his daughter, which was treasured and reverently perused by her. Small wonder, perhaps, that, dwelling upon the sentiments which it contains, Henrietta never married. The views therein propounded respecting the married state—the suggested liberty of the husband in regard to manners and morals, the blind submission and reticence of the wife in regard to all which might find favour in the eyes of her lord—again serve

to mark the gulf between the past and the present. Those were days when the invariable praise bestowed upon the help-meet selected by any man was comprised in the statement that he had won for his wife an "amiable lady"; and although doubtless that ideal of feminine perfection tended to the harmony of wedded life, it is debatable whether it was for the ultimate good of the male portion of the community, whose recognised privilege it likewise appears to have been to dispense with such domestic affability.

It would seem, indeed, that the advice of her father may have prejudiced Henrietta against that state which carried with it such obvious disabilities. During the years which followed there are letters from Sir Charles courteously declining on behalf of his daughter more than one projected union; and, looking again at the winsome face of the beautiful girl depicted on Romney's canvas, one finds oneself wondering whether those years held for her some hidden sorrow—some romance which never came to fruition—or whether her choice resulted from a conviction that a life of independence represented for her the greatest happiness.

CHAPTER XVII

SIR CHARLES AND GEORGE III, 1772–1780

SIR CHARLES THOMPSON, as he was called after the year 1772, found his time fully occupied with his attendance at St. James's, his military duties, and the supervision of two estates. Nevertheless he delighted, as ever, in the social side of existence, and was increasingly popular in the world of fashion. His nephew, Sir William Hotham, who only knew him after the prime of life was past, even then spoke with admiration of his charm of conversation and person, and has left a picture of him which, though brief, is full of life. "Sir Charles," he asserts, "was, without exception, one of the most elegant men I ever saw—very handsome in his person and countenance, and very high-bred in his manners. He had been very early in life introduced into the first society in this country . . . he had read much, both of books and mankind, and turned the information he had obtained from them to account, so that his conversation was at once delightful and instructive. . . . He had a very retentive memory and was full of interesting anecdote—told a story remarkably well, and never forgot good breeding, however inferior might be the society he was in—and, at times, latterly, it was so, for he was very fond of the Theatre in the latter part of his life."

To this love of the drama we shall have occasion to refer subsequently; meanwhile it is obvious that Sir Charles, after his return to England, continued to display an energy which is all the more surprising in that he never ceased to feel the effects of his prolonged sojourn abroad; and that he invariably speaks of his health as having been completely undermined. In 1774, although much against his will, he was even forced

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into a contested election for Beverley, in which he was worsted, and which cost him a thousand pounds, "but," he remarks, "I thought it money well bestowed as, to my infinite satisfaction, it gave me a fair excuse to free myself from all trouble on that score for the rest of my life." He likewise continued the erection of the house at Dalton, determined upon, but never accomplished, by his immediate predecessors, and which is said to have been copied from Chesterfield House.[1] In 1775–6 he was at last able to inhabit this, having not only built and furnished it out of his income, at a cost of thirty thousand pounds, but also added materially to the library. In short, enumerating all he had undertaken and achieved—"I flatter myself," he remarks, "that I shall not be looked upon by my successors as having been a bad steward."

Few, during this period, took greater interest in all that he attempted than did Lady Gertrude Hotham, who had enacted towards him in the days of his youth the part of a second mother. The years had passed lightly over the head of that saintly lady, and her letters at this date show a pious mind and a lively wit undiminished by the flight of time. Subsequently to giving up her house at Campden Hill, to which, after the death of her daughter Caroline, she appears to have taken a dislike, Lady Gertrude for a time discussed the problem whether she should "fix" at Bath. In 1758, however, she sold her house there to Sir John Cope,[2] and eventually bought another near Cavendish Square, "a situation not much to the taste of most people," wrote her brother-in-law Beaumont on learning her intention; but, in Lady Gertrude's eyes, the locality had a particular advantage in being adjacent to Harley Fields, where Whitefield was wont to give some of his most rousing discourses. In 1769, however, that earnest evangelist set out on one of his missionary expeditions to America, and in September of the following year news reached Lady Gertrude that the golden voice of the preacher had for ever been silenced by death. Many there were who, having embittered his life by their gibes, now recognised the sincerity which had underlain his fanaticism, and paid a respectful, if tardy, tribute to his merits. But by none was he more sincerely mourned than by his two indefatigable disciples Lady Gertrude

[1] It was enlarged and altered in 1872–3. [2] See Vol. I, page 274.

and Lady Huntingdon, who still continued to promulgate his doctrines with unabated fervour.

In so doing an episode occurred which, despite the melancholy cause that gave occasion to it, contained an element of comedy which Sir Charles, with his keen sense of humour, did not fail to appreciate. The story has been told before, but it belongs to the present history and it is one which never palls in the telling. Early in 1773 it became apparent that the still brilliant cynic Lord Chesterfield was slowly dying ; and, weary of a lonely old age, he only desired its close. The son on whom he had expended so much thought and ambition, that " delightful youth " young Stanhope, had predeceased him, never having fulfilled the bright promise of his early years ; and the disappointed father, with the strongest link that had once bound him to existence thus cruelly severed, saw little cause to desire the prolongation of a period of gradual physical decay. But while his body waxed feeble, his mental faculties remained unimpaired ; and to his sister Lady Gertrude Hotham his condition appeared hopeful for at last achieving what she had long attempted in vain—his conversion to the doctrines of Whitefield. That her brother Chesterfield, who for so long had cut a conspicuous figure in this transient world, should be induced to make an edifying exit therefrom, was the wish dearest to her heart, as it was likewise the strong ambition of her coadjutor Lady Huntingdon.

Thus the two devout ladies spared no efforts to bring to pass that which they so greatly desired ; nor did they scorn to resort to a pious ruse in order to effect their purpose. Convinced that if they could but once remove the dying man from the worldly associations which militated against their admonitions these would meet with better success, they carefully concealed the true motive of their endeavours, and urged upon him the great advantage which would accrue to his health from a sojourn at one of Lady Huntingdon's seminaries in Wales. They never ceased to extol the fine properties of the air there, the unbroken quiet, the delightful scenery and—in this connection—the glorious mountains of the retreat to which they wished to inveigle him. But the invalid was not to be beguiled by this pious subterfuge. " Unfortunately, ladies," he observed drily, " I do not like such tremendous

prospects. When the faith of your ladyships has removed the mountains I will go to the house in Wales with all my heart ! " Obdurate but witty to the end, on March 24th, 1773, he breathed his last, leaving his two monitors to lament the complete failure in proselytising which such a demise presented.

Not for long, however, did Lady Gertrude survive her brother ; and her death occurred under singularly distressing circumstances. Sir Charles may well have recalled how many years earlier she had written to him, her favourite nephew, then a Captain in Flanders, describing her satisfaction one evening, that, while her young people went forth into the gay world, she could sit cosily by her own fireside and enjoy a book. Her ideal of happiness had never changed, and in her old age, bereft of all her children since the marriage of her only surviving daughter, she found her greatest consolation in the quietude of her own hearth and the perusal of some edifying work. So it was that death came to her. One cold evening on the 2nd of April, 1775, she was sitting thus by herself, possibly reading some of the discourses of the dead Whitefield, when her ruffles ignited in the candle. The flames, spreading quickly, set fire to the rest of her clothing, and before help could be summoned, she was cruelly burnt. Although she lingered in great suffering for ten days subsequently, at the end of that time she expired, at the age of seventy-nine, as a result of the shock ; and on the 24th of the same month she was buried at Dalton, at a date when the house which her son had once contemplated building was at last nearing completion.

The same year which was made memorable to Sir Charles by this tragedy, and also by his occupation of his new home, found him putting into execution another project which had long given him anxious thought. He had now been nearly thirty years in the army, and the condition of his health rendered the duties thereby entailed more and more irksome to him. In this connection he remarks :—

As soon as I was settled at Dalton, I began seriously to consider of carrying into Execution a Resolution I had for several years determined upon at some proper moment—That of retiring from the service. America was then the only part of the Globe in which a sword was raised & I was totally

excluded from a Possibility of ever being employed there, three younger General officers than me, Howe, Clinton & Burgoyne, being appointed on that Staff. Besides the Rebellion was then in its infancy, & it was the universal belief that if the very appearance of a Force sent from here did not put an end to it, one campaign *must*; for no man living could at that time have conceived the miserable consequences that have attended it. France, Spain, the whole world, in short, laugh'd at and ridiculed *Les insurgens de l'Amérique*, and were giving Great Britain every hour the strongest assurance of amity.

America being, with regard to me, out of the question, & all the Powers of Europe, as I said at Peace, not only with us but with each other, I thought it the instant for carrying my purpose into effect.

One reason which hastened this decision was that the 15th Regiment of Foot, of which he was now Lieutenant-General, was actually ordered to America, and though, as the manuscript History points out, "it was neither customary nor expected that a General should accompany his regiment, nor could the duties of his office and his attendance at Court admit of his absenting himself from England, yet he displayed the usual feelings and high sense of honour which had on all occasions characterised his family. He could not reconcile it to his conscience (as he said) to suffer his own Regiment to enter into active service without him, while he enjoyed emoluments which would make some deserving officer a happy man." Anxious that there should be no misapprehension of his motives, in several admirably expressed letters, therefore, Sir Charles laid the simple facts of the case before various of his old friends, amongst others Lord Buckinghamshire, Lord George Germain, and Lord Barrington, the Secretary at War, pointing out that in retiring from the service he refused to accept payment for work which he was no longer able to perform.

The only blame laid to my charge [he relates] was flattering to me. It was agreed universally that my services gave me a just right to keep what they had thus earned me, and that there was no call upon me for such an act of delicacy. The case appeared in my eyes very different; and I felt I could never give up the service with honour or dignity without

relinquishing its emoluments. It was the price at which I chuse to purchase quiet and comfort, and that self-approbation which could alone secure the happiness of my future life.

Only one anxiety was his, that the King, whose good opinion he had never forfeited, should not misunderstand his present action ; but his mind was soon set at rest upon that score. On July 27th, 1775, Lord Barrington wrote from Cavendish Square :—

I had yesterday an opportunity of shewing your Letter to the King who was pleas'd to commend it very much & his Majesty entirely approv'd the handsome manner in which you desire to retire to private life & the Management of a Constitution which requires your care. The king will not only continue you of his Bedchamber but likewise in his list of General Officers.

Whenever you have the honour to approach his Person I am persuaded you will find the same gracious reception which has so long contributed to your Pride & Pleasure. His Majesty is glad you still serve him in a civil capacity, & sorry you can no longer serve him in a military one, so as to satisfy the Delicate feelings of your own mind.

" His Majesty has the gift," wrote his brother John to Sir Charles at this time, " and a very happy gift it is, of saying kind things in a very handsome manner ; and there is no reason to suppose he says one thing and means another." Unquestionably the frank affection and friendship which George, from the first, had exhibited for his Groom of the Bedchamber had only increased with the passing of years. Even while incapable of realising the mental capacity of Sir Charles, the slow, honest brain of the King could recognise the high standard of honour by which every action of his attendant's life was dictated ; and perhaps the kindly, unimaginative monarch shows at his best in this unswerving appreciation for a subject whose principles he had learnt to revere. Sir Charles, on his part, subordinated criticism to loyalty, and continued to record with respectful devotion each remark which was not of a confidential nature, each praiseworthy trait, and each recurring condescension of his gracious master.

Space will not permit the quotation in full of the little narrative he thus left, even if its purport could appeal to the

present generation; yet, in compression, something of its realism is admittedly lost. Those were days, be it recalled, when all who wrote their experiences did so with a leisurely attention to detail which to-day would lay the narrator open to the charge of dwelling unduly upon trivialities. More especially was this the case when the incidents related concerned the Sovereign himself—that being, semi-divine, whose simplest word was precious and to be cherished. But since life itself is compounded of trivialities, that painstaking aim of our ancestors to depict what was actual and exact had its value. In this age of hurry, when an impressionist with the pen obtains favour as well as one who wields the brush, the genius of a Boswell or a Burney is denied to the world. Yet only the minute attention to the commonplace displayed by those writers, their punctilious record of much, in itself, insignificant, has given us a Dr. Johnson who is immortal, or can revivify the Court of George III with a fidelity which is arresting.

Thus it is with the memoranda written by Sir Charles when he came from the Royal presence—so minute is the record that one can feel oneself present at those interviews between the conscientious monarch and his loyal courtier;—one can hear the sincere protestations of devotion on the part of the subject, the assertions of regard on the part of the Sovereign—the unaffected gratitude of the latter to his attendant for what he termed "*speaking out.*" Many were the matters connected with the arrangement of the Royal household, with the well-being of the Princes, with the advisability of certain appointments, or the merit of those who sought his favour, in which George consulted and took the advice of the man whom he had learnt to value not merely as a faithful subject, but as a disinterested friend. Moreover, there was another aspect of the King's conduct portrayed by Sir Charles which reveals a broadness of outlook and a generosity of spirit with which George has been rarely credited.

After the trouble arose between England and her American colonies, Sir Charles relates that one day he was travelling back to London from Bath in company with Lord Howe and a Mr. S——, when, in the course of their journey, they stopped to dine at Salt Hill. The conversation, as was inevitable at that date, soon turned upon the melancholy prospect presented

by the threatened rupture. Lord Howe, states Sir Charles, "became very warm upon the subject," and after declaring angrily that he thought the conduct of Lord North deserving of impeachment and, upon conviction, of its consequences, added that, bad as it was, there was something infinitely worse, and that was the persevering and invincible obstinacy of the King.

The next Levée at which Sir Charles, as Groom of the Bedchamber, was obliged to be in waiting, His Majesty sent for him before the Court assembled, and inquired from him abruptly whether he had not lately come from Bath, and, if so, whether such and such a conversation had not taken place *en route*? The King, in fact, to Sir Charles's horror, quoted with precision, and proceeded to cross-question him upon the exact words which Lord Howe had spoken in the inn at Salt Hill.

Astonished and embarrassed, Sir Charles could not deny that the alleged conversation had taken place; and he was wondering distractedly whether he personally would be included in the Royal anger at this untoward occurrence, when the sequel proved other than what he expected. With a loud laugh, the good-natured monarch forestalled any attempt at apology or explanation. "Well, well," His Majesty exclaimed with unruffled amiability, "every man has a right to his own opinion in public affairs; but I have too high an esteem for Lord Howe not to advise him, through you, at any future time, before he brings his Minister to the scaffold, and inveighs against my '*persevering and invincible obstinacy*,' to take the precaution of sending the common waiters of an inn out of the room first!"

None the less, Sir Charles who, when made a Knight of the Bath, had had a personal illustration, if not of the King's obstinacy, at least of his pertinacity, was soon to have a similar experience. Although George had apparently forgotten a project which he had propounded many years before, it had not in reality escaped his recollection; and, quietly tenacious of purpose, he suddenly sprang it once more upon his gratified but perturbed attendant. After describing his resignation from the Army in 1775, Sir Charles proceeds to relate as follows:—

The next year brought me a substantial proof that my action (in retiring from the Service) had cost me no part of my Royal Master's good opinion.

I had been out of town a few days [in May 1776], and on my return was much surprised to hear that the Prince of Wales's whole establishment was to be changed; that his Governor Lord Holdernesse, his sub-Governor Mr Smelt, his preceptor the Bishop of Chester, (Dr Markham), his sub-preceptor Mr Jackson,[1] all those, in short, who had any share in his education had been dismissed. Curiosity upon an event so extraordinary and unexpected carried me the next day to St James's, where I soon learnt that Lord Bruce,[2] the Duke of Montagu's youngest brother, was to be his Royal Highness's Governor, and the Bishop of Litchfield, Dr Hurd, his Preceptor, but that nothing more was settled.

The moment the door opened for the King's dressing, I perceived by his countenance he was extremely disturbed, he looked steadily at me for some time, and then said with much emotion—"You are a great stranger—where have you been all this while?"

"Sir, it is very lately I had the Honor of paying my duty to Your Majesty."

"No—I have not seen you this month."

There was something so particular in his manner, not peevish or angry but distressed, as to affect me exceedingly. And the more I thought of it the less I could conceive the meaning of it.

At length, the Dressing over, Lord Bruce kissed His hands on his appointment. He too was extremely agitated, and standing next to me said—"*Good God! what a task have I undertaken!*" I replied, as we were old acquaintances—"You certainly have, my Lord, engaged in a very arduous, momentous, and delicate one. But why should you despair or despond about it? I am persuaded it will go on very well, but that it *should*, you must think so!"

"I should," he replied, "be much easier if I had a sub-Governor to my mind.—Oh, that you would undertake it!"

"*I*, my Lord?" and I smiled, thinking it meant nothing

[1] Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, now best known for his statue by Chantrey.

[2] On the death of Charles, 4th Earl of Elgin and 3rd Earl of Ailesbury, in 1747, the earldom of Ailesbury became extinct, and only the barony of Bruce of Tottenham descended to his nephew the Hon. Francis Brudenell, born 1730.

more than a mere expression of his civility ; " I wish you a much fitter person in that situation than I could be "—and dropped the subject.

When the King was gone into his closet, however, Lord Bruce took me aside, and said he wished to have some serious conversation with me. We sat down together in another room. He began by saying " What I hinted to you just now, I meant very seriously. My great difficulty lies in finding a proper person for His Royal Highness's sub-Governor, and if you could prevail upon yourself to engage in it, my mind would be at ease, and what is of more consequence, *so would his Majesty's.* I know t'would be highly agreeable to him, and when you know that, too, I cannot but hope you may be induced to it " [*sic*].

" My Lord," I replied, " I am, in the first place, unable to say how much I am flattered by your good opinion, and as I am sure you would not make use of the King's name upon this subject without cause, I am much at a loss to express how sensibly I feel the opinion that he is pleased to entertain of me. But, upon my word, it is an undertaking I know myself to be utterly unfit for."

" I am sorry to hear you make such a declaration. Perhaps you may see reason to change it when I assure you it is *by His Majesty's command that I talk to you upon it.* Though it would make him extremely happy, I am only to say it would do so. He is too delicate directly to propose it to you ; as he will as little subject you to the pain of accepting a position that would be irksome to you, as to that of obliging you to refuse it."

" My Lord, I beg you to believe no man can feel more truly than I do, the extent of his Majesty's Goodness in this Proceeding, the best and only return I can make to it is to protest to you the perfect knowledge that I have of my inability to go through with such a trust must make it impossible for me to have a thought of such an honour. Were there no other reason against it than my health, that, of itself, is of all others the most material Bar to such an undertaking, and the sense I have of its indifferent state was sufficiently proved by a step it obliged me to take last year—I mean the resignation of my regiment. Your Lordship is no stranger to the sincerity of the dutiful, affectionate, grateful attachment I bear to the King, I would readily and cheerfully obey his commands were it not for that single, irremediable and insuperable consideration."

" That was what his Majesty feared, and, after what you have said, I cannot urge another word upon the subject. But

the King, aware of your [probable] objection, next directed me to consult you as to the person you think the fittest for it. If you know of anybody, he wishes you to name him directly. If not, that you would think of one and let me know the result."

"Upon my word, my Lord, the confidence his Majesty is pleased to repose in me surprizes me so much that, at this instant, it puts it out of my head to name anybody! But after what your Lordship has said I look upon it as an act of duty to think it well over, indeed; and if any proper person occurs to me, I shall certainly instantly acquaint your Lordship of it."

At length, after much conversation upon the qualities that seemed to be requisite for that station, we parted. This happened on Friday.

While Sir Charles meditated upon the unexpected position in which he found himself, he had doubtless become aware of the cause to which rumour attributed the wholesale departure of all those who had been connected with the education of the two Princes. Lord Holdernesse, Governor to the two Royal youths, George, Prince of Wales, and his brother, Frederick, Bishop of Osnaburgh, had, it was said, returned from an absence in France to find his pupils in open rebellion against him. They defied his authority, and were so systematically disobedient that he felt convinced that Dean Jackson, the sub-preceptor, had deliberately instigated such behaviour. As a result of his representations, Jackson was dismissed, likewise the man who was supposed to have abetted him, Markham, Bishop of Chester; but Lord Holdernesse, still finding it impossible to combat the situation, sent in his own resignation accompanied by that of Mr. Leonard Smelt, who, since he owed his position at Court to Lord Holdernesse, was determined not to outstay him there.

If rumour stated true, the task with which Sir Charles was confronted—that of finding a successor to Mr. Smelt—was all the more unenviable. The disturbed state of the Royal atmosphere, the open defiance of the Princes, and the genuine distress of their father, alone made any suggestion on his part a difficult and a responsible one. Yet even as he meditated on the importance of the choice before him, a thought recurred to him with ever-increasing persistence which served to heighten his anxiety.

THE LAWN

ALTON HALL

I remained at home the whole day, and, after revolving over and over in my mind what had passed, it occurred to me that if my Brother George was not my brother, I would name him. But, if I did, what might the King think ? Did I on my conscience think him the properest person I knew. *I certainly did.* . . . Then did I do my duty to my King in not naming him ? *I did not !* Besides was it not very hard on him that because he was my brother I should preclude him from a situation I thought him qualified for, in which he might acquire both honour and advantage to himself and his family ? It undoubtedly was ! Thus after reasoning with myself backwards and forwards and only finding myself more perplexed, the knowledge I had of the King's heart, and my confidence in the justice he would do to my motives for so extraordinary a step, determined me to name my brother, let the world judge of it as it might, and that night I wrote to Lord Bruce desiring leave to wait upon him in the morning. This letter was delivered to him as he was getting into his chaise, he accordingly sent me word that he was going to Kew and should be glad to see me on Sunday morning [June 1st 1776] at 10 o'clock. But at nine he came to me. He said—

" I have shewn your note to the King. It gave him great pleasure for I can tell you that neither he nor I are absolutely without our hopes."

" My dear Lord, indeed, indeed *I* must be out of the question !—What I have to say to you is not upon my own subject, but upon that of one I scarcely dare name, and before I do, you must allow me to ask you a question or two.—Has his Majesty or have you thought of anybody ? "

" Nobody."

" And you neither of you have anybody in your mind's eye ? "

" We have not."

" Then my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will read you a letter I have prepar'd for you, for in a matter of as much consequence as this, a meer [*sic*] conversation is not always sufficient for the Partys concern'd fully to understand each other. What is written admits of no mistake. Besides, when anything violently agitates my mind, as I promise you this has done, it is a relief to me to put it on paper."

Lord Bruce listened with the greatest attention while Sir Charles proceeded to read at length his written views on the qualifications indispensable for " the person I should think

fittest for the important situation of sub-Governor to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales" ; and as the letter in question subsequently roused such admiration on the part of the King, it may be well to give an extract from it here :—

I told you that, in my opinion, he must be, in the first place, a Gentleman as well by birth as education ; that he must be possessed of the sentiments of one—that is of the strictest honor, of the most liberal and enlarged principles, of a solid understanding and sound judgment ; but that, of the two, his heart should be better than his head.—That he must be of no faction or party, belonging to no man or set of men ; that he must enter upon his office with the honourable view alone of doing his duty, and must be above the idea of any other kind of recompense.—He must agree in opinion with your Lordship, not only as to your general plan, but likewise in the mode of carrying it into execution, and he must treat you, and therefore be treated by you, with the most unbounded confidence and friendship. He must be, let me add, of polished, elegant manners ; a man of good breeding and good temper ; of a benevolent heart and conciliating disposition. He should be, without pedantry, a man of letters ; he must above all be free from every species of vice, and even from dissipation ; yet his mind should be a cheerful one.—His character should be universally good ;—so good that he should stand unquestionably high in the opinion of mankind.

To find a man possessed of these qualities one must know him well ; a common acquaintance is out of the question, so that one's view is of course confined within a very narrow circle indeed, and after taking a most accurate one of my own friends, I must, however vain and presumptious it may appear, declare to your Lordship my eye remained fix'd upon my own family—I mean upon my brother Lieut.-Colonel Hotham.

It was not necessary for Sir Charles to enlarge upon the qualifications of his brother for the post in question—he was known both to Lord Bruce and to the King. The youngest of the five sons of Sir Beaumont, George Hotham was at this date thirty-five years of age. He had been educated at Westminster where he became head of the school ; subsequently he had held a commission in the 1st Regiment of Guards, then commanded by Lord Ligonier. During the last three years of the war in Germany he had been aide-de-camp to Lieutenant-

General, afterwards Field-Marshal, Conway. Soon after the Peace he had accompanied the brother of the latter, Lord Hereford, as aide-de-camp, on his appointment to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In August, 1775, he had purchased his company in the 1st Regiment of Guards. Besides the extensive knowledge of the world thus acquired, George Hotham was essentially a scholar and a gentleman. Widely read and highly educated, he was a man of unblemished reputation, of courtly manners and of sound common-sense.

I would have died a thousand deaths [Sir Charles protested in his letter] rather than have named *him* of all men living if I did not religiously believe that both the King and your Lordship will be firmly convinced that no consideration on earth could have led me to it but the most conscientious assurances of his being in my judgment the man I know who came nearest to the picture I have drawn.

There remains only for me to say that, upon my Honour, he is totally ignorant of what I am writing, and that I am by no means sure his modesty or diffidence will allow him to engage in so momentous an undertaking.

Much more the letter contained to the same effect, and Lord Bruce having listened to it with attention, begged permission to lay it before the King. To this Sir Charles consented ; and his narrative continues :—

This letter being dispatched and actually, I supposed, in the King's hands I thought it time to apprize my brother of what I had done—Accordingly I sent to desire he would dine with me, which he did. We talked it all over, and both anxiously awaited the event. We were soon relieved from our suspense, by the following note, which I received that evening.

Sir Charles Thompson,

I am in possession of the very handsome letter you have written to Lord Bruce. You know my heart is much inclined to the name of Hotham. I desire you will be with me by 8 o'clock tomorrow morning, the going to a review is the cause of my appointing so unfashionable an hour.

Queen's House June 2d 1776. George R.

I attended him at the Queen's House the next morning, according to his orders. When he came into the room to me

where I was waiting I said, while I was making my bow, " I protest, Sir, I dare not look up. I don't know how to appear before your Majesty, after the liberty I have presumed to take."

" You have given me," said he, " the strongest proof of friendship I have ever yet received from any man in my life, and I will never forget it. *For in what you have done, you have done justice to my heart.* But tell me, have you secured to me that worthy man, your brother ? You have no doubt spoken to him by this time."

" If your Majesty shall think him worthy of so important a trust, he will, I believe, though with great diffidence, endeavour to obey your commands to the utmost of his power and abilities."

" Then I am easy, and I very sincerely thank you."

" When I wrote to Lord Bruce, I had not then, as I said, mentioned one word of it to him, but as soon as the letter was in his hands I thought it should no longer be a secret to him."

" You certainly judged well. It was fit and proper he should know it then, and that you should talk it over together. As to that letter, here it is (and he held it in his hands)—*It is now mine and I will never part with it while I live.* There are, as you see many fine pictures in this room, but not one so fine as that you have drawn in it. But you do not yet know the extent of the obligation I owe to you, and I shall surprise you not a little when I tell you that Lord Bruce is no longer my son's Governor ! "

" Surprise me, Sir, I am *astonished !* " (and, indeed, I was more so than I ever was in my life.) " Why Sir, he left me yesterday morning at ten o'clock, and desired to have my letter by twelve, that he might lay it before your Majesty."

" Yes, but he never delivered it. When you saw me yesterday going into the drawingroom,—when by the way, I observed you look much distressed,—I knew nothing of what was so soon to happen."

" I was, I confess, Sir, exceedingly so, for I then imagined your Majesty to be in possession of that letter, so much, that I own I kept out of your way ! "

" No, I was *not.* At the Drawingroom the Bishop of Lichfield whispered to me that he wished to speak to me as soon as it was over. I sent for him when I returned to my closet. He said, ' I am sorry to inform your Majesty that Lord Bruce is either gone or going to Bath.'—' *To Bath, my Lord, at this moment ?* '—' Yes, Sir, he has received letters from Lady Bruce

that make his presence there necessary.'—' My Lord, I understand this. *Then he is no longer Governor to my son?* '—' I am much concerned to say that is the case. But here is a letter he charged me to deliver into your Majesty's hand, and tho' 'tis open, I have not looked into it, nor do I know from whom it comes.'—It was this of yours ; and I leave you to judge what a cordial to me it was at such a moment of Disappointment! I sent immediately for the Duke of Montagu,[1] and having related to him what had passed, at which he was as much hurt and surprized as I could be, I called upon him as a Peer of the Realm to stand by his Sovereign in distress, and, as my friend, to relieve me from what one of his family had brought me into by accepting that station himself. Without hesitation, in the handsomest, noblest manner he did so. Therefore the great point is now settled. He knows the part you have acted, and my intentions with regard to your brother, which he is as happy in as I am. But as he knows him only by character I have promised that you would make them personally acquainted, and that you would carry your brother to him this morning at ten o'clock, which I wish you would do, as he expects you.—As to Lord Bruce he is a very worthy man for whom I have a great regard, and as I know what he must suffer upon this occasion, I really feel for him and pity him most sincerely. When, therefore, you have done with the Duke of Montagu, I desire you will call upon him and see him if he is not gone, and say to him from me everything to make his mind easy. If he is [gone] write to him to that end."

Thus, at a moment when any other Sovereign would have been dwelling on the affront offered to his person by the action of Lord Bruce, George, despite his lack of imagination, could yet, out of the sheer kindliness of his heart, think only of the previous anxiety and the subsequent agitation which a man must have suffered who could be betrayed into so incredible a step as that of which the ex-Governor had been guilty!

A long conversation ensued between the King and Sir Charles, in which various minor questions were discussed. Among others, George consulted him respecting the choice of two young men whom he desired to place about the person of the Prince, in order to relieve the Governors from too close an attendance. "Can you not find me two young Gentlemen

[1] George Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan and Duke of Montagu. Elder brother of Lord Bruce.

from Yorkshire ? " the King pleaded ; but Sir Charles diplomatically evaded the responsibility of finding two young paragons either in Yorkshire or elsewhere. Next, the problem suggested itself to the Royal mind what could be done in regard to the commission in the army which George Hotham had just purchased and to the duties of which, in view of his new post, he would be unable to attend. On this point Sir Charles responded unhesitatingly :—

" Attached as I know him to be to his profession, it would break his heart to quit it ! "

" Oh God forbid I should have such a thought ! " exclaimed the King warmly,—" that would indeed be cruel ! He is not to sacrifice his walk in Life because I call him to another in my service. That would be very unjust ! I'll tell you how I have settled it in my own mind. He bought his company, he shall sell it. *That* he has a right to, & he shall keep his rank. Now though this is against the General rule, is there a man in England upon such an occasion who can object to it ? . . . You see I do no more than withdraw him from the Guards, keeping him still in the service, from whence I should be sorry to part him."

But a fresh difficulty then occurred to the mind of George, and he added anxiously :—

" Yes, but another thing—when it comes to his natural turn to have the rank of Colonel, tell me in what shape can I best give it him ? "

" By Brevet, Sir, or any other that at the time may be most convenient to you.—There is indeed one if I might venture to name it that would be most flattering and creditable to him, & perhaps the easiest to your Majesty."

" What is it ? "

" If you should think proper to do him the honour to appoint him one of your aides-de-camp."

" That is the best of all ! I wonder at it, but I confess it did not occur to me. I thank you much for the thought. It shall be so, and to put the matter past a doubt, and that there may be no mistake about it hereafter, Lord Barrington shall this night have a letter from me which shall be entered in the office to signify that when his junior is to have the rank of Colonel, no matter by what means, that very day your brother—not

shall be but actually *is* my aide-de-camp, so that he will not even lose that step. Well then, this is settled ! "[1]

Before Sir Charles left the Royal presence, the King again reminded him—" But pray do not forget poor Lord Bruce. If you do not see him, write him as kind a letter from me as you can, and assure him he possesses my regard as much as ever."

Our visit being over to the Duke of Montagu (whose behaviour was as handsome as possible) [continues Sir Charles], I went to see Lord Bruce ; but learning at his house that he was set out for Bath I wrote to him according to the King's directions. I had scarce got home when his Majesty, the instant he returned from the review, wrote me this letter.

SIR CHARLES THOMPSON,

I cannot help feeling an anxiety to know how poor Lord Bruce continues, and whether he is gone into the country. A line from you would agreeably relieve my mind ; and, when you know that, I am certain I shall not be long before I receive one.

GEORGE R.

Queen's House June 3d 1776 $\frac{m}{40}$ pt 3 p.m.

I answered it, of course, instantly, and informed him of what I had done. The next day, his Birthday, he told me at his dressing that my brother had been with him two hours that morning, that he had presented him to the Queen, the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick ; and he said so many obliging, flattering things before everybody, and the dressing was, as it always is that day, particularly crowded, as to make me really ashained. I had, however, the great satisfaction of seeing him with a mind quite at ease.

The day after he said, " I am to go to the Play to-night to see Garrick for the last time, and as you set off for Yorkshire tomorrow I wish you would come to me this evening at the Queen's house at five o'clock. I want to show you some papers."

I attended him accordingly. He said, " I have been much distressed about Lord Bruce, for what I am sure he must under-

[1] The King did not forget his promise. Some years afterwards when the vacancy occurred he wrote personally to Colonel Hotham to announce to the latter his appointment as aide-de-camp, adding with naïve satisfaction : " *It is hoped that this is the first intimation Colonel Hotham can have received of what will give him pleasure !* "

go from what has passed, but I have written him a letter which I hope will relieve him."

When he had read it to me, I could not help saying, for I really thought it—"*Relieve* him, Sir, it *must*, for no subject, I will venture to say, yet received such a one from his Sovereign."

It was enclosed in one to the Duke of Montagu, and as it had been the King's intention to have given Lord Bruce an Earldom in consequence of his appointment as Governor to the Prince of Wales, notwithstanding his having relinquished it as he had done, the letter was directed to the *Earl of Ailesbury*. This trait so perfectly astonished me that I had not a word to say upon it !

He then entered into a very interesting conversation relative to the change he had made in the establishment about H.R.H. which it is unnecessary, perhaps improper, for me to repeat. I shall therefore only say that, in mentioning those which he had dismissed, he spoke handsomely of some, civilly of others, and hardly of none. From those he had appointed he conceived the strongest hopes, and concluded with this fine expression—"*for it has been the wish of my heart so to bring up my son, that he may become an example to the rising generation.*"

"Now," says he, "I will show you my house." In one of the rooms of the Library there were two pictures of him standing on the floor, and observing they caught my eye, he asked me which I liked best. I said—"that one, Sir, I remember to have seen at the Exhibition two or three years ago, and I cannot say I much approved of it. But *that* is I think the likest Picture I have seen of your Majesty."

"I am glad you do, for as far as I can be a judge of oneself, so do I !—How does your house at Dalton go on ? "

"Pretty well, Sir—I hope to inhabit it in part this year."

"Then you must give me leave to place that picture there which you like the best of the two. You see it wants a little alteration—when that is done I will send it you."

I could ill express the sense I had of such a favour. From thence he carried me to the Queen, and they together showed me the change intended in the Prince of Wales' apartments, and that destined for my brother. While they were drinking their coffee too many gracious things passed on my subject for me to touch upon. But one I cannot help mentioning because it entirely cleared up the conversation [that] I have related the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick held to me [*sic*] many years before and proved he had not spoken at random.

The King said " Now that all our business is so well settled, quite to my mind, I will tell you a truth which I call upon the Queen to bear witness to, for no mortal knows it better. So early as from the time of the Prince of Wales being two years old, it was the wish of my heart you should be about him.—Did I, or did I not tell you so Madam ? "

" It is indeed very true, you certainly did."

" And now," says he, " my wish is completed, for in giving me your brother you have given me yourself. It is the same thing and I am equally satisfied."

The moment being come for their going to the play, relieved me from an attempt towards making an answer.

Sir Charles learnt afterwards that if he had accepted the post offered to him by the King, it had been the Royal intention to bestow on him a peerage which his refusal rendered impracticable. Meanwhile, in response to the letter which he had sent to Lord Bruce, he received an answer remarkable only for its complete reticence in regard to the real motive of the writer's conduct :—

My dear Sir Charles,

His Majesty's most gracious & affecting Message & Note by the Bishop of Lichfield, & the Contents of your very obliging Letter, together with my having such a Successor as the Duke of Montagu, give me all the Comfort & Satisfaction I can expect in such a Case.

I am at a loss how to express my grateful feelings on this important occasion & how much I am

etc. etc.

Bath June 5th 1776. Bruce.

" With what truth I know not," adds Sir Charles, " it was said at the time, and generally understood, that Lord Bruce quitting his office at the moment he did was at the intercession of Lady Bruce "—and Horace Walpole echoes this supposition when speaking of Lord Bruce's conduct—" It is said that his mad wife, Mr. Hoare's daughter,[1] had written a piteous letter, promising that she would die if deprived of her dear Lord ; but must not her dear Lord be frantic to quit in so indecent a manner ?—Have I not told you we are all mad ? "

[1] He married as his first wife in 1761 Susanna, daughter of Henry Hoare, Esq., of Stourhead, Wilts, and the relict of Viscount Dungarvan.

It seems, however, probable from the account given by Sir Charles of the extreme agitation exhibited by Lord Bruce on his first acceptance of the post, that his subsequent decampment was due more to a fit of alarm at the prospect of what he had undertaken than even to the representations of his wife. Whatever the explanation, within ten days from his appointment George Hotham had entered upon his new duties. His suitability for the position has already been pointed out, but a description of him written by his son, Admiral Sir William Hotham, gives a yet more graphic picture of a man who, wholly in harmony with the ideal demanded by the King, could scarcely fail to come into antagonism with the spirit which later animated his sons:—

No man [relates Sir William] ever united in a greater degree than he did, the polished manners of a Courtier, with the purest principles of integrity, both in public and domestic life. His natural disposition to reading strengthened a memory of itself unusually retentive. He was peculiarly fond of & conversant in [*sic*] general History and was a polite Scholar: he had an easy flow of language, and in common with his Elder Brothers had the faculty of telling a story well. He was to a painful degree diffident of himself, which at times subjected him to the appearance of cold manners. He was constitutionally irritable but had the power of controlling any undue manifestation of it. His good-breeding to all (but especially to his inferiors) ensured respect and esteem. In his way of thinking as well as his manners, he was of the "vieille Cour." His ideas of liberality were extensive, and tho' a man of very small expense himself, he made the most indulgent allowances for those of his children.

The salary received by George Hotham in his new appointment was, he informed his brother, about a thousand a year "with a deduction of £50"; but he considered that it would be wrong on his part to save a shilling of this income—it must all be expended on keeping up the state requisite to his position in the King's service. He was therefore starting an "equipage" and arranging for a suitable house for his wife.[1] He further proceeded, from time to time, to give Sir Charles an insight into his new life and his private opinion of his two

[1] He married, December 16th, 1769, Diana, youngest of the seven daughters and co-heiresses of Sir Warton Pennyman, Bart. (afterwards Warton), by whom he had three sons and two daughters. She died July 17th, 1817.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE HOTHAM
SUB GOVERNOR TO THE PRINCE OF WALES (GEORGE IV)
Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

charges, who at this time were respectively twelve and thirteen years of age.

Colonel Hotham to Sir Charles Thompson

Kew Saturday 15th June 76.

Dear Charles,

I arrived here (to take up my residence) Yesterday Morning, & embrace a little leisure I have before our dressing time to inform you of our being settled, and of my having met with every possible civility from their Majesties, Their Royal Highnesses, & indeed from every Person I have met with.

The King did me the honour to order me to attend him on his walk this morning, during which We were alone together ; I had consequently the opportunity of receiving his Commands from himself relative to the line of conduct I am to pursue ; I call them *commands*, as coming from my Sovereign ; but their Tenour and the manner in which they were conveyed were such as I should not be warrented to call by a stronger Term than that of *Advice* had they proceeded from any other Person.

Before we came home, I had an opportunity of saying to his Majesty how enchanted you appeared to be with his most gracious Condescension about his Picture intended to be sent to you. He expressed himself much pleased that it gave you the satisfaction I assured him it did ; & said he hoped you would receive it in the course of the summer.

Both the King and Queen are going today to Windsor in order to dine for the first time at the Queen's house there ; that which was Lord Talbot's. . . .

My wife is not yet come down. I have left her in town in order that she may be enabled to pay her Duty to both their Majesties at the Drawingroom on Thursday. . . . The King and Queen were obliging enough to take her by surprise the other day at Mrs Smelt's and come up into the room where we all were ; by which means and by their very gracious manner towards her, the worst part of her awe and timidity concerning them is in some measure abated.

The Same to the Same

Kew July 18 1776.

The Favour of the last letter you indulged me with should have been answer'd long ago had my time given me leave. The Excuse sounds an odd one, but it is nevertheless a very true one ; for unless I steal a portion of it which ought to be devoted to sleep, I have scarce half an hour in the four & twenty I can thoroughly call my own.

The Diversity of occupations the Princes employ themselves in, & the many Things they have got to learn, find us, I can assure you, most ample work, & cut the little Leisure Time we, their attendants, have, quite into Sippets. One of the Sippets, however, I hereby present to you ; & I am persuaded you will not be the less pleased when you receive it to learn we continue to go on to the full as well as my most sanguine Wishes can expect.

I would not be understood to say that our young Pupils are without their Imperfections and indeed their Faults. They certainly have both ; but what I have hitherto seen of their tempers & Dispositions makes me flatter myself that by time & attention we shall wear away the first & effectually correct the latter. No Labour will be spared for this End ; & as every Member which composes our private Establishment communicates with the utmost unreserve with the rest of his Fraternity, our unanimity, seconded by every Support we can wish from their Majesties, must, I think, do great things.

The King assured me the other day he had not forgotten the Picture & that it should be sent you with all proper Expedition ; & as he did not open to me further on the Subject, I take for granted it will surprize you some day when you least expect it. . . .

His Majesty complained yesterday very much of the most violent Head-ache, which the Dust of the Journey to & from Town & the Heat of the Drawingroom did not contribute as you may judge, to alleviate. To-day, however, he did us the honour to ride with us & he is greatly better. I understand Abstinance is his great method of Cure.

As for private news, there is a report, and I am afraid a true one, that Lady Tyrconnel is gone off with a Mr Smith, who I understand is of Yorkshire. Ld Granby it is said is gone after her to persuade her to return Home. It is possible it may be a scandalous report.

Never once, either in the letters of Sir Charles Hotham or his brother, is any hint conveyed of the true cause of the violent headaches from which the King occasionally suffered. Even the most intimate members of his circle were unaware that, so early as 1767, he had shown signs of the mental affliction which later was to develop beyond all possibility of concealment. But the attacks of headache from which he suffered are often referred to in the correspondence of the brothers,

also the fact that the King took his own method of dealing with these. "His Majesty," remarks Sir Charles, on one occasion, "has had reason to return to his starvation diet of vegetables, fruit and cream. His malady appears to be of the nature of a bilious disorder."

Colonel George Hotham to Sir Charles Thompson

Kew, Sunday 18th Aug. 1776.

Dear Charles,

The week which is past has been a busy one, it having contained both the Prince of Wales's & Prince Frederick's Birthdays ; and such fêtes not only derange our young people (& of course us) for the day on which they happen, but for several days preceding & succeeding them. This is a consequence very natural & such a one as you may suppose.

We solemnized the Prince of Wales's at Windsor & P. Frederick's here, & all things considered, they both went off very well.

At Windsor we met Lord Ailesbury,[1] whom I had never seen before since my appointment & with whom therefore I exchanged many civil Speeches, as you may imagine. When we were to return here in the evening, I came back with his Lordship in the Duke of Montagu's coach, judging it civiller to do so, tho' there was room in the Prince's, than to let him return in the coach alone ; & I am glad I did so as it gave me an opportunity of two hours conversation with him in a confidential Way. People talk much of his being replaced in the Bed-Chamber again in the room of my Lord Cathcart ; with what reason is more than I know but I should not think it unlikely.

In respect of the King & Queen my situation has all the *Agrémens* possible to recommend it. I see a very great deal of both ; of the former Particularly ; & have the sincere satisfaction of knowing that I have not, as yet, lost one tittle of their most gracious approbation. This very evening I had the Honour of a long conversation with his Majesty, *solus cum solo*. In the course of it he was pleased to say "I can assure you, Colonel Hotham, I cannot express to you how much I am pleased both with your conduct and yourself. I want words to do it ; & the only way to give you an Idea of it is to say that you have in everything realised the Picture your Brother has drawn in his Letter to Ld Ailesbury which I was so much obliged to him for." To the best of my Remembrance these were his Majesty's very words ; Words which, however pleasing

[1] Formerly Lord Bruce.

to me, though it does not become me to repeat, yet I cannot withold from *You*, because I am sure they will be satisfactory to you both on my Account & your own.

As to my young Charges, they are very fine Lads indeed ; & were they my own sons I should be perfectly at ease about their future Appearance in the World ; but, born as they are, I cannot help, however groundlessly, entertaining every Fear about them. They have both a most excellent Capacity ; but have, as all Boys have, their hours of inattention. They have both the warmest & most unfeigned regard for, not to say adoration of their Parents ; & if any accident prevents their seeing the King at the times they expect to meet with Him (which sometimes happens) they are always disappointed & sometimes even melancholy.

In their Tempers they appear to me very different ; which, without entering into detail, I can best describe to you by saying that the Elder would make the best Statesman, & the younger the best Soldier.

My great points with them at present are, 1st to discourage deceit and even to combat Art, & the Appearance of Art, whenever I meet with it ; & in this I think nobody but the Admirers of Machiavel will condemn me ; & secondly to keep so strict an eye on them as may be necessary to keep off improper Intercourse with Pages & Servants, & this I fear will be the most difficult Task of the Two. I have as yet had no great Reason to complain on this Head ; but if ever I should, I have settled with myself to take it up *en Maître* ; nor will I for my own sake or theirs let a single opportunity pass of doing so.—You will perhaps wonder at my dealing so much in Egotism & not mentioning the D. of Montagu's Name in matters where his Grace has the supreme Direction. But the Case is, I think it better to draw him into Action as seldom as possible, & when He is brought forth to let it be upon great occasions only.

One Branch of my Duty I shall always execute myself ; & that is the attendance whenever we go to their Majesties, as much to shew them the proper Respect, as to do what is most perfectly agreeable to Myself.

I believe I have before told you we see their Majesties often. It may be proper for your understanding what I have wrote, or what I may hereafter write, to inform you how often.

But first of all I must go to dinner. . . .

After eating a hearty dinner, which you know Sir William Wiseman always said was the most refreshing thing in the world, I proceed,

At this season, the Windsor Expeditions take up Mondays & Tuesdays, the King & Queen returning from thence only on Wednesdays, & the former directly proceeds to town for the Levée. In the Evening at 7 o'clock we walk out, & commonly contrive to meet their Majesties & conclude our walk with them. On Thursdays, about 8 in the Evening, the King has either Cards or Conversation at home, & there we attend likewise till he dismisses us. On Fridays (which is one of our riding days) He generally rides with us. On that Evening & on the Saturday Evening we see them again in the Gardens, & on the Sunday morning we attend their Majesties' prayers, & after they are over, the King walks with us an hour or two before Dinner.

Thus, therefore, in the course of the week, we see a good deal of them.

We have no News yet from America, but wait for it most impatiently. Domestic matters I cannot give you much information about either. Mr Damer[1] having shot himself can be no news to you by this time. He took the step at the Bedford Arms in Covent Garden after having supped with five women & Blind Burnet the Fiddler, (a gentleman who is in fashion, perhaps, since your time, but who is well known to the present Age.) He bought the Pistols that very day at Griffins, in the presence of Mr Vernon, the Groom of the Bedchamber, & seemed remarkably cheerful. Mrs D. was at Park Place when it happened.

My Paper will only allow me to desire my best Remembrances may attend Lady Dorothy & Harriet. In offering them, Di joins sincerely with Him who is most affectionately Yours

G. Hotham.

Not a single word about the Picture since I wrote last, so I suppose it is to be a surprise.

Towards the close of July, 1777, the King's picture at last arrived at Dalton; "Not that one," relates Sir Charles, "which I had pitched upon, but a better by the same hand (Chamberlain); the other not answering so well in the alteration, or what cause I know not, his Majesty had this one done." A letter of profound gratitude from Sir Charles, coupled with an anxious inquiry respecting the conduct of his brother in the new

[1] The Hon. John Damer, eldest son of Joseph Damer, Baron Milton (afterwards Earl of Dorchester), who married Anne Seymour Conway. (See page 214 and sequel.)

responsibilities which the latter had undertaken, elicited from the King a reply expressive of the warmest approbation of Colonel George Hotham. His Majesty again referred to the much admired letter which Sir Charles wrote to Lord Bruce, terming it "a most elegant Description of the Talents & Qualities necessary in the Person who should be appointed sub-Governor to my two eldest Sons," and asserting that Colonel Hotham had fulfilled that portrait in every particular. So far, all was satisfactory ; but since Sir Charles was so closely concerned with the fortunes of his brother, it may be well to relate here the conclusion of the story.

A book exists full of the instructions written during the ensuing years by the King to his sons' sub-Governor. They show George, as ever, praiseworthy and pathetic. Infinitely conscientious, infinitely considerate, where blame was inevitable he administered this with a tact and thoughtfulness designed to soften the sting of reproof or dismissal ; where praise was due, as in the case of Colonel Hotham, he bestowed this with ungrudging satisfaction. Yet the King's mind dwelt on trivialities, he was a past-master in matters of detail. No item was too petty to escape his consideration, no order too insignificant to occupy his attention. A few specimens of this correspondence may suffice by way of illustration :—

From His Majesty to Lt. Col. Hotham, Sub-Governor to the Prince of Wales and the Bishop of Osnaburgh

Lt Colonel Hotham,

I can by no means consent to your attending my two eldest sons to St James's tomorrow unless you are quite recovered from the attack of the Gout. The attachment to order is too much rooted in the hearts of all who bear the name of Hotham that no one can suspect that your absence is occasioned by anything but illness. My sons will come as usual in the morning on horseback, the coach will be ready to conduct Mr Lyte ; my sons will dine with the Queen and me tomorrow, and Mr Lyte will attend them back in the coach in the evening.

The Duke of Gloucester wishes to visit my sons on Friday evening ; Lieut Col. Hotham after attending the Duke to their room will leave them together.

George R.

Queen's House June 14th 1780.

PORTRAIT OF GEORGE III, BY WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN, R.A.
PRESENTED BY THE KING TO SIR CHARLES HOTHAM, THE 8TH BARONET

The Same to the Same

Lieut. Col. Hotham will find the seal of the letter to him broke. The note from Mr Frazer will show that I did not do it out of curiosity, but from the information the note contained. . . .

I enclose also two letters from Edward to his two Uncles, but the Lieut. Colonel will see the style so underbred that I think it better they should not be sent. "Honoured *Unkle*" is certainly not a very genteel epythet [*sic*], and the whole tenour is not of a more elevated kind. I desire that Lieut. Colonel Hotham will just mention that I have no objection to Edward's writing a civil letter to each of his Uncles, but trust it will be in better form.

I desire Lieut. Colonel Hotham will give notice to Tunstall that we shall probably come on Friday evening to fix at Kew, that he may have the beds properly aired.

Queen's House June 28th 1780. $\frac{m}{5}$ p^t 7 p.m.

The Same to the Same

It might give rise to suspicion if I too frequently sent for Lt. Colonel Hotham, tho' our intercourse certainly is for one only object, the desire of preventing evil ; it is for that reason that I write these few lines, that he may from himself prevent things in the beginning from running too far. I know I cannot place confidence where it will be more inviolably kept. . . .

The bill of fare yesterday stated the dinner as above, double what it used to be ; if that is not a little checked in the outset it will be daily increasing.

A pair of Ruffles were wanted for the Birthday,—no less than twenty-four pairs were bought of Point lace yesterday. If care is not taken when the Bills come in, it will be impossible to discharge them, and then the bad custom will arise of paying them only in part. These things may appear trifles, but I thought it best to state them thus early that some care may be taken. I always had, and now have, a number of laces of which two are of superior prices than the others, and the whole number come annually to a fixed sum. I do not doubt that information could be got from Pavonarius what linnen and laces my late Father had, as well as what I used to have.

(No signature.)

Queen's House Jan. 15th $\frac{M}{7}$ p^t two P.M.

The following letter is without date, but appears to have been written about this time :—

Memorandum from His Majesty

Lt. Colonel Hotham will order the Prince of Wales's coach and six, the Hobby Grooms, Helpers, and Party of Light Dragoons to be ready when the Princes have dined to bring them to Windsor.

Accomodation is prepared in the Castle for each of the Princes to lye in separate rooms, as also for Lt Colonel Hotham, Lt Colonel Lake and Mr Arnold,[1] for two of the Princes' Pages, a Servant for each of the three Gentlemen, and for the two footmen that attend the Prince of Wales. *Lieut. Colonel Hotham will order proper sheets, Candles, Candlesticks, Coffee-pots and Tea-Kettle to be carried by the Pages.* Stabling is prepared for the above Horses and lodgings for the Servants.

In a similar memorandum sent on another occasion when the Princes were to visit Windsor for a few days—the King ordains : "*The Princes will want their own sheets, but no one else.* The Princes should take their writing-boxes, that they may do their usual exercises with Mr. Arnold. . . . Mr Arnold to keep the Princes employed for three or four hours in the middle of the day ; the morning and evening lessons may be omitted for Friday and Saturday." One of the principal events indeed which occupied the King's attention was this frequent transition between two places of residence. The weekly holding of the Queen's drawing-room entailed the constant return of the Royal party to Kew even when they were nominally resident at Windsor, and it is evidently with a sigh of relief that George writes in the month of June : "When the Parliament is prorogued, the drawingrooms will be but once a fortnight, consequently the removals to Kew as seldom."

[1] "The Rev. William Arnold was sub-preceptor under the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry (Hurd), and succeeded Dr. Jackson. In the latter part of his life he was, like his Royal Master, subject to occasional mental derangement. He used to visit his friend Hurd, who had then become Bishop of Worcester and was staying at Hartlebury when his final attack, of which he was perfectly aware, came upon him. His illusion seemed to be ambition, he used at times to wear a tiara and a mitre, and when not thwarted was tolerably composed. Several gentlemen of the neighbourhood who knew him used to visit him in his affliction and play backgammon with him and even chess. He eventually died at Leicester." (Note by Sir W. Hotham.)

So the monotonous years passed, while the King discussed laboriously whether his sons should or should not have clean sheets, or sheets of a particular quality ; what teapot was to be devoted to their use ; what candles they were to burn ; what hours they were to pass in special occupations ; and whether the phraseology of Prince Frederick or Prince Edward presented an " ungenteel epythet "—couching his complaint in fashion equally illiterate. But, later, into the Royal letters there creeps a new note of sadness. Instead of the trivialities of existence the King is called upon to confront matters of moment, a situation for which, in his carefully thought out scheme of education, he has made no provision. We see him, with a surprise which is piteous, recognising the failure of his cherished hopes, the bitter revolt of his eldest son from that paternal control, the alienation of the affection which the Prince formerly bore him ; and still, through his own darkening intellect, stern in undeviating integrity, we see him combating those conditions, partially self-created ; and, with unbending dignity, calling upon his reckless heir to reform errors which else must work the ruin of a life once bright with promise.

Towards the close of 1780, when the Prince of Wales was eighteen, he was promoted to a separate establishment, and Colonel Hotham, under the new régime, was appointed his treasurer and secretary. Thenceforward, in a complete revolt from the life of restraint which he had previously led, the Prince's career exhibited an ever-growing course of dissipation and extravagance which roused the ire of his parents. For the King who, from his earliest years, had unhesitatingly sacrificed inclination to duty, could ill understand a temperament which, at every turn, as unhesitatingly sacrificed duty to inclination. Moreover the Prince gloried in siding with the political faction which his father detested, and in 1783 supported the Coalition Ministry to which his father was bitterly opposed, and which, in return, offered, on the Prince attaining his majority in August of that year, to raise the income of the heir-apparent from £50,000 to £100,000 per annum—a project that the King thwarted. While the discussion was at its height in the month of June, Colonel Hotham received a letter from his Royal master to lay before the Prince expressive of profound dis-

pleasure at the conduct of the son to whom His Majesty would not condescend to write personally :—

From the King to Colonel Hotham

Windsor June 21st 1783.

Colonel Hotham,

The punctuality with which you have always performed every part of your duty during the time I have had the pleasure of personally knowing you, added to your discretion and the attachment you have ever shewn to the real good of my children makes me pitch on you to acquaint the Prince of Wales with what I should have done by word of mouth had he not, when he came here to mention the affair of his separate establishment, changed his mind, and from what I learnt from the Queen, begged her to thank me, declining doing it in person lest it might draw on a conversation which might embarass him. I am not surprised he avoided it, as his conscience, if not entirely put to sleep, as well as his knowledge of my sentiments, must have made him expect that, on such an occasion, I should have uttered very homefelt truths.

Now that the business is fully in train, I desire you will acquaint him that, not thinking it advisable to apply to Parliament for any further assistance than such as may enable me to allow fifty thousand pounds per annum, which, with the revenue of Cornwall, will make his income about twenty-seven thousand more than the late King thought sufficient for me in a similar situation ; [on] which I am fully persuaded that with proper attention and economy he can live handsomely, but not with the shameful extravagance he has shewn till now, which appears the stronger by an intimation he has sent me by the Duke of Portland, that he has debts to the amount of above twenty-nine thousand pounds, to which I might add what I gave him on a former very improper business.[1]

He must therefore recollect that this is for the last time that his debts can be paid, and that therefore he must live on the sum allotted, and that I do expect an assurance through you from him of his intentions to keep within bounds.

What I mean to apply to Parliament for his debts, fitting up his house, stables, and any other necessaries on this occasion, is a sum of sixty thousand pounds. I mean to let him have the use of the house my late mother inhabited in Pall

[1] This probably refers to the Prince's intrigue with the beautiful actress Mary Robinson, famous for her performance of Perdita at Drury Lane. This connection lasted two years, and the Prince gave her a bond for £20,000 which she afterwards surrendered. He left her to die of want.

Mall[1] on condition that the premises be not damaged, particularly that the passage my Mother granted to the late Duke of York be not widened, and that he shall take all taxes and repairs and the expense of keeping the garden on himself. He must also find stables in town for his horses and places for his carriages, I having no room for them, besides an interference of separate servants is very inconvenient.

As to a Country House, I have none for him, but if he wishes to have another he must provide it himself, but I must again repeat he must if he means not to lose the good opinion of the Nation avoid debts. . . .

Whenever he shall think it right to express to me the wish of marrying, then I shall look on myself authorized to apply to Parliament that his annual income may be increased to one hundred thousand pounds.

I cannot quit this subject without saying that a plan must now be prepared under his inspection for the expenses of his house-keeping, stables, privy Purse, keeping back a sum for extra-ordinaries which should be exactly kept to. . . . Now is the hour to put the whole on a proper footing . . . estimates should first be made [in order] that the expense do not exceed the means of effecting them.

I cannot conclude without mentioning that the Prince of Wales, on the smallest reflection, must feel that I have little reason to approve of any part of his conduct for the last three years, that his neglect of every Religious duty is notorious, his want of common civility to the Queen and me not less so, besides his total disobedience of every injunction I had given, and which he, in the presence of his brothers and the gentlemen then about them both, declared himself contented with. I must hope that he will now think it behoves him to take up a fresh line of conduct, more worthy of his station, that he may regain the good opinion of men of Religion, Decency and Worth, and that a continuation of levity may not shorten his days, and make him repent, when too late, of not having followed the advice of an affectionate though distressed parent.

GEORGE R.

Was the erring Prince, one wonders, touched at the mingled dignity and pathos with which the stern old King admonished him? There is little fault to be found with the dutiful and submissive reply which he dispatched to his parents through

[1] Carlton House.

the same channel by which they had addressed him; time alone was to show how much, or how little, it contained of sincerity:—

The Prince of Wales to Colonel Hotham

DEAR HOTHAM,

In the letter that you yesterday shewed me from the King there are many parts which give me extreme concern: y^t^ in particular where His Majesty is pleased to mention y^t^ I have been wanting both in duty and common attention to Him and the Queen.

Nothing, I can assure you, was ever more distant from my thoughts. Indiscretion I may have been guilty of, but of none with a criminal intent. A real sense of my duty to, added to a most affectionate regard for their Majesties, with a sincere inclination to shew it upon all occasions, has, and I hope ever will be, the constant rule of my conduct. Upon these principles I am persuaded that you will do me the justice to believe I acted in my ready acquiescence to accept the present proposal for my future establishment, notwithstanding I had received assurances y^t^ His Majesty had graciously consented y^t^ an application sh^d^ be made to Parliament for a far more ample allowance.

However I may in this instance feel my disappointment I desire that you will assure His Majesty in the most dutiful and affectionate manner that as far as it lays in my power, my intentions are not to exceed my income. At all times their Majesties shall find me a dutiful and affectionate son, and I trust that whatever unfortunate misunderstanding may have unhappily subsisted between us, it will hereafter be buried in oblivion.

I remain, dear Hotham, most sincerely yours,

GEORGE P.

The Queen's House, June 22d 1783.

When Colonel Hotham laid this letter before His Majesty the heart of the poor old King was melted, and he determined to welcome his prodigal son:—

Colonel Hotham to the Prince of Wales

SIR,

I have the most sincere and heartfelt satisfaction in informing your Royal Highness that his Majesty's perusal of the letter you did me the honour of delivering to me this morning was attended with every good effect I could expect.

I have his Majesty's commands to acquaint your Royal Highness that your Reception on His part on your coming to Windsor tomorrow shall be such as may leave your Royal Highness no room to doubt of his Paternal affection ; and from a principle of Delicacy not a single word shall be mention'd by his Majesty relative to any past unhappy misunderstandings.

I have the honour to be with great respect
etc.

So, for a time, the reconciliation was complete, and the prodigal son basked once more in the favour of his parents ; but this happy state of affairs was of short duration. On his coming of age he was established at Carlton House, and forthwith launched into fresh extravagance, besides parading a yet stronger attachment to the politicians with whom his father was at enmity. In May, 1784, he gave a magnificent entertainment at Carlton House the day after the election of Charles James Fox for Westminster, and in order to add piquancy to the event, he assembled all the prominent members of the Opposition on the lawn of his palace for this fête at the precise moment when the King, his father, was proceeding in state down the Mall to open the new Parliament. Only the wall of Carlton House divided the two factions from each other ; and the bad taste of such behaviour was a subject of comment even amongst the Prince's adherents. Moreover, that same year his infatuation became notorious for Mrs. Fitzherbert, a handsome widow of twenty-eight ; and on one occasion, after a feeble attempt at suicide on his part, certain of his friends were dispatched by him to represent to her the deplorable state to which his affection for her had reduced him—one of those sent on this questionable mission being Lord Onslow, the little "Master Onslow" of Sir Charles's schooldays. As is well known, the following year the Prince secretly married Mrs. Fitzherbert, an action which in public he dishonourably caused to be denied ; but before that date he was again heavily in debt ; he was expending immense sums on building the Pavilion at Brighton ; and by the end of 1784 he had once more appealed to the angry King for a fresh settlement of his liabilities.

As the Prince's life shaped itself yet more and more into that of an incorrigible roué and spendthrift, the position of Colonel

Hotham became more untenable. The very uprightness and sincerity of his own character brought him perpetually into opposition with the will of the Prince, and forced him to utter remonstrances which were ill received. At length an opportunity arose, at which the Prince grasped eagerly, to insult, and thereby rid himself of, a man whose integrity alone offered an impediment to his own wild career.

On the 27th of March, 1786, the Prince sent a curt message by Colonel Lake to instruct Colonel Hotham, his "treasurer and Receiver General," to remove all the receipts and money which the latter had placed in the charge of the bankers, Messrs. Coutts and Co., and to lodge these with Mr. Hammersley, a banker in Pall Mall, from whom the Prince had been in the habit of receiving large loans. Colonel Hotham suddenly thus found himself placed in a peculiarly awkward position. As is well known, at that period James and Thomas Coutts, two sons of John Coutts, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, were carrying on the business of their London banking house in the Strand, where James for long had kept up the time-honoured custom of residing over his "shop." Thomas Coutts who, after the death of his brother two years later, became the sole representative of his family, was a man of strong individuality and eccentricity, hospitable, benevolent, and universally popular. His acquaintance was unlimited, and among it, both professionally and intimately, he numbered most members of the family of Hotham. He had undertaken the charge which Colonel Hotham had confided to him entirely as a matter of personal obligation to his friend; and there was a technical point connected with the transaction which the Colonel at once pointed out to Mr. Hammersley :—

His Royal Highness's concerns under my direction stand there under the title of *Colonel Hotham's separate account. . . . Messrs Coutts are my Bankers and not the Prince of Wales's.* His Royal Highness's elevated Situation knows no Banker. The Government of our Ancestors appointed for the Heir of the Throne a Treasurer and Receiver General. Such Officer is responsible to His Majesty's Exchequer for the receipt from thence, and to his Royal Highness, if of age, for the expenditure of every part of his income. No man whatever, if I understand my own commission, is authorised to receive one single shilling

from any quarter whatever for H.R.H. except myself, still less to pay it without my personal command or written order.

It remains to my Banker to consider whether much advantage may attend my lodging such *my concern* with him. I put all honor out of the question ; it would be an honor to be Bankers to the Prince of Wales, but that is impossible ; and I am sure it can be none to be Banker to so very private a person as Colonel Hotham.

An old acquaintance may, however, take that trouble upon him—but the advantage I apprehend cannot be very great when what is paid in to him one day is drawn out the next—such without entering into H.R.H.'s affairs, is likely to be the conduct of the Treasurer in his receipts and disbursements.

Under such conditions, therefore, Mr. Coutts had accepted the trust, which was merely a private concern between himself and Colonel Hotham ;—the latter alone being answerable for all sums thus lodged in the banker's care and Mr. Coutts himself having no responsibility to the Prince in the matter. But although, as Colonel Hotham explains delicately, *there could be little advantage to any banker in receiving large sums of money which were invariably withdrawn as soon as they had been paid in*, yet if it became known publicly that the Prince had peremptorily removed all that he possessed from the charge of Mr. Coutts, the banker might suffer under a very unjust misapprehension. No one would believe that " so severe and decisive a demonstration of His Royal Highness's displeasure " was not the result of some negligence on the part of the banker ; and, moreover, there was yet another consideration. Colonel Hotham was not actually the servant of the Prince ; he had been placed in his present post by the King himself, and before taking a step so momentous and which involved an act of injustice to a respected and valued friend, he felt that it was imperative to ascertain the wishes of His Majesty in connection with the matter.

The Prince was furious at such opposition to his authority, but Colonel Hotham, when it came to a question in which he considered his own honour to be involved, was like adamant. For a time the matter remained in abeyance ; but on July 24th the Prince sent a verbal message by Lord Southampton announcing that his treasurer must for the future expect a

reduction of salary, and reiterating the order that all money received on the Royal behalf was to be paid instantly into the hands of Mr. Hammersley. Colonel Hotham replied respectfully that no diminution of salary could diminish his zeal in the Prince's service, but that he declined to have any transactions personally with Mr. Hammersley ; he was willing, however, to pay all money into the hands of his three colleagues and take their receipts for the same, which must constitute his full discharge. One more interview with the Prince took place at Carlton House in the following October, when H.R.H. treated him with scant courtesy ; but in the December following he received a letter from the Prince, the roughness and arbitrary tone of which requires no comment :—

The Prince of Wales to Colonel Hotham

Sir,

I think proper to acquaint you that I am by no means satisfied in finding the directions I gave you by Lord Southampton respecting Mr Hammersley have not been punctually complied with, particularly as I expressed to his Lordship my disinclination to receive any reply or argument against the regulation I proposed.—But, to obviate every objection, I have determined to revoke the power for the Receipt of my allowance now in force at the Treasury or Exchequer, and to appoint you, together with the three other gentlemen engaged for the execution of the deed of trust, to transact the Business at those Offices ; continuing to you your respective salaries and leaving to your joint directions and management the mode of lodging my money with Hammersley, and giving orders on him for the necessary payment to my Household and pensions. I shall of course therefore take it for granted that the measures I propose will be immediately carried into execution.

I remain
Yours
George P.

Carlton House December 6th 1786.

The fresh arrangement proposed by this letter was an intentional insult, and one to which Colonel Hotham could not submit without complete loss of dignity. As he forthwith pointed out to the Prince in a respectful but determined reply,

that three gentlemen[1] who had hitherto ranked inferior to him in the Royal household, "should be raised to equal powers to me in the execution of an office jointly with me which I have long executed alone without impeachment or blame," was unthinkable, more especially "as that office was a trust or direction of money." His acceptance of such a proposition in itself would condemn him in the eyes of the public who would not be in possession of the true facts of the case. On the other hand, his refusal could have but one result. On the 5th of January he received his dismissal from the Prince's service with a coldly worded offer of a Pension of £1000 per annum. This, needless to say, was not accepted.

When the King heard what had taken place, he warmly commended Colonel Hotham's behaviour, and at once took a step which, apart from its obvious justice, was, as he must have known, peculiarly calculated to mortify the angry Prince.

George III to Colonel Hotham

It is with sorrow I find the Prince of Wales actuated by the same infatuation which has quite estranged him from me; but that [*sic*] of Colonel Hotham is perfectly agreeable to those sentiments of rectitude and honour for which I have ever valued him. These must make it more agreeable to him to decline the Pension, I therefore certainly approve of it, and shall in lieu pay him myself £1,000 per Annum for continuing to manage the pecuniary Affairs of my other sons, which I shall in future pay personally to him. I think Colonel Hotham will but shew that attention to my dearest son Frederick in taking an opportunity to acquaint him with what has happened which I know his sentiments will ever incline him to.

GEORGE R.

Windsor January 7th 1787.

The Same to the Same

The note I have just received from Colonel Hotham gives me great satisfaction, as it implies that he is pleased with my having rightly judged on the motives of his actions, so far I shall with truth add, that the family of Hotham have ever been conspicuous for a propriety of conduct in the various lines of life they have pursued.

[1] The three were Mr. Lyte, Colonel Hulse, and Colonel Lake, who owed his appointment in the Prince's household to the recommendation of Sir Charles Thompson.

The material honesty of Frederick will, I doubt not, make him see the conduct of the Colonel in the same light every man of Principle must. If a copy can be sent to Hanover of what passed, in consequence of the message brought by Lord Southampton in July, it will still make the communication more complete.

Windsor January 8th 1787.

The Duke of York, formerly Prince Frederick, had then been absent for nearly seven years from England; and Colonel Hotham, in compliance with the Royal wishes, sent out to his former charge an account of what had occurred, together with the letters which had passed between himself and the Prince of Wales. The Duke who, in his subsequent career, had perhaps small cause to criticise the conduct of his brother, wrote back in a tone of somewhat sanctimonious horror at the behaviour of the latter, which greatly delighted the King :—

H.R.H. the Duke of York to Colonel Hotham

DEAR COLONEL,

I take the very earliest opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of your very obliging letter of the 9th which, owing to the contrary winds, I did not receive till last post. I cannot sufficiently express my concern and astonishment at the rash step which my brother has taken in dismissing you from his service. It is an additional proof how much he allows himself to be governed by wicked and designing Persons, for had he consulted his own Heart, which I am certain at the bottom is good, he never could have acted in such a manner towards a person who has been attached to him from his very earliest years, and who has ever given the strongest proofs of his regard for his welfare.

I have read over with the greatest care the letters which you have been so good as to communicate to me, and cannot but be thoroughly of opinion that your conduct all through this very disagreeable affair has been dictated by the very strictest sentiments of rectitude and Honor, and certainly his Majesty's letter to you contains the most flattering approbation of it.

It is not necessary, I hope, for me to repeat to you the very sincere part which I take in everything which concerns you, and how happy I shall be on every occasion to prove myself ever

Your most affectionate friend

FREDERICK.

George III to Colonel Hotham

COLONEL HOTHAM,

I take the opportunity of Major Pryce's calling on you to forward you your quarterly allowance, at the same time cannot refrain from communicating what I am certain will give you much satisfaction, my having received a most pleasing letter from Frederick, who seems much hurt at the Prince of Wales not having changed his conduct, and very explicit declaration that I shall find in him a very dutiful and affectionate son. I therefore rejoice at the thought of seeing him in the next month. His appartment here will be thoroughly comfortable.

GEORGE R.

Windsor July 10th 1787.

Thus Frederick, as a reward for his " material honesty," was assured of an affectionate welcome from his parents on his return home in the following August, and a thoroughly " comfortable apartment " at Windsor, even—it may be imagined—with the luxury of clean sheets. In the general rejoicing of the Royal Family at this reunion, however, the Prince of Wales participated. Fanny Burney relates :—

Tuesday August 2d 1787.

To-day, after a seven years' absence arrived the Duke of York. I saw him alight from his carriage with an eagerness, a vivacity that assured me of the affectionate joy with which he returned to his country and his family. But the joy of his excellent father !—O that there is no describing ! It was the glee of first youth—nay, of an ardent and innocent infancy—so pure it seemed, so warm, so open, so unmixed.

Softer joy was the Queen's—mild, equal, and touching ; while all the Princesses were in one universal rapture.

The Prince's whole demeanour seemed promising to merit his flattering reception, gay, yet grateful—modest, yet unembarrassed.

The next morning arrived the Prince of Wales who had travelled all the night from Brighthelmstone. The day was a day of complete happiness to the whole of the Royal Family, and though the newly arrived Duke was its source and support, the kindness of his heart extended and expanded to his Eldest-Born, whom he seemed ready again to take to his paternal breast. . . .

The tea circle was now enlarged with some of the Prince's

gentlemen, and others came to pay their duty to the Duke. Colonel Hotham, Colonel Lake, General Fawcet . . . and some others were here for three evenings.

Thus in the " tea-circle " of Fanny Burney Colonel Hotham met again " the Prince's gentlemen " with whom he had formerly been associated ; and in this peaceful fashion apparently concluded the part he had been doomed to play in an unpleasant episode. Writing to his brother, at this date, he remarks :—

This Bustle of mine has ended much to my own Satisfaction ; as I get quit of a Hydra of Difficulties, with his Majesty's strongest & most entire approbation, signified to me in the manner the most honourable to myself, and although my Income is diminished considerably my Peace of Mind is much increased ; for there is no saying how far I or my Family might have been affected by my being longer involved in the management of the Prince's Affairs, untoward & desperate as the Aspect of them is at present.

But although he affected to treat the matter thus philosophically, and although it was universally agreed that his dismissal from the service of the Prince on a delicate point of honour reflected far greater credit upon him than upon the Prince, yet the incident preyed upon the mind of a man whose integrity had never previously been called in question ; and the subsequent anxiety of his new position with all its concomitant circumstances, as the King's intellect became again darkened, grievously affected his health. His death in 1806, when a General of the 14th Regiment of Foot, was ascribed by his physician to " premature old age " ; but his son, Sir William Hotham, stated that the shock and worry consequent upon his quitting the Prince's household, had been a primary factor in undermining his health.

It was thus during that lucid interval which extended over the years from 1804 to 1811 that George learnt that the man who had served him faithfully was no more. By then the afflicted King had had occasion to lament the loss of many subjects whose loyalty he could ill dispense with—some, as we shall see, belonging to the same family as that of his son's late treasurer ; and, with night behind him and possibly the

premonition of a yet darker night to come, there is something singularly pathetic in the prophetic comment made by him upon this occasion. Miss Goldsworthy, writing on February 16th to Mrs. O'Bryan, the daughter of George Hotham, remarks :—

Tho' I wrote yesterday I have no scruple in troubling you again today as Princess Mary told me the dear King had mentioned your late Father with the greatest regard and regret—how much he valued him, and what a truly honourable character he was, adding mournfully—"*I am doomed to survive all my old friends.*"

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CORRESPONDENTS OF SIR CHARLES, 1770–1783

WHILE these events were taking place, Sir Charles had followed with keen interest, and had strongly approved, the action of his brother in regard to Thomas Coutts. It is exceedingly probable, however, that the great banker himself had no knowledge of what had occurred or of the part which he had unintentionally played in the dismissal of Colonel Hotham from the Prince's service ; indeed the duplicity of the Prince was perhaps never more glaringly illustrated than in his conduct upon this occasion ; and an anecdote indirectly illustrative of this, is equally characteristic both of the Royal delinquent and of the man towards whom he had enacted so mean a part.

In 1787, the year of the dismissal of Colonel Hotham from the Prince's household, the building of the Pavilion at Brighton was completed, and, shortly afterwards, Thomas Coutts was staying there on a visit to the Prince. Now Mr. Coutts was remarkable not only for his extreme independence of opinion and action—as illustrated by his marriage with Betty Starkey, the servant of his brother James—but, with the true indifference of a Crœsus, in those days of lavish display in dress he was noted for the conspicuous and unvarying simplicity of his attire. Whether as the honoured guest of his Sovereign, or of the extravagant heir-apparent, he entered the Royal presence with the same imperturbable deportment, the same sincerity of speech and the same homeliness—not to say shabbiness—of costume.

It so befell that early one morning he sallied forth from the Pavilion to " take the air " clad, as was his wont, in a very plain brown suit, a somewhat dilapidated hat, and brown cotton stockings which hung limply about his legs. He seated

himself thus upon a bench near the Pavilion, and was complacently imbibing the fresh morning breeze, when he attracted the compassionate attention of a benevolent but somewhat eccentric old lady who happened to be passing. Seeing what she imagined to be a respectable but wretchedly poor old man, she was greatly touched at such an instance of honesty in distress, and approaching the bench addressed him as follows :—

"My good man, you appear to have seen better days. Here is a trifle to buy you a breakfast," wherewith she handed him a token for five shillings issued by Coutts' Bank. Then she continued encouragingly: "I will also see that you get your dinner, and shall raise a subscription for you amongst my friends."

Thomas Coutts, hugely delighted, thanked his benefactress with becoming gratitude, and assured her that he would be seated upon this same bench at dinner-time. He then bowed profoundly to the lady, and in due course returned to the Pavilion, whence, at the hour indicated, he slipped away from the Prince's dinner-table and resumed his former position on the bench.

Before long, his benefactress of the morning reappeared, and with her were quite a number of lady friends.

"Ah!" she cried triumphantly, "there's my distressed old man. There sits the poor deserving old fellow for whom I asked your charity!"

"*That!*" exclaimed one of the ladies astounded. "Why, that's Mr.——"

But before she could utter the great banker's name, the Prince of Wales himself appeared from the steps of the Pavilion, and, to the amazement of the benevolent old lady, hastened up to the poor old man, and slapping him affectionately on the back, shouted :

"Tom Coutts, we have fined you a bottle for leaving your glass!"

Upon the surprise of the benevolent old lady it is superfluous to dwell; what appeals even more strongly to the imagination is that the Prince could thus enact the rôle of a boon companion and genial host towards a man upon whose hitherto unblemished name he had, with unexampled callous-

ness, been endeavouring to cast a slur. It is also of interest to remark that many years later, Queen Charlotte—with, however, a complete absence of her son's insincerity—adopted the course of action which he had once contemplated. In 1810, when Sir Francis Burdett, the son-in-law of Thomas Coutts, was imprisoned in the Tower for his attack upon the House of Commons, Queen Charlotte wrote what she designed to be a crushing notification to Thomas Coutts of her Royal decision to withdraw her credit from his bank in three days' time. Unfortunately for the dignity of the Queen, the balance standing in her name was ludicrously slender ; and Thomas Coutts proved equal to the occasion. He returned to Her Majesty the curt reply that to withdraw a sum even of £500,000 from Coutts's bank would require a notice only *of three hours !*

Sir Charles, like others of his generation, delighted in the quaintness and simplicity of the great banker ; and many are the letters, ostensibly on business subjects, addressed to him from Tom Coutts. The earlier communications from the firm are signed by the names of both *James and Thomas ;* but in 1775 Thomas wrote to announce to Sir Charles one of the epoch-making events in the history of his firm. About the middle of the eighteenth century there had been only two banking houses west of Temple Bar, one resorted to by gentlemen of the Tory persuasion, and the other by those of Whig convictions. Andrew Drummond, a son of Lord Strathallan, who had been out in the '15, subsequently established himself in London, and Drummond's bank, with its suggestion of Jacobite leanings, was patronised by all of the same persuasion. It was therefore an event worth recording when a union was effected between a member of that house and the house of Coutts ; while the manner of the announcement is typical of the writer :—

Thomas Coutts to Sir Charles Thompson

Strand London 4th Sept. 1775.

Dear Sir,

I have admitted as a Partner in my Shop Adam Drummond Esq. Member of Parliament for St Ives, & the firm or name of The Shop by which you will be so good to address them for the future in Drafts for money or otherwise is Tho. Coutts & Co.

From a long acquaintance with Mr Drummond I know my

safety with him, w^h^ is a great point, tho' if there had been more time to consider of it perhaps I might have found a Partner who wou'd have been able to take a greater share of the executive part of the Business,—but as Life & health are so uncertain I did not think the safety of myself or my employers admitted of much delay.

I hope you Enjoy your Health & every other felicity & that you will believe I am ever with great regard

Dear Sir,

Your most Faithful

& obed Servant

THOMAS COUTTS.

Two years later it became necessary to secure an executive partner, and Thomas Coutts wrote again :—

Strand 2d May 1777

SIR,

To ease me of some share of the executive part of the business of my shop, we have admitted a third Partner, Mr Edmund Antrobus, a young gentleman we have long known & Esteem'd.

I flatter myself he will, so far as depends on him, give satisfaction to all my Friends, among the Number of which you have always, in the most attentive & obliging manner, permitted me to consider you.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful and obedient Servt

THOMAS COUTTS.

In regard to this latest acquisition to the " Shop " it may be added that Mr., afterwards Sir Edmund Antrobus, lived to be seventy years of age and continued to discharge his duties as partner there till the last. Many years afterwards he was joint executor with Sir William Hotham and his brother to the Will of Admiral, the first Lord Hotham.

But while all the great events in the life of Thomas Coutts were thus announced to Sir Charles in a manner which, if semi-professional, was wholly friendly, the same may be said of the rest of Sir Charles's large circle of acquaintance. That the character of a man may best be read in the letters addressed to him by his friends is a fact which few will dispute. The unvarying loyalty of Sir Charles to those whom he had

once admitted to his comradeship, the charm of his society which they sought so eagerly, his unfailing sympathy which induced them to retail to him every passing anxiety and trial which beset them, sure of his ready comprehension and limitless patience, are vividly illustrated in the correspondence which has survived; and although, in a limited space, it is impossible to do more than glance at a few out of this mass of interesting letters received by him between the years 1770 and 1794, these, while they cast a fresh and often curious light upon the times in which he lived, suffice to mark the cosmopolitan nature of his own interests and his tastes, and to show wherein he differed in breadth of outlook and diversity of appreciation from others of his generation.

His friendship with Colonel Baugh has before been referred to. After appealing for assistance to right the wrong in the case of the curious court martial *circa* 1770, Baugh, now a Lieutenant-General and Colonel of the 58th Foot, was in command at Gibraltar when he applied eagerly to his old friend for all news from his native land. "Your letters, my dear Sir Charles," he wrote enthusiastically, "as well as your company, are a cordial to all your friends!" In 1771–2 Baugh went on a trip to Portugal, and thence wrote to Sir Charles a curious account of that country at a crisis for ever memorable in its history—the date of the downfall and flight of the famous Marquis de Pombal or Pombalio.

Born in 1699, this great statesman for long had held the destinies of Portugal in his grasp. Sent in 1739 as Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and later to Vienna, he was recalled thence to his native land, where he became the right hand of the King, Joseph I. Shortly after his return occurred the fatal earthquake of Lisbon, and by his promptitude in repairing its devastations he won the affections of the people, while the evidence of his taste in architecture may be seen to this day.

His power rapidly increased till he was Sovereign in all but name. A man of iron will, despotic and relentless, he set himself unflinchingly to root out abuses which, under his predecessors, had gained frightful prominence, and in the achievement of his object he allowed no considerations of mercy or of fear to influence his designs. The highest in the land were imprisoned for previous misgovernment, and

meantime criticism of his own actions was forbidden under penalty of death. In 1758, when a plot was discovered against his power and the King's life, its ringleader, the Duke of Aveiro, was broken upon the wheel, and all concerned in it were punished with the greatest barbarity. Yet although the severity and haughtiness of Pombal roused against him powerful and bitter enemies, he was undoubtedly a great statesman; his reforms were far-reaching and beneficial, while the economy with which he administered the public funds was unequalled. Joseph I raised him to the rank of Marquis, and bestowed upon him great wealth and an extensive estate; but on the death of that monarch in 1777, the enemies of Pombal gained the ascendancy, so that he was forced to fly from their vengeance; and it was at this critical juncture, apparently, that General Baugh wrote to Sir Charles giving him a curious account of the state of Lisbon under these conditions:—

What is built of the Town is very fine, especially all the public Buildings. The great Square of three Faces (the sea making one) for all the different Courts and offices, Senate, Customs, Change etc. etc., is most *magnifique*. The great streets built by Marquis Pombalio are very fine, but your eye is hurt by the hight [*sic*] of the houses, and the monstrous stone posts; there are many noble ruins still remaining, such as Churches, Convents, Noblemen's Palaces, and whole quarters of the town a heap of rubbish.

Everything seems to be very quiet, & Pombalio it is thought will remain quiet in his retreat;—most certainly a very great man, but arbitrary and cruel, which perhaps might be necessary to carry his very great plan through. The Prisons are all thrown open, and many are come forth supposed to have been long since dead & their Estates spent, & others dead that have been supposed alive and remittances received from their friends. They were shut up in miserable Dungeons without ever seeing the light for 18 or 20 years, or knowledge of their Friends. Many lost their senses. Judge how Freire Andrée da Sarabodes must now feel who has been in that situation ever since he left England 10 years ago, released in the very same Breeches he had on when put in, & only one shirt given him 8 years ago, & this man is now, they say, or is to be Grand Chancellor. He was guilty of no crime, but he was too clever, & the Marquis was afraid of him, and there was something of a

satirical letter intercepted. The Marquis de Alorna, & three other Lornas are likewise released, supposed to be concerned in the plot long ago against the King's life. They are ordered 20 Leagues from the Court till they justify themselves from the slightest stain (in their own words) which it is said will be done immediately.

Pombalio, it may be added, remained in his retreat safe from his enemies, and enjoyed a peaceful old age; while Baugh continued his travels, which were occasioned by a protracted search for health. Most of the General's letters to Sir Charles meanwhile dwell on the doings of friends who were known to them both. At one time, in company with Lord Lewisham, he relates how he visited a famous Swiss doctor who had worked marvels for "Fat Van" during one of the latter's many physical afflictions; "Keppel raves about him!" wrote Colonel Baugh. This quack, who went by the name of "The old Man of the Mountains," was looked upon much in the light of a wizard. He dwelt upon the heights, about twenty miles from Berne, where, aided by a buxom wife and two most beautiful nieces, he housed his patients, rich and poor alike, under conditions of primitive simplicity. All who wished to consult him appeared before him immediately after breakfast, carrying their medicine bottles, when, clad picturesquely in his native costume, and smoking a long pipe, he reviewed them one by one, and found out ailments for each. In Baugh's case, however, the consultation was not wholly satisfactory, for the wizard knew no English and only one word of French, which he repeated at intervals with an air of profound wisdom to his edified patient—"*Charmant! Charmant!*"

On another occasion, the General wrote from Brussels where he had inaugurated musical evenings which became so popular that "they caused a dearth of ice and fruits throughout the entire province." There, he informs Sir Charles, that one of his most constant guests is the latter's former school friend and fellow Knight of the Bath, "Billy Hamilton," whose first wife[1] contributed greatly to the entertainments,

[1] The daughter and heiress of Hugh Barlow, Esq., Lawrenny Hall, Co. Pembroke. She was highly gifted and extremely musical. She was fond of giving concerts to which all the best performers were invited. She died in 1782.

being reckoned one of the finest musicians in Europe—" She plays divinely ! " wrote Baugh. And while in this locality the Colonel waxed sentimental over reminiscences of his youth, over the days when he and Ensign Hotham had both figured as gallant young officers manfully playing their part in a strenuous campaign :—

I made my journey very pleasantly here by coming from Liège by water to Mastrick, passing by all the places we knew so well in the year '47. I even remembered the places [where] I used to swim . . . everything was interesting. I saw poor Henry Vaughan's lodgings which I was used to visit him in so often after the Battle—I drop'd a tear—I was on that memorable Field for three or Four hours, where our Duke was led into such a scrape by suffering the French to have the advantage of the ground.

I went to Mass at Viltengen, where I lay, and was very near eat up alive, the night before the battle. . . .

Bruxelles is so improved since I was here in '46 that I should not have known it again, within this twelve months the Park has been open'd & lay'd out, and Built all round with magnificent Palaces, they began this Summer only, & before it is over they will have their Houses cover'd in—which beats us. Pictures & the Comedia are amusing, no *monde.*

By 1776, however, General Baugh was back in England, and wrote to his old friend Sir Charles, from Brighton, in the course of the summer, to describe the members of the *beau monde* who were then visiting that fashionable resort :—

Lieutenant-General Baugh to Sir Charles Hotham

Brighthelmstone, July 26th (1776)

I have had my pen in hand twenty times, my dear Sir Charles to answer your last very obliging and very kind letter, but this is such a world of idleness and dissipation that our whole time is so taken up with nothing that we have not a moment to do anything ; the perpetual round of washing, riding, & solacing, the care of invalids, living always in the air & idleness,—but alas neither that, nor the Sea, nor anything else has had the desired effect upon poor me. . . .

However, I put my best foot foremost, and laugh most at my own infirmities amongst the Belles, the Dear Creatures with which (amongst the *Ton*) I can not say we abound ; but in our own Hotel Mademoiselle Elizabeth, the *Femme de*

Chambre, is a Divinity, a Brunette, with such eyes, such teeth & such a forehead, cover'd with hair, twisting, twining in such ringlets, so beautifully crown'd, such shape, such grace, as would charm an Anchorite.—Why will not our Court Dames follow such an example, and not put their pritty faces into such enormous, unnatural Periwigs ? Lady Say would be quite out of countenance if she saw my little Vandike.

Our *Bon Ton* here are very moderate in that particular, even Lady Lincoln[1] does not make that Bushell upon her head; they are of the commerce circle ; Lord Northington[2] and Lady Louise Fitzpatrick,[3] all that's Feminine & gentle, a *rara avis* in these *bon ton* days,—and had her Ladyship what his Lordship wants—money—which most Lords want, I think it would do well for both.

Lady Holland's[4] conquest diverts us much, a half-pay Marine, who presents himself and a flaming red nose *vis à vis* where ever she is !

But Lady Payne is superior to everything, beauty, merit, and manner which all our English Dames in general want.

We have Lady Dy Beauclerk[5] sometimes, fat as her caro spozo is lean & lousy ; but the races have brought a Deluge of Beaux, Belles & Blacklegs upon us, Lady Barrymore arrived yesterday, Charlot Hay & a thousand fair creatures ; Lord Grosvenor, Vernon, Capt O'Reilly, March and half the Jockey Club. O'Reilly is the Hero and has taken all the knowing ones in, 5 to one against him. I was on the course the first day to

[1] Lady Frances Seymour Conway, dau. of Francis Earl of Hertford, married May 21st, 1775, Henry Fiennes, Earl of Lincoln, M.P. for Notts. She died in 1778.

[2] Sir Robert Henley, afterwards created Lord Henley and made Lord Chancellor. He was finally elevated to be Earl of Northington.

[3] Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick was sister to Lord Ossory and afterwards married, July 8th, 1779, William Fitzmaurice, Earl of Shelburne. "I will burn my books," wrote Walpole, "if beauty, sense, and merit do not bestow all the happiness on her they prognosticate!" She was the mother of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

[4] Mary, the sister of Lord Ossory, and wife of Lord Holland ; she died October 4th, 1778, at the age of thirty-two. She was both beautiful, charming and accomplished. When Winterslow House was burnt down she bravely ran to the nursery to save the lives of her children, and so doing unconsciously saved her own, for had she attempted to make her escape by the nearest exit, she would have rushed into the flames.

[5] Lady Diana Spencer, celebrated for her paintings, who in 1757 married Frederick St. John, 2nd Viscount Bolingbroke, nephew and heir of the great Lord Bolingbroke. She was divorced in 1767, and married Topham Beauclerk, Esq., son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk, fifth son of the 1st Duke of St. Albans, a worthless character who had induced Mr. Topham, of Windsor, to leave him a fortune.

see the world, and nothing that you can conceive could be more strikingly great and beautiful, something like Germany, with a view of the sea to terminate the prospects.

I am now summoned to the *Déjeuné*, having already drench'd the inside and pickled the out in sea water. As soon as we have demolished half-a-dozen rolls, etc, the Horses are at the door, and we gallop till two, and then (for those that are able) they sing, saunter, and stare with the Misses upon the Stein, a large enclosure, turfed, open to the Sea, with Shops, Ships, Windmills, and fullgrown Corn-fields all round you, with a very good band of music stuck up in a Pigeon House, who play till (you know by their retreat) it is time to dress for dinner, after which, it is the place for assembling again, and entertained with the same harmonious sounds, which leaves to the choice of the light of the moon, the Dance, or the Card Table. Thus the days roll on, *sans souci*, with the newspapers to help us from forgetting our English, and a wet morning the use of our pen; but I had not patience for that event to thank you for your attention and wishes. . . .

Thus gossiped Colonel Baugh about the world at Brighton, before the days when the residence of the Prince of Wales at the Pavilion made it yet more popular. It may be added, however, that one of the gay crowd mentioned by him, Lord Chancellor Northington, who figures in this letter as an incipient lover, is described elsewhere among the Hotham papers in a different rôle. "He," we are told, "had a bad trick of swearing upon every trivial occasion, and the force of habit was never more clearly exemplified than in an anecdote respecting his last moments. When at the point of death he suddenly exclaimed—'*I'll be d——d if I ain't dying!*'—turned himself round and expired!"

The year following Colonel Baugh's visit to Brighton he was appointed to a six months' command in Dublin; and his letters thence must have been of peculiar interest to Sir Charles since, at the same date, the brother-in-law of the latter was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. John, Lord Buckinghamshire, as before mentioned, was, in the course of his career, called upon to fulfil many posts of extreme delicacy for which his political enemies were eager to proclaim that he was not qualified; but the fullest record of the difficulties with which he had to contend during his Vice-

royalty, and his best personal vindication of his so-called errors, are to be found in his frank and continuous correspondence with Sir Charles during this strenuous period, supplemented by the corroborating evidence of General Baugh.

Unfortunately it is impossible here to follow in detail the course of events of which the Viceroy thus sent so minute and consecutive an account, though it is again worthy of remark how, in all his distresses and perplexities, he wrote without restraint to claim the sympathy, the aid, and the practical advice of Sir Charles—and how, in making such a claim, he was never disappointed. We must, however, first glance briefly at the changes and chances which the years had brought to the placid Clear-Cake of Horace Walpole's nomenclature.

The first wife of John Hobart had died, leaving him with a family of four girls, but no heir ; and on September 24th of the following year he married Caroline, the beautiful daughter of William Conolly of Stratton Hall in Staffordshire. Of this second union, besides an only daughter who survived him, he had one son born in 1773, and another born in 1775, both of whom died before they were eighteen months old ; so that all his hopes of leaving an heir became centred on a third son who was born in 1777.

It was the year previous to the birth of this last and precious infant when Lord Buckingham—as he preferred to be called[1] —was appointed to succeed Lord Harcourt as Viceroy of Ireland. Sailing on board the Dorset yacht, he arrived in Dublin on January 23rd, 1777, but Lady Buckingham, on account of her health, followed some months later. At one of the first public entertainments, however, at which she figured in her newly acquired regal capacity, a ludicrous incident occurred which must have confirmed the dislike professed by Colonel Baugh for the " enormous, unnatural Periwigs " with which he regretted that ladies then surmounted their " pritty faces." Lord Buckingham relates to Sir Charles :—

A few days after Caroline's arrival she was entertained with a very fine Review, Infantry, Dragoons & Artillery, together

[1] Previous to the creation of the Marquisate he always signed himself Buckingham.

about two thousand men. When they marched by they were to salute the Vice Queen. She accordingly stood forth, very beautiful and tolerably saucy; her Gentleman Usher (that Courteous Knight Sir John Haslet) stood behind her, holding a Parasol over the Babel which disgrac'd her head. The Crowd being great and other Ladys pressing forward to see her Excellency, the officers were told, to prevent mistakes, that they were to salute *a Lady standing under a Parasol;* but alas! poor Sir John, whose person and arm, fully extended, could not give a sufficient elevation to the Parasol, unfortunately brushed one of the Towers of Babel, and in consequence the Machine was instantly dismissed. This occasion'd considerable irregularity in the salute, *as no Parasol could be found!*

So the entire garrison marched past, bowing first to this lady, then to that; and the handsome dame to whom they should all have paid homage, not knowing the cause of the fiasco, became more and more perplexed at finding herself one moment saluted with the respect which was her due and at the next ignored for some unimportant member of the Vice-regal circle. About the same date General Baugh wrote to Sir Charles with regard to the "Lady Lieutenant":—

You would be charmed to see how well she does the honours, she does not lose the least sight of her situation & Dignity & is as easy and well-bred as the Queen, so much so as to please—I really believe—everybody; and as to his Lordship, I see nothing but what is exactly what it should be, as much *Buckingham* as he ought to be. . . . The other night the ball-room all filled with women, exquisitely dressed, and the whole rising when their Excellencies came in was prodigiously striking . . . people are all astonishment to see how we outdo St James's.

But soon, to the "saucy," beautiful "Vice Queen" there came a grief which went nigh to breaking the hearts of both her and her husband. Their third son, that infant whom the anxious parents had vainly hoped would be spared the fate that had bereft them of his brothers, ere long exhibited signs of the same disease. By October, 1778, it became evident that he likewise was foredoomed to an early grave; and the letter in which Lord Buckingham announced to Sir Charles the impending calamity, exhibits the poignancy of his private grief

accentuated by its cruel contrast with the circumstances of his public surroundings:—

Lord Buckinghamshire to Sir Charles Thompson

Dublin Castle Nov. ye 4th 1778.

Dear Sir Charles,

Tho' in some sort callous'd, from repeated sad experience, to family disappointments, and sensible that the probable humiliation, if not annihilation, of the British Empire renders the succession to a Peerage of less import, yet the unexpectedly finding that my little boy is sinking into his Brother's grave is a severe Trial. Lady Buckingham is most completely miserable, but the violence of her Grief will spend itself, mine must be permanent, it will extinguish the little comfort deriv'd from the fond Idea of leaving a Representative, which cheers the last closing scene, and warms the dying feelings of human vanity. My Son may continue to languish a day or two but his Recovery cannot be expected, my property therefore, all deriv'd from female sources, must probably now be convey'd through the same channel.

The Bells are ringing, the Guns are firing, and the Houses are decorating with Ribbons, and every other Gay Circumstance is preparing for the accustom'd Procession upon this day, and I am to do the honours of a very splendid entertainment. The wise men tell me that, as the poor Babe is not actually dead, no part of this can politically be omitted. I struggle with my anguish—and by dint of forcing an appearance of tranquility may almost be suspected of insensibility, but my heart akes [*sic*]. . . .

Harriet[1] has passed nine months with Lord Moira, who is most kind to her, and is to continue there till Christmas; some accounts from thence flatteringly assure me that she is improv'd in person and manner. My love to your Ladys.

Apart from this domestic grief, the new Lord Lieutenant, at the beginning of his Viceroyalty, was inclined to view his situation with complacency. "My health and spirits are good," he wrote to Sir Charles. "Some little ruffles I have had, but none from England, and not sufficient either to spoil my dinner or break my rest. No Sovereign in Europe has better Ministers." He boasts, too, how, during the first nine

[1] His eldest daughter by his first marriage, who married first Armar, 1st Lord Belmore, which marriage was dissolved by Act of Parliament, and she then married William, Marquis of Lothian, whose descendants inherited the estate of Blickling, in Norfolk.

months of his Viceroyalty, " I have not given any promise of favour, though every Irish gentleman enters my presence with a P. in his mouth—*Place, pension, privilege, peerage or Privy Councillor!*" In view too of the previous residence of his brother-in-law in Ireland, he strove to furnish Sir Charles with any interesting military information. Criticising the Irish Dragoons, for instance, he concludes gaily—" This is the report of the *Veldt Maréchal Comte de Bouquinham;* he laughs as he writes, you may therefore certainly laugh as you read. *Je sçais que je n'en sçais rien—c'est toujours sçaver quelque chose.*" He refers, too, to the *beau monde* in Dublin, and mentions a sometime playmate of Sir Charles, the still beautiful Duchess of Leinster—formerly little Lady Emilia Lennox of the uncomfortable journey to Holland in 1743, and the glittering Lady Kildare of 1747. The mother of seventeen children, the Duchess had married again, her first husband, the Duke of Leinster, having died in 1773; and, since she retained her title, she and her second husband, Mr. Ogilvie, who was formerly her son's tutor, were known facetiously among their friends as " The Duke and Duchess of Ogilvie."

In yet another letter the Viceroy mentions how he has met a former friend of Lady Huntingdon and Lady Gertrude Hotham, the devout Lady Betty Cobbe[1]; and how her eldest daughter—a noted beauty—has amused him with her envy of his position :—

Your old friend, Lady Elizabeth Cobbe, is returning to the great world which she had prematurely deserted. Her Methodism seems to be established upon the most genial, liberal line, and she meditates the giving a Ball.

Her daughter is a very fine young woman; but her judgment does not do honour to her figure, *she has repeatedly assured me she had rather be a Lord Lieutenant of fifty-three than the handsome accomplished Miss Cobbe of seventeen!*

I wish the accomplishment of her desires in this, or indeed in any other respect, depended upon your faithful & affectionate

BUCKINGHAM.

[1] Lady Elizabeth Beresford, daughter of Marcus, 1st Earl of Tyrone, married in 1751 Thomas Cobbe, of Newbridge, only son of Dr. Charles Cobbe, Archbishop of Dublin, and, as Lady Betty Cobbe, was a well-known Methodist and friend of Lady Huntingdon. She had two daughters: Catherine, married in 1788 the Hon. Henry Pelham, brother of the Earl of Chichester, and Elizabeth, married in 1784 Sir Henry Tuite, of Sonagh, Co. Westmeath.

But while the new Viceroy strove to enliven his letters to Sir Charles with the humours of his novel situation, the tone of satisfaction exhibited by him was of short duration. Even in his first year of office he found the duties incumbent upon his position begin to weigh heavily; and he had not been many months in Ireland when he wrote to Sir Charles more gravely :—

. . . The Irish Army goes on well in every respect except desertion which is really epidemickal; reluctantly we have begun and must continue to apply a cruel remedy. The enlisting & deserting immediately with the cloaths, etc., is absolutely become a trade; in the interior of this Country they are encouraged and protected, and, if taken, they think themselves sure of escaping for the first fault. In my opinion therefore the punishing capitally a deserting Recruit may operate more for the only object, *example*, than the shooting the old Offenders. When a Opportunity offers I shall think it my duty to try this experiment, tho' with an akeing [*sic*] heart.

Swiftly, too, there was forced home to him a recognition of the dire poverty of the country, a result of commercial restrictions imposed by the home Government; the haunting fear of a general bankruptcy which pervaded all classes; and the impracticability of forcing any true conviction of the urgency of the situation upon the Ministry in England. In May, 1778, he again wrote to his brother-in-law :—

The misery of the people occasions great gaiety, expense and Shew, calculated for Charitable purposes, which in the course of this month will, in different Shapes, cost me more than three hundred pounds, and I would cheerfully give as much more to produce a real, instead of a temporary, relief. Many suspect that the distress is in part artificial, this opinion may be founded, but it is a melancholy truth that fifteen thousand People in Dublin are at this time happy to receive five shillings worth of Oatmeal each. There may be Hoards in private hands, but in circulation there is no money, no Bills can be discounted, and all Treasury payments, the Military excepted, stop'd till our loan can be negociated, which at length, upon such usirous [*sic*] terms as the times alone can justify, is likely to be accomplish'd.

Another matter which occasioned considerable anxiety and ferment early in the Viceroyalty of Lord Buckingham, was the introduction of a Relief Bill for the Roman Catholics. Of the historical discussion upon this question Colonel Baugh furnished Sir Charles with an amusing account. Writing on August 7th, 1778, he says :—

The Address passed, but it was battled notwithstanding ; and we were kept till after six waiting for Sir John Blaquier, Attorney General, & half a dozen more that dined with him.

The Company open'd very full for the Papists, which was carried by a much greater majority than the Castle expected. Their good friend Sir Boyle Roche work'd hard for them ; you have heard Leg [*sic*] describe the Man—

" Mr Spakher belave me the King has not more loyal, better subjects. There is not a Migestret in the country but would vouch for them at the Bar of this Honourable House. Poor Miscreants—*like a ship in the Main Ocean dash'd against the Rocks*—Mr Spakher, I have been heretofore very bashful——"

Such peals of laughter, you may easily imagine, this great Orator occasion'd ; and was very well to put us in a good humour for half an hour, which is a great allowance for such horrid nonsense ; but he never rested afterwards, always on his legs and got two more long speaches which sicken'd us to death.

There were many eloquent Speakers. Councillor Yelverton would have made a convert of me however prejudiced I had been, nothing could be more pathetically pictured than the horrid situation of a Catholick in this country from his birth to his buriel. Conolly made us laugh, and exposed himself by making the House merry at his expense, took a full glass too much, and at the best you know he *don't shine*. The Provost would have prosed till this time if the coughing of one half of the House had not awakened the other half at past twelve o'clock. We were alive till Gretton had done, tho' so late, and then divided 38 Majority. The Lords Finish on Monday—and Mrs Abington[1] this evening ! and told me she should go on board the Packet direct from the Play House—but that is deferr'd, not having finished the circle through the fashionable world, who have all taken her up in the most extraordinary manner. She was two days with us at the Duke of Leinster's,

[1] A noted actress who in early life was a waitress in a tavern. She was the original performer of Lady Teazle.

and ladys Masserene & Barrymore etc ; etc ; all ask'd to meet her, as it was them who patronised her.

Monday the Lords finish the Papists and then this Place will be a Desert.

While the disabilities under which the Roman Catholics laboured formed an ever-fruitful topic of conversation, it was rare that any serious assembly could escape the development of a religious controversy. It so happened that one evening at a public gathering at which the Lord Lieutenant was present, the inevitable disputation ran high. Men of every denomination and every phase of religious belief and disbelief appeared to be engaged, and the arguments were conducted with so much warmth that the Viceroy, besides being considerably bored, became anxious respecting the ultimate issue of such undesirable fervour. During the heated discussion, however, he observed one little man who, maintaining an air of profound wisdom, listened to each speaker with attention, but who, although smiling gently to himself, spake never a word. A feeling of sympathy with this philosopher who held aloof from the passions and fanaticism of his compatriots prompted the Viceroy, and at length, as his own patience evaporated, he turned to this fellow-victim and demanded cynically—" And you, sir,—may I ask are you an atheist or a deist ? "—" Neether, Sir,—neether ! " exclaimed the little man in considerable alarm—" *I* am a dentist ! "

During the Viceroyalty of Lord Buckingham, however, besides the Catholic Relief Bill, after a long period of delay the capital demand of the Irish Parliament was conceded, and a Bill was returned from England releasing the Irish Dissenters from the sacramental test. But, apart from the ferment and controversy consequent upon these measures, there was another subject of discussion that filled Lord Buckingham with an alarm which he promptly confided to his brother-in-law. In view of the reported imminence of a French invasion, the most patriotic amongst the Irish determined to promote some efficient method of national defence. Hence the rapid formation of Armed Associations and large bodies of volunteers ; but while the motive underlying such a movement deserved every commendation, it was obvious that, in a country where discontent was rife, its issue might

be far other than had been the intention of the patriots who originated it. "Lord Buckingham," relates Lecky, "watched the rising movement with mingled sentiments of which the most prominent was an impotent dismay. He could not deny that the volunteer movement was indispensably necessary to the State; that the men who formed and guided it were the most considerable and upright in the country; that they were fulfilling with great energy and great ability a task which belonged properly to the Government, but which the Government was entirely unable to accomplish. On the other hand, he could not but look with alarm on a great body of armed men, rising up altogether independently of the Government at a time when so many causes and elements of discontent were circulating through the nation."[1] Nevertheless, even in the midst of anxieties which threatened to overwhelm him, and hampered by lack of assistance from the Ministers who should have supported him, the Clearcake, with his former sweetness of disposition unimpaired and with his unfailing sense of humour to lighten the trials which burdened him, sent to Sir Charles a characteristic description of the drawbacks which he had discovered to a Vice-regal position.

Lord Buckinghamshire to Sir Charles Thompson

June ye 30th 1779.

DEAR SR CHARLES,

Tents, Ammunition, Cannon, Carriages, Bread, Bat, Horses, Trumpets and Kettledrums, and every Din of War surrounds me. That, that's the Rub which makes my calamity.

My amusements are Miscellaneous, and to enable you to judge of them, here follows the introduction of a few of the Letters which were found upon my Table this morning.

Your Excellency will please to order the Collection of the Revenue in Corke district to advance Cash for the Subsistence. . . .

The Lord Chancellor desires his Warrents for four fat Bucks. . . .

Your Excellency's Petitioner with four small children

[1] *A History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, by W. E. H. Lecky, Vol. II, page 223.

are starving, three of my husbands have been kill'd in America. . . .

The Lord Mayor takes the liberty of forwarding this Petition from the Owners of several Colliers whose hands have been press'd. . . .

In my husband's absence I must beg leave to remind you of the Rev. Mr Supple whom you appointed one of your Chaplains at my request. . . .

Your Excellency not having condescended to take notice of my letter upon Flax Seed it shall be publish'd at length in the Freeman's Journal. . . .

Your Excellency's amiable Predecessor almost three years ago gave me an office of five hundred pounds per ann. and it would be a most sensible mortification should your respectable Administration close without my being distinguished by your favour. . . .

Let me be excused from expressing my astonishment that in consequence of the death of two Prelates, no attention should have been paid to my family. . . .

Your Excellency should be inform'd of the flagrant abuse in the coal yards. . . .

Three of my Cows were hough'd last night, let me request that a Party of the Military may be ordered immediately to Cloughtounohttouallobigs. . . .

The Independent Company at Morugher. . . . May it please your Excellency, Dermost Kane and Rowley Macswiney, Mariners, have swore oath that sixty leagues south of Oyster Haven, Cape Finisterre, they fell in with the French and Spanish United Line and three hundred Frigates and Transports. . . .

It pains me to inform your Excellency that the three daughters of the Rev. Mr Dogharty were carry'd off last Tuesday . . . by twelve men from Tipperary.

The scabbards of the Carbineers are no longer fit for service. . . .

Twelve thousand pounds will immediately be necessary for putting the Army in motion. . . .

I am sorry to inform your Excellency that by the last Abstract the Balance in the Treasurer's hands was . . . Blank?

This will give you some idea of my Situation. It is expected in England that Ireland will be invaded, our Army, including Artillery, exceeds thirteen thousand men, the Independent Companys are Zealous to resist an Enemy, and there is great reason to believe that the Roman Catholics would behave well.

Ever truly yours

BUCKINGHAM.

The Same to the Same

Dublin Castle Oct. 12th 1779.

DEAR CHARLES,

The sea-boy sleeps upon the topmast Head, Alexander the Great snor'd the Eve of the Battle of Issus, Charles the 12th and General Washington in their first campaign deemed the whizzing of Bullets preferable to the Notes of a Lute, Sir Stephen Fox, aged ninety, marry'd a Beauty of eighteen, Curtius leap'd into an unfathomable Gulph, and S^r^ Charles Thompson risqued a Tête à Tête with Mrs Dingley. I emulate such great examples, and tho' the Sheriff's Officers are ready to attend me to the opening of the most serious Session this Kingdom ever has experienced I shall dedicate a few Minutes if possible to the addressing you in a cheerful strain. . . .

The Arm'd Societys, tho' in no degree equal to the Newspaper details, daily increase; very, very few instances excepted they are under the command of Leaders who cannot be suspected of directing them to any improper object. But the existence of Troops under no Law is a Monster in a well-ordered State. The Lyon walks abroad with his chain, and tho' he wags his Tail, his Fangs may prove dangerous. . . .

The Prime Serjeant[1] has withdrawn himself from me, this was rather a severe stroke, my affection for him, tho' not passing the love Men bear to Women, was great, his Manners are gentle and most engaging, elegantly inform'd, the liberality of a gentleman and the intelligence of a Scholar are happily blended in his conversation. His feelings are exquisitely sensible, a circumstance most amicable in society, but seriously inconvenient in business. Not sufficiently firm naturally to

[1] Hussey Burgh, who was one of the most eloquent and most upright men at the Irish Bar, had accepted the office of Prime Serjeant when Buckingham came into power. He had exerted his influence strenuously in favour of Free Trade, and he was the author of one of the ablest of the many able disquisitions on the condition of the country which had just been drawn up at the request of the Government. He resented bitterly the inadequacy of the Commercial Bill of 1778; and refused to attend a meeting of the confidential servants of the Crown, subsequently resigning his office.

distinguish between temporary applause and deliberate approbation, he sacrifices too much to the one, ever to acquire a very decided claim to the other. I early conceived a predilection for him, it was my wish to cherish his deservings and to fix him in a walk which must lead talents similar to his to the first honour of this Country. He has determined otherwise, and when in a few years his faculties are blunted with dwelling daily upon the dry subteltys of the Law and the peevish sophistry of Opposition, he will retire from active business and sink to rest upon the woolsack.

It is ridiculous to think how often the writing of these few lines has been interrupted by circumstances relative to the forms of the day ; the King at Arms this moment informs me that one of the Lords' sons who was to have supported my Train is seiz'd with a whooping cough ; one of the State Trumpeters has sold the Banner of his Instrument, and is mounted upon a Horse who has got the staggers ; the State Kettle Drummer has a leg wrap'd in Flannel ; Signor Carravole has something which disqualifys him from horsemanship, and my Excellency's body Coachman is gravel'd, and a Deputy cannot be found of sufficient dimensions to fill his coat.

Her Excellency's Chamberlain also wishes to know if the Officers are to *salute her*, to which I have consented, provided always . . .

The close of 1779 was marked by Free Trade being at last granted to Ireland, and a new period of prosperity being thus apparently secured to the distressed country,[1] this measure of Lord North, although principally due to intimidation and to the urgency of the situation, was none the less " largely, wisely and generously conceived," and was the cause of great satisfaction throughout the kingdom. The Viceroy wrote joyfully to Sir Charles :—

The toast at my club yesterday was the " *North of Ireland* and prosperity to both Kingdoms." Lord Clifden was of our party, Ross etc., all from the House in the highest spirits, every speaker full of encomiums. . . .

Hobart[2] leaves us with my Lord of Ossary tomorrow, you

[1] The grant consisted of three propositions : (1) To allow free export of wool ; (2) to allow a free export of glass and all kinds of glass manufactures ; (3) to allow free trade with all the British plantations on condition of equality of customs.

[2] Robert Hobart, afterwards 4th Earl of Buckinghamshire, son of George (half-brother of John, the 2nd Earl) who succeeded as 3rd Earl.

will therefore hear all the news of this country, and that our Queen is beautiful as an angel. . . . We are all mighty happy now defying all the powers in Europe. I think it will have a good effect even in America if things are not too far gone there. . . . You and the ladies have had a pleasant journey to town, I hope, and are in high Country Health.

But the Viceroy's nephew, Robert Hobart, to whom he refers in this letter, took a less cheerful view of the situation. "The great Toast among the Patriots," he admits to Sir Charles, "is *Old England and young Ireland*"; but he adds: "There are a set of seditious men in this country who will never be contented, for the best reason in the world, which is that *whenever Ireland is satisfied they must be buried in oblivion.*" And the note of triumph in which the Lord Lieutenant had indulged is likewise of short duration. Throughout his subsequent letters he laments, in his favourite phrase, "the epidemic perverseness of the times." Bitterly, too, he complains of the manner in which he is treated by the home Government, their absence of support, their total ignorance of the needs of the country which they had sent him to govern, above all, of the manner in which they systematically keep him in the dark respecting the trend of political events in England. Again and again he begs his brother-in-law to furnish him with any information respecting their policy, since all knowledge of this is deliberately withheld from him, and it is impracticable for him to procure much-needed intelligence through any save a private channel. Sometimes he further urges—"You will oblige me essentially in trying to find an opportunity of saying a few words upon this subject to Lord North, and, if it could be managed with propriety, *to a much greater Man.*" Early in 1780 we find him writing during a much-needed respite from his labours:—

Lord Buckinghamshire to Sir Charles Hotham

Sea Point Feb. 11th 1780

Something more nearly resembling tranquility of mind than I have for some time experienced, and a little leisure, induce me to write to you. My poor little Emily, who two or three days in the week breakfasts with me in this delightful spot, is playing upon the Beach of a calm sea under my eye, the sun gilds the Prospect, I feel no immediate bodily in-

convenience, my conscience assures me that I have acted uniformly with honour and Integrity in a very difficult situation.

Ought I not to be cheerfull ?

You will not be sorry to hear that with respect to my number in Parliament I am more sanguine than it would be prudent for me to state to His Majesty's Ministers. Certainty is impossible.

Very few instances excepted, the accounts which reach one from different parts of Ireland breathe nothing but the fullest satisfaction for the intended favour.

The ball upon the Queen's birthday was most brilliant, and did not suggest the most distant idea of Ireland being undone. The scene was so peculiarly striking that I could not forebear wishing my master had been seated in my place.

While you reason in England upon the possibility of tumult here, the reasonings upon this side of the water are very similar with respect to yourselves. Mischief seems to be ripening in every quarter ; may those who so assiduously labour to heat the stoves be the first to gather the fruit !

You will imagine that there are moments when I wish to be quietly possessed of Blickling, Marble Hill and Bond Street, yet would the venerable dignity of the first, the amenity of the second, or the animated population of the latter situation prevent my meditating upon the impending ruin of my country ?

On April 28th, 1780, he remarked :—

You will have heard that some difficultys have been creditably surmounted, some still remain, and the epidemick perverseness of the times will probably produce more. The Mutiny Act and the equalising the Dutys upon Sugar[1] seem the most material.

In truth, the Mutiny Act presented a serious pitfall to the harassed Viceroy. On his first arrival in Ireland he, as we saw, had reluctantly recognised that drastic measures were essential to stem the tide of desertion from the Army. In so doing he had, in common with other authorities, taken for granted that the army in Ireland was governed by the English Mutiny

[1] The Irish Parliament had imposed a protective duty upon refined sugar imported into Ireland, and this the English Parliament reduced, thus, it was believed, seriously damaging the refining interest throughout Ireland.

Act ; but voices had since been raised disputing the validity of that Act in Ireland, and two magistrates brought the matter to a head by discharging deserters who were brought before them on the ground that there was no Irish Act compelling these men to remain in the ranks. To meet the dilemma, it was forthwith proposed to bring in an Irish Mutiny Bill ; and the country was at once torn with conflicting opinions respecting the advisability of such a step. The situation was a complicated one, for, if the proposed course were adopted it was tantamount to admitting that the English Act had always been inoperative in the sister country ; if, on the other hand, this measure were abandoned, it was evident, after the very general expression of opinion which had taken place against the validity of English laws in Ireland, few, if any magistrates and no juries would enforce the English Act, so that thenceforward it would be impossible to secure discipline in the Army or to prevent desertion.

On the fresh ferment occasioned by this discussion General Baugh throws a curious sidelight, writing to Sir Charles from Dublin on April 5th :—

How do you feel upon the occasion, Sir Charles ? Everybody writes me word you are all in the greatest consternation. You see nothing of that here, everybody is just as jolly, and the ladies mean to make themselves merry and be happy in the Camp. *Whose affraid* [*sic*]. We eat, and we drink, and laugh as much as ever ; dance and sing.—This Camping business I cannot say strikes pleasantly on my imagination. It is rather too late to begin this business and to take astride of the command of a Company. "*Dancing Nancy Dawson round the Wallnut Trees*"[1] for thirty years to perhaps the command of an Army is rather a cut beyond me. I never liked the idea of the six months' command in Dublin nor the Expedition at all, but this is worse & worse. . . .

To try our mettle we had last night the Battle of Smock Alley in the last act of the Opera. The two first shots I did not much regard, tho' in the lobby ; concluding it was the old story ; but on the quick repetition, the General thought it necessary to head the column, which he found most seriously engaged, firing away. The footmen having brought pistols and fired two shots into the room which was very near making us lose

[1] A country dance.

two of the Opposition, Lord Mountmorris and Carysfort, they then ordered the Centrys to protect them and the house ; and I found the four Grenadiers at Platoon firing.

However this did not stop our amusement, for we made the Festina quaver away most charmingly, and the Saturnalia within, and the riot without, smoke & fire, all contributed to make it a very fine scene. The women behav'd with a Heroism our English dames cannot boast, some few only that was nearest the doors (the fire being close in their rear) drop'd between the Seats. After all, one man only was kill'd on the spot, one died of his wounds. Few wounded & only three taken prisoners.

But while the ladies of Dublin, determined to enjoy life, visited the theatre in Smock Alley, scene of many a famous riot, and there enjoyed the sweet strains of the opera to the accompaniment of pistol shots and crackling flames, the Viceroy watched the progress of the new contest with more anxious feelings. " The fighting a duel with a man you have essentially injured," he wrote to Sir Charles, " the languishing upon a bed of sickness abandoned by your physician, must be far lighter sensations than those which unremittingly affect me. Were I to perish at this hour the words *Irish Mutiny Bill* would appear engrav'd on my heart. *Ce mandat sacré sera ma Mort.*" In view of the gravity of the issue at stake he did not hesitate to further his aims by lavish bribery and the promise of an unprecedented number of peerages and pensions ; while his letters to Sir Charles exhibit ever more clearly his realisation, not merely of the exigency of the particular struggle in which he was then engaged, but of the incalculable disaster which he knew to be involved in any severance of the interests of the sister countries.

Not to dwell too much upon subjects which render my existence a misery, if the Wise men of Ireland do not very soon determine to overrule the fools, this nation, instead of availing herself of greater advantages than ever fortune offerd to any other, and hurrying on to almost unexampled prosperity under a well-modifyd System of Government, will form itself into Anarchy, and, after having experienced every calamity which intestine conditions can produce, sink into a similar situation to that in which Earl Strong-Bow found it.

Ireland is, in fact, a Fire-Ship ready primed, tho' to all appearance, at this moment, a Gallant Vessel sailing with

gaudy streamers upon a Summer's Sea, but the touch of a Match, after a scene of horror, would render the whole a wreck, the fragments scarcely worth collecting. *England, however, is too near not to suffer by the Explosion.*

The feeling strongly upon this subject has led one into the writing a few lines of Mad Prose, but the remainder of the Letter shall be compos'd in a more rational stile.

The contest ended in a victory for Lord Buckingham. A Perpetual Mutiny Bill was agreed to by the home Government; and thus closed "one of the most eventful sessions ever known to Ireland." But it left the Viceroy a man shattered in spirits and health; "indeed for a long time," states Lecky, his nerves "had been strained almost beyond the limits of endurance." Yet, occasionally, flashes of his old humour occur in his correspondence. "Did my letter conclude without one light sentence," he writes pathetically to Sir Charles, "you would judge my situation to be desperate indeed"; while in another letter, dated February 11th, 1780, he remarks—"My conscience assures me that I have acted uniformly with honour and integrity in a very difficult situation. Ought I not to be cheerful?" Shortly afterwards, however, he announced to his brother-in-law his determination to tender his resignation to the home Government; and a few months later he wrote :—

Dublin Castle June 30th 1780.

It is not the Lord Lieutenant but the English nation which is betray'd by something too nearly resembling a combination of the Irish. It is the disgraceful illiberality and ingratitude of this country which construes the sisterly munificence of England into weak and extorted concessions, and disposes their factious leaders to avail themselves of her multiplied embarrassments, without reflecting that in the hour of returning prosperity she will be well justified in resuming what, in adversity, she judged it expedient to concede. . . .

Your wish for my speedy return to England the natural feelings of friendship would dictate to you, but for several months it cannot be thought of with propriety. Our sessions cannot close at the very soonest till the beginning of August . . . but it is my intention to make it my humble and earnest request that his Majesty would permit me to close this anxious scene in January next.

Nevertheless, although the Viceroy speedily put his project into execution, it was subsequently reported that he had been unwillingly recalled, while strictures, some justifiable, some the outcome of ignorance or of spite, were openly passed upon his conduct. "*On ne meurt pas de chagrin*—or this letter would never have been wrote," he observes to Sir Charles. "It is futile to complain, but in truth my lot has been a hard one, and that summary judgment which attributes the disagreeables here to my misconduct is most illiberal and cruel." He speaks of himself as "a man so decidedly disgraced," and declares that "Lord North's behaviour has been so abominable that it is impossible for me as a Gentleman to notice him unless he seeks an explanation." The fact that the Government, in appointing Lord Carlisle as his successor, did not even vouchsafe to him any intelligence when the new Viceroy might be expected was another slight which he felt keenly; while he was further agitated by the accusations of bribery which were formulated against him, and the disinclination expressed by the Government to confirm the various titles, privileges and pensions, to the gift of which he considered his honour pledged.

Lord Buckinghamshire to Sir Charles Thompson

Dublin Castle Nov. 8 1780.

My dear Charles,

This is the eighth of November; Lord Carlisle, as it is said, means to leave London the 5th of next Month, and not one line has as yet reached me from Lord North. You have frequently, perhaps with propriety, check'd the vivacity of my feelings, yet in this instance you will think even a Feverish warmth very justifiable. The uncertainty of so many arrangements to which the honour of my Government is pledged, the confusion and dissatisfaction which necessarily follow here, and the reception at home which this treatment from the Cabinet must induce me to expect at my return, are so very painfull considerations that my resolution sinks under them.

It is very irksome to me to write, but I would not be wanting in attention to your correspondence in any situation either of body or mind.

Ever affectly Yours

Buckingham.

Lord Carlisle arrived in Ireland towards the close of December, 1780, and Lord Buckingham journeyed home, stricken in health and spirits, a convenient scapegoat for the fret of factions and the shortcomings of Ministers. The placid, easy-going Clearcake of earlier days was now of the past ; the ex-Viceroy who returned to England was a man bowed down with the consciousness of failure, embittered by a gnawing sense of injustice, fearful of affronts, and inordinately grateful for the loyalty of those friends who remained unchanged towards him, principal among whom he accounted his brother-in-law, to whose affection he forthwith clung with a novel sense of the protection it could afford him. He particularly arranged that the first dreaded meeting which should take place between himself and his Sovereign was to be at the King's dressing when Sir Charles personally was present ; and he asserted that the remaining years of his life should be spent between Blickling and Marble Hill, mixing as little as possible either in politics or society.

During the period of her brother's Viceroyalty in Ireland, Lady Dorothy had lamented an interruption of her pleasant visits to Norfolk, more especially since a new landowner there was making the county more lively. The year before Lord Buckinghamshire went to Ireland, young Thomas Coke (afterwards better known as Coke of Norfolk, first Lord Leicester of the second creation) had succeeded his father in the ownership of the Holkham estate ; and great curiosity was evinced by the older residents in the county respecting the fashion in which the young squire would conduct himself on coming into his fine property. Holkham, although nearly forty miles distant by road from Blickling, was often visited by members of the Hobart family ; and Lady Dorothy was not averse from hearing any gossip relating to her native county. Thus we find Mr. Thomas Banks, then house-steward to young Mr. Coke, plying her and Sir Charles with an account of the new squire and his beautiful wife,[1] two years after they had come into possession of their Norfolk home ; and the captious tone of the critic, his sententious horror at the lavish

[1] Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. Lennox Dutton, of Sherborne, Gloucestershire.

hospitality and gaiety of the young couple, and his faulty prognostication of the future unpopularity of his obviously kind master, are calculated to be entertaining to a posterity wise in the knowledge of Coke's subsequent career.

Thomas Banks to Sir Charles Thompson

Holkham January 1 1778.

SIR,

I have taken the liberty of sending a Norfolk Turkey, which I hope you and Lady Dorothy will do me the Honor to accept of,—also a Westphalia Ham, which I have sent by a different conveyance as have an opp^{ty}, in having them from Holland.

Yours and Lady Dorothy's friendship to Self and Mrs Banks will always have our first thanks.

Mr and Mrs Coke spent the Summer here—such a Family scarce to be credited, the House more an Inn than a Gentleman's House, most of the time from a Hundred to a Hundred-and-Sixty in Family, am sorry to say nothing near the decorum I wish'd for, owing to Mr and Mrs Coke not taking the proper notice I was in hopes they wou'd have done, the lower Servants having allways access to them, and the Upper ones not keeping their proper places.

Mr Coke never talk'd or consulted the least respecting his Family.[1] He call'd for the Acct^{s} about a mth before he went away, and was pleas'd to say *he approv'd of them much*, and the manner of *keeping them*. I also ask'd him if he had any Fault to find shou'd be glad he wou'd mention it, he answ^{d} *None*.

We are building, I suppose, the largest and most superb pinery in England,[2] under the management of Mr Wyatt[3]—a Brother of his has also been valuing the Farms, and seems to have a total ascendancy over Mr Coke, that in short he does as he pleases, and his design seems to be to turn out and employ none but his own people—an instance of which has taken place, and the Family been wrong ever since—in short thro' this Man Mr Coke has entirely lost himself in the County, more than I doubt he will ever retrieve—there is no dependence on such a Situation, however, whilst I continue, every care shall and will be taken by Mrs Banks and Self.

[1] This word was often used in old days to denote a household.

[2] One of Coke's nicknames in consequence was "Prince Pinery."

[3] James Wyatt, R.A. (1746–1813), architect, born in Staffordshire. Succeeded Sir W. Chambers in 1796 as surveyor to the Board of Works. He was killed in a carriage accident.

Sir Harbord Harbord[1] is in much esteem with Mr Coke (and recommended Mr Wyatt), as also Mr Gay of Norwich ; their countenance, particularly Sir Harbord's, would have great w^t.

I have the happiness in saying both Mrs Banks and Self have had the thanks of all the principal persons that have been here for the care taken of them, particularly Mr and Mrs Coke's Relations, and the Gent^y of the County.

I ask Pardon for troubling you with so long a L^re. To preserve you & your's & Lady Dorothy's Esteem will always be our greatest Happiness. Mrs Banks begs leave to join me in wishing you, Lady Dorothy and Miss Hotham many happy returns of this day.

I do not think Mrs Coke enjoy'd that pleasure here expected. Her brother Mr Jas. Dutton[2] staid with her till the day before they sett off for London.

I have the honour to be
Sir
Your most oblig'd and obdt Servt
THOS. BANKS.

It is curious to observe, however, that while Mr. and Mrs. Coke were thus denounced by their prim attendant for preserving " nothing near the decorum " which that worthy considered it inexcusable to dispense with even during a lively Christmas gathering of *one hundred and sixty relations*, the members of Lord Buckingham's family were, at a subsequent date, roundly condemned by Fanny Burney for the opposite fault of undue formality and aloofness which she affirms gave great offence on their part to other county magnates ! Possibly it was difficult for Lady Buckingham and her step-daughters immediately to divest themselves of the Royal state to which they had become accustomed ; but, in connection with the causes which resulted in their return to England, we may now glance briefly at certain events in which both Sir Charles and his correspondents were deeply interested.

During a debate in the House of Lords which had taken place on the first day of the Session, November, 1779, Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, better known as the "bad Lord Lyttelton," had made a violent speech on the condition of Ireland, enlarging on the alarming strength of the volunteer association, and

[1] Created Baron Suffield of Suffield, August, 1786.
[2] Created 1st Baron Sherborne in 1783.

the necessity of at once granting Free Trade. His attack, directed against the Ministry, was designed to be counterbalanced in the Lower House by Mr. Adam[1] who spoke vehemently in favour of the Administration, in what Horace Walpole characterises as an "absurd speech." This latter oration, he adds, Charles James Fox promptly "tore to pieces with infinite humour and argument, which tortured the patient so much that next day he asked for an explanation." This subsequently led to personal vituperation between the two members, the outcome of which was a challenge. But even the excitement of a duel between two prominent statesmen was overshadowed by the curious story which got afloat respecting that other vehement orator, Lord Lyttelton. Few legends, indeed, have been told with so much variation and so much apocryphal detail as the strange circumstances attending the alleged mystery of Lord Lyttelton's death, and in this Sir Charles, like others of his generation, took a decided, if somewhat sceptical interest, so that it may not be inappropriate here to correct certain misstatements which have been accepted by various writers respecting this much-discussed event.

Lord Lyttelton who, in 1779, was thirty-five years of age, bore among the young bloods of his day an unsavoury reputation. None the less he appears to have been possessed of a kindly disposition, which was perhaps illustrated in the thought and affection exhibited by him for his second cousins the Amphletts, who lived adjacent to his own home; Clent House, where their family had resided for many generations, and Hagley Hall, the home of the Lytteltons, being in adjoining parishes and the houses standing not much more than a mile apart. In 1779 John Amphlett, the head of the family at Clent, was but sixteen years of age, his father, to whom Lord Lyttelton's father had been guardian, having died two years previously, since when the young squire had lived at Clent with his widowed mother, Mary Amphlett, and his three unmarried sisters,[2] of whom the two younger, Christian and Margaret,

[1] William Adam, 1751–1839, Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales. (See *Coke of Norfolk*, Vol. II, page 329.)

[2] He had four sisters: Mary, Elizabeth, Christian, and Margaret. The eldest had married before 1779, Dr. Cameron, of Worcester.

were especially remarkable for their beauty. Margaret is described in an old account as "a rose of sweetness," while Christian was "dark in complexion, pleasant to look upon, her ways full of sweetness, and when she sang her voice was like the voice of a nightingale."

Now, while it is obvious that Lord Lyttelton would be all the more attracted to his young cousins on account of their undoubted charm, it is equally evident that a close intimacy would naturally subsist between two families who were at once relations and near neighbours; none the less, in view of the reputation borne by the owner of Hagley, there were not lacking unpleasant innuendoes respecting a friendship, possibly entirely harmless, and it was even asserted that the widow, Mary Amphlett, was heart-broken on account of the behaviour of her daughters with their notorious cousin.

The tale as related by Mrs. Delany to her neighbour Sir Charles Hotham was that Lord Lyttelton, during the summer of 1779, dined at Clent, and feigning illness, succeeded in stopping there for a few days. During this visit Mrs. Amphlett was taken very ill, and there was no barrier therefore to his intercourse with her daughters. In accordance with his evil disposition, he made the most of such an opportunity; and the day after his return to Hagley the eldest Miss Amphlett told her mother that she "must go to inquire after my Lord's health." She went, but failed to return, and a message was sent back that she was so happy where she was that she intended to remain. Every means was made use of by the distracted mother to alter this resolution, but to no purpose, and before long the youngest daughter was inveigled into joining her sister, leaving Mrs. Amphlett dying of a broken heart.

Thus ran the story with which Mrs. Delany regaled Sir Charles and other of her friends,[1] but against its veracity it should be remarked that, in Lord Lyttelton's will, in which he

[1] See also letter of Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port of Ilam from St. James's Palace, December 9th, 1779. Mrs. Delany is, however, inaccurate on many obvious points. She states that Mrs. Amphlett had only two daughters; that the eldest of these eloped to Hagley; that she and her sister afterwards went to the villa at Epsom, and that Lord Lyttelton left "these undone girls £500 apiece." Whereas Mrs. Amphlett had four daughters; the eldest unmarried was Elizabeth, but it was Christian and Margaret who went to Pitt Place; and the information respecting the legacies received by them is equally incorrect.

dealt liberally with the Amphlett family, he appears to have treated its different members with conspicuous impartiality, and further his only anxiety in 1779 seemed to be the thought that he had made inadequate provision for the youngest girl Margaret, "the rose of sweetness," then fourteen years of age. Thus on January 22nd of that year, during the alleged momentous visit to Clent, he made a codicil to his previous testament, in which occurs the following curious passage :—

Revolving in my mind the uncertainty of human life which even in the strongest man hangs but upon a slender thread, and being anxious to make an ample provision for Margaret Amphlett, the youngest daughter of Mary Amphlett, widow, of Clent, I do by this codicil bequeath to her the sum of £5,000.

In another codicil, dated London, June 13th, 1779, he left £1000 to Mrs. Amphlett, and in a codicil written at Hagley on the 7th of September following he left to Christian Amphlett some diamond earrings and also a diamond bow bought for £1370, possibly to compensate for his having left less money to her than to her sisters.[1]

A knowledge of these facts[2] is essential to any sifting of truth from falsehood, for, of the many versions of what followed, all differ in detail, and it is impossible to select one as being more accurate than the others. The sum-total, however, of the current gossip may be given thus :

Towards the end of November, 1779, Lord Lyttelton was residing at his house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, where, staying with him, were a Mrs. Flood and his cousins the young Amphletts. Apart from his reputation, there was nothing peculiar in the fact that, since he had been the guest of Mrs. Amphlett in the country, he should entertain her daughters in London ; due attention had been paid to the proprieties by the presence of a chaperon, and moreover he again showed the

[1] The Clent family from the first were to benefit largely under the will, which was further provided with six codicils, the only member omitted from it being Mary, the eldest daughter, who was married to Dr. Cameron. To Mrs. Amphlett Lord Lyttelton left £1000 ; to Elizabeth, her second daughter, £5000 and an annuity of £100 for life ; to Christian, £2500 and jewellery ; to Margaret, as above stated, £5000 and jewellery ; a total of £13,500 in all, besides the annuity and the jewels, which were of considerable value.

[2] They appear to have been unknown to most writers upon the subject, and have been kindly supplied to me by John Amphlett, Esq., the present owner of Clent House.

same impartiality which elsewhere characterised his conduct towards his cousins, for, at first, all three girls are said to have been his guests. However this may be, during the night preceding Thursday, November 25th, on which Lord Lyttelton made his vehement speech against the Administration, suddenly, just before midnight, the bell of his room was heard to ring violently, and his valet responding to the summons, found him greatly agitated on account of a dream or vision which he said he had had. He fancied that a white bird flew in at the window and plagued him considerably by fluttering among his bed-curtains, and when at last he thought he had succeeded in frightening this away, it changed into a female figure in long white drapery which stood at the foot of the bed, and in which he recognised the face of a woman whom he had greatly wronged. "My Lord," said the phantom solemnly, "prepare to die. You will be called soon."—"How soon—how soon?" had demanded the terrified man—"in three years?" "Three years!" repeated the phantom mockingly—"*three days!*" and vanished.[1]

The valet, of course, related this fantastic story to his friends, and Lord Lyttelton, it is said, himself told it the next morning to his uncle Lord Westcote[2] and to Lord Sandys, the brother of Martin Sandys; whereupon the latter appears to have retailed the particulars verbatim to his old friend Sir Charles Thompson. Lord Westcote, it is said, reproved Lord Lyttelton sharply for thinking of such nonsense instead of devoting all his attention to the important speech which he was about to make in the House, while Lord Sandys also refused to take the matter seriously, but improved the occasion by a little moral advice recommending the dreamer, if he really believed what he stated, to give up a frolic which he had planned for the end of the week, when he intended to go down to his country house, Pitt Place, at Epsom, with a party of boon companions and some ladies of doubtful reputation.

Meanwhile the story spread through London, and, coupled with the intelligence of the aggressive speech made by Lord Lyttelton on the day following, it became the talk of the

[1] The conversation with the phantom is variously reported. (See *Notes and Queries*, second series, Vol. II, page 421.)

[2] See *Ibid.*

town ; while rumour later added the information that the apparition which had appeared to him had been that of Mrs. Amphlett, who had vainly remonstrated with him on account of his behaviour with her daughters. So universally was the story of the ghostly warning discussed that by Friday night at Drury Lane it was a common topic of conversation, and a lady from Wales who was present at the theatre that evening carried the interesting tale next day to Mrs. Piozzi at Streatham, averring that she personally had heard it direct from Captain Ayscough, the first cousin of Lord Lyttelton, " and," added she, " I have thought of nothing else since."[1] Lord Lyttelton himself professed to make light of the prediction ; but there is no doubt that it weighed upon his mind, for passing through a graveyard with another cousin, Hugh Fortescue, he remarked with assumed bravado on the number of " vulgar fellows " who died at thirty-five (his own age), adding, " but you and I who are gentlemen shall live to a good old age." On Saturday, the morning of the fatal day, however, he announced that he felt so uncommonly well, he was convinced he should " bilk the ghost ! " and that afternoon, accompanied by Fortescue, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Wolseley, Captain Ayscough, Mrs. Flood and Christian and Margaret Amphlett, he drove down, as he had intended, to Epsom, where he dined with a large company and passed a cheerful evening, apparently in the best of spirits.[2]

Nothing more was heard in London or at Streatham till the following Monday, when it was reported that on Sunday morning, in the grey dawn, Captain Ayscough had been seen driving over Westminster Bridge in company with Mrs. Flood and the two Amphletts, whom he was escorting back to town

[1] *Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi* (Thrale), ed. 1861, Vol. I, page 335.

[2] Here again it must be remarked how the story became distorted. Walpole asserts that Lord Lyttelton went down to Pitt Place with " some ladies he had picked up in the Strand " ; another account speaks of the Amphletts as " demirep beauties " ; while the editor of *Notes and Queries*, at a later date, remarks, " Perhaps our readers will also think it remarkable that the *three Miss Amphletts, who lived with Lord Lyttelton*, found very satisfactory husbands, *in spite of their antecedents*" (Series 5, Vol. II, page 405). All completely ignore the truth that the girls in question, one of whom at this date was actually a child, were Lord Lyttelton's cousins and near neighbours, and that the party at Pitt Place was in the main a family party, since Captain Ayscough and Hugh Fortescue were likewise cousins.

MRS. JOHN AMPHLETT
HEROINE OF THE LYTTELTON GHOST STORY)
From a miniature in the possession
of John Amphlett, Esq., of Clent

—all four "looking like corpses from illness occasioned by terror." Like wildfire there subsequently spread the story of what had occurred, as told by Captain Ayscough, and confirmed by William the valet.

On that fatal Saturday evening, the gay party at Pitt Place was prolonged till a late hour, and at last Lord Lyttelton drew out and glanced at his watch. "Well," he observed, "agreeable as you all are, I must leave you now, because I mean to meditate on next Wednesday's speech, and have actually brought some books with me!"—"Oh, but the ghost! the ghost!" exclaimed one of the Amphletts laughing. —"Don't you see that we have bilked the ghost?" retorted Lord Lyttelton, showing his watch which pointed to midnight, but which, unknown to him, was fast, having been purposely altered by his valet. He thereupon bade the company adieu and went upstairs, where William had set out the reading table and a special yellow dressing-gown which his master always wore. Lord Lyttelton then ordered the man to prepare five grains of rhubarb with peppermint water, which he was in the habit of taking, and next to depart promptly. As the valet, however, was mixing the dose, Lord Lyttelton happened to look round and discovered that William was stirring it with a toothpick. "You lazy rascal!" he exclaimed angrily, in spite of the valet's protestation that the implement used was a clean one—"Go at once and fetch a spoon!" William departed upon this errand, but, hearing a crash in the room, ran back, and found that his master had fallen over the table and books. He raised the recumbent figure, exclaiming—"Speak to me, my Lord! speak, for God's sake, dear my Lord!" But Lord Lyttelton was dead, and William, horror-stricken, rushed downstairs to the merry company below with the lying watch in his hand, exclaiming breathlessly—"Not twelve o'clock *yet*—and dead! dead!"

An added horror, it is said, was given to the event by the news arriving the following morning that, at the very hour when the warning apparition had appeared to Lord Lyttelton, Mrs. Amphlett, bereft of her daughters, had died of a broken heart.[1]

[1] The date of her death is not known, but she was dead before December 9th, for Mrs. Delany, writing on that date, mentions her decease, and adds that she believed Mrs. Amphlett died before Lord Lyttelton.

They all bore witness [relates Mrs Piozzi, writing many years afterwards] that no violence came near the man, and I do *think* that some judicial process then proclaimed him " Dead by the visitation of God ! " This however might be my hearing those words from friends and acquaintances relating the incident ; but when it was reported twenty years after that Lord Lyttelton committed suicide, I knew *that* was an error or a falsity.[1]

In view of Mrs. Piozzi's remarks, the following mention of what occurred, sent at the date of its happening to Sir Charles Thompson in his country retreat, is of interest as showing that the report of Lord Lyttelton having committed suicide, which Mrs. Piozzi quotes as an invention of twenty years afterwards, was already current in London within three days of his death. Among the friends of Sir Charles, as we have seen, were different members of the Sackville family ; and one of his most indefatigable correspondents was Charles Sackville of Stoneland, who wrote him the following letter :—

C. Sackville to Sir Charles Thompson

Pall Mall 30th November 1779.

My dear Sir,

As I take it for granted that, in proportion to the great distance you are in from this busy spot, you must be anxious to know what is going on in it, I take the liberty of again breaking in on your solitude by sending you some news. . . .

The World has got rid *d'un très mauvais Sujet,—mauvais* in the most literal sense of the word. On Saturday night, Lord Lyttelton died suddenly at his Villa at Epsom, some say of an apoplectic stroke, others of *half an ounce of lead properly and duly applied*. On the first day of the Session he made a violent Opposition speech, in consequence of which his dismission was ordered upon, and on the morning of the Day he died, his office was offered to Lord Grantham, who, of course, has since accepted of it. What a pity he did not live a few Days longer ! Administration might then have had the Credit of having done one act, at least, of vigour and Justice.

Another Gentleman also of much greater importance in the political world narrowly escaped being ranked with the dead— I mean no less a Personage than Charles James Fox. In

[1] *Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi* (Thrale), 1861, Vol. I, page 335.

Thursday's debate he indulged himself it seems in that scurilous licence of speech which at once disgraces and distinguishes the House of Commons, and dropt some expressions which were thought to convey particularly abusive and severe reflections on the character of Mr Adam, who of course called on Mr Fox the next day, and insisted upon an explanation. Mr Fox very readily acknowledged he never meant to insult him personally but upon Mr Adam's insisting that Mr Fox should *authorise* him to contradict in the papers the Reports that had already crept into them prejudicial to his character, and upon Mr Fox's firmly refusing to comply with such a request, a challenge was sent and accepted. They met, accordingly, in Hyde Park yesterday morning, at eight o'clock ; with each a surgeon and a second. Adam fired first and wounded Fox in the Groin, but luckily missed him the second time, and Fox firing his second Pistol in the air, the seconds stepped in and made them friends. The wound is not in the least dangerous and will confine him but for a few days.

It was subsequently stated in the papers that Lord Lyttelton had died of a fit,[1] but as no post-mortem took place the cause of death was never satisfactorily ascertained, and among the contradictory accounts which rapidly gathered about the event one thing alone remained incontrovertible—that previous to his death Lord Lyttelton had undoubtedly related a supposed prediction of the occurrence, and that the fulfilment of that prediction had taken place within the time specified. How far fear may have operated in bringing this to pass was a matter for the sceptical to determine, but an interesting sequel to the strange story was brought directly under the notice of Sir Charles some years afterwards.

He had been spending the day in company with a party of friends whose names are well known to posterity, and many of whom we shall have occasion to mention more particularly in the next chapter. The Greatheeds from Guy's Cliffe were present, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Piozzi, and, among numerous others, Miles Peter Andrews, a dramatist and an extremely agreeable man, who had been a great friend of the late Lord

[1] In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the heading of November 27th, 1779, it is merely recorded, "Late this night, suddenly, Tho. Lord Lyttelton, chief justice in eyre of his Majesty's forests North of the Trent and high steward of Bewdley. His Lordship had supped, and was apparently in good health a few minutes before."

Lyttelton. It had always been reported that the ghost of the latter had appeared to Andrews at the time of death ; and when the outside world had departed and only a circle of intimate friends were left, these implored Andrews for once to speak of a subject which he was usually most reluctant to mention, and to relate to them the true story of the apparition said to have appeared to him. At last, very unwillingly, Andrews related as follows :—

Lord Lyttelton and I had lived long in great familiarity, and had agreed that whichever quitted this world first should visit the other. Neither of us being sick, however, such thoughts were, at the time of his death, poor fellow ! furtherest from my mind.

Lord Lyttelton had asked me to make one of his mad party to Pitt Place, in Surrey, on such a day, but I was engaged to the Pigous and could not go. They then lived in Hertfordshire ; I went down thither on the Sunday [*sic*], and dined with them, and their very few, and very sober friends, who went away in the evening. At eleven o'clock I retired to my apartment : it was broad moonlight and I put out my candle ; when just as I seemed dropping to sleep, Lord Lyttelton thrust himself between the curtains, dressed in the yellow night-gown which he always used to read in, and said in a mournful tone—"*Ah, Andrews, it is all over !*"

Lord Lyttelton being much addicted to practical jokes, Andrews at once concluded that the unexpected visitant was attempting to play a trick upon him.

"Oh," replied I, quickly, "are you there, you dog ?" and recollecting there was but one door to the room, rushed out at it—locked it, and held the key in my hand, calling to the housekeeper and butler, whose voices I heard putting the things away, to ask when Lord Lyttelton arrived, and what trick he was meditating. The servants made answer with much amazement that no such arrival had taken place ; but I assured them I had seen and spoken to him, and could produce him, "for here," said I, "*he is* ; under fast lock and key." *We opened the door and found no one,* but in two or three days heard that he had died at that very moment, near Epsom in Surrey.

"And were you quite sober, Sir ?" asked Mrs Piozzi seriously

after a pause. "As you are now," he replied; "and I did think I saw Lord Lyttelton as I now think I see you."[1]

Thus did a man, singularly materialistic in life, depart from it amid strange tales of ghostly appearances, predictions, warnings and uncanny fulfilment of the same. The tale and its sequel furnished food for repeated discussion, in which the interest exhibited by Sir Charles Thompson does not appear to have abated, since so many of those closely concerned in the strange drama were his intimate friends; but the following year a fresh and more serious topic claimed the attention both of himself and of the public. In 1780 Sir Charles purchased a new house in Bond Street which he furnished and decorated with the aid of Mr. Chippendale; and, the work completed, he had retired for the summer to Dalton, when in June the disastrous uprising took place subsequently known as the Gordon Riots. During the days when London was at the mercy of the mob, fortunately Sir Charles's new house escaped all harm; while a friend, Nathaniel Heywood,[2] provided him with an account of the unpleasant events which had taken place elsewhere in town, and with various other items of current gossip:—

Lieut. Colonel Heywood to Sir Charles Thompson

Manchester Square July 5th 1780.

It was happy for you all that you were absent during the foul disgrace we have had here, it is needless to enter into any detail upon that head as you no doubt have long since heard the particulars, I shall only say that I saw this noble city on fire in six places at the same moment & had it not been a calm night, I don't think even the spirit and exertions of Government cou'd have prevented the destruction of the town. Many of the rioters are to be executed next week, opposite to the different places where they were proved to be most active in

[1] *Autobiography, etc., of Mrs. Piozzi* (1861), pages 336–7. Mrs. Piozzi, however, among other errors, says that "the entertaining day" passed in the society of Sir Charles Hotham was "some time in the year 1795, if I remember rightly." She did not remember the date correctly, for Sir Charles died in 1794; and it is probable that the occasion when this story was told was while Mrs. Siddons was staying at Streatham in 1790. (See page 249.)

[2] Lieutenant-Colonel in the Coldstream Guards and Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Duke of Gloucester. The third son of Benjamin Heywood, of Ormskirk, who settled as a merchant at Drogheda.

Mischief, what is to become of Lord George[1] is at present difficult to say. I have not that compassion for him that I find many people have, & the less as he is very little affected by his Mischief himself, which was so very great that, supposing a feeling man to have been the innocent cause of such execrible [*sic*] performances, he cou'd not be imagined to enjoy one moment of quiet & peace of mind for ever after.

The reconciliation of the Royal Family is an Event that everybody seems pleased with & I have felt some little good Effect of it for his Majesty was pleased to name me for an office in the New Forest Vacant by the death of S^r^ Powlet St John, worth between two and three hundred pounds a year, in a very few days after his Royal Highness was with him, & did it in a most gracious manner. . . .

Sr Henry Clinton, by a very handsome & genteel letter to the Duke, has Resign'd his Groom of the Bed Chamber, & his Royal Highness was so gracious as the next day to appoint me to succeed him, which was a mark of approbation that pleased me very much.

Lord Egremont's Match with Lady Maria Waldegrave is entirely settled, Lady Egremont was last night at Gloucester House & they are to be married as soon as possible. . . . The Duke is often with the King but has not yet been at Court.

To the story of the terrible riots of 1780 we shall have occasion to refer later, and they form no part of the personal experiences of Sir Charles, who must have congratulated himself upon his fortunate absence from the scene of action till by and by he learnt that the engagement of Lord Egremont to Lady Maria Waldegrave was a topic which threatened to supersede in public interest the delinquencies of the erratic Lord George Gordon. As is well known, the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III, had married, in 1766, the Dowager Countess of Waldegrave, the illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, elder brother of Horace Walpole. The Duke's marriage was not made public till 1772, and in 1771 the King's youngest brother, the Duke of Cumberland, had married Anne, daughter of Lord Irnham and widow of a Derbyshire squire, Andrew Horton, of Catton. The wrath of the King at these *mésalliances* knew no bounds, and it was long before he would be reconciled to his brothers. Meantime

[1] Lord George Gordon (1751–93), third son of the 3rd Duke of Gordon.

the daughters of Lady Waldegrave by her first marriage had attained to womanhood and to a beauty which has been immortalised by Reynolds in his celebrated picture of the three graceful sisters. The news of Lady Maria's engagement roused universal interest and approval, for the bridegroom-elect, who was but twenty-eight, was both handsome and wealthy. But the course of true love in this instance was not fated to "run smooth." After a while Lord Egremont treated his fiancée with obvious neglect, and his conduct altogether was so unsatisfactory that Lady Maria, seeing little prospect of happiness in such a union, and having plenty of spirit, broke off the match. The craven lover, however, made public the rupture, but failed to explain that the lady had taken the initiative in the matter ; yet, while thus endeavouring to spare his own mortification at her expense, he brought upon himself still greater odium, as the world concluded that he had basely jilted a charming and beautiful girl.

C. Sackville to Sir Charles Thompson

Pall Mall Court 20th July 1780.

All the late Accounts from America are as promising as can be wished, which you may easily imagine cannot fail strengthening the hands of Government. . . . The putting off of Ld G. G——n's tryal, and continuing to keep him in the Tower may be reckoned another instance of it. His fate will be determined some time in November next. In the mean time every thing is quiet & orderly about Town. The lamps in Hyde Park, St James's & ye Museum, are quite pretty and have been fatal to Ranelagh & Vauxhall.

The reconciliation of the Royal Brothers gives general satisfaction, but ye D. of G. has not yet been at Court, & I am sure you can't be at a loss to account for it. The D. of C. is at St James's for ever, & seems to like it mightily.

You may probably have known that the match between Ld Egremont and Ly Maria is quite off, which you may easily guess makes a great noise. I could not learn the cause, but let it be what it will, I cannot help pitying ye lady & blaming ye Gentleman, considering how far things were gone. The Duke of Dorset[1] is still talked of for Lady Irvine. He dined yesterday

[1] John Frederick Sackville, 3rd Duke of Dorset, was Vice-Admiral of the coasts of Kent, and in 1783 Ambassador to the Court of France. He married in 1790 Arabella Diana, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Charles Cope, Bart., of Brewerne.

in Pall Mall, & was very good company. He asked much after you, and we concluded our dinner with drinking *a full* bumper to all your Healths. Tomorrow I am to dine with him at Knole, & from thence proceed to Stoneland, where I hope I shall soon hear from you.

The third Duke of Dorset, cousin of Charles Sackville, was likewise a constant correspondent of Sir Charles Thompson and a lifelong friend. He was noted for his extravagance, and one of his passions was the direction of operas, on which he wasted immense sums of money, and owing to which he became involved in various lawsuits. Amongst his numerous protégées in this connection was Mademoiselle Baccelli, a famous opera dancer, who, to the delight of her audience, both in London and Paris, used to perform with M. Vestris le Jeune.

Charles Sackville to Sir Charles Thompson

Stoneland Lodge 7th Sept. 1780.

I hope and trust that nothing bad will happen during the bustle of this General Election, which is likely to go on Smoothly in this County but not so in Kent, where the Patriots have got the start of the Couriers. Lord George (Germain) goes down tomorrow to his Borough. The Glee he was in when he came last from London gives me reason to suppose he does not expect to be a Commoner long.[1] The late lucky turn of affairs in Ireland made him really happy. He certainly had a great share in bringing it about, and was highly pleased to hear you thought he had. He desires his compliments, as does the Duke of Dorset, who has been here since Tuesday. He says he wrote to you some time ago and wonders he has not heard from you in return. I am really sorry he leaves tomorrow, for no-body can be better Company or more agreeable than he is. I am so happy to see him in such good spirits. The safe return of his dear Baccelli, who is now at Knole, may perhaps account for it. He tells me she brought over a whole Cargo of new fashioned things, and among other articles *no less than eighty Pair of Shoes, and an infinity of Caps*. The Messrs Vestris, father and son, came over with her, and are to dance at the Haymarket. They are reckoned the best dancers in Europe, so that with two such supporters we may expect to see our dear little friend out-do her usual out-doings. . . .

[1] Lord George Germain (formerly Sackville) was elevated to the peerage February 11th, 1782.

The Duke's devotion to Baccelli, and her prolonged sojourn at Knole, occasioned much scandal, which was transferred to Paris when, in 1783–4, the Duke was sent as Ambassador to the Court of France.

Charles Sackville to Sir Charles Thompson

Stoneland June 20th

I left town on Thursday, and in my way hither I stopped at Knole when I found Baccelli very busy in packing up for Paris. She takes the Boy with her, and for fear of growing dull for want of Company on the Road, a Parrot, two or three favourite Chickens, a Lapdog, Andrea, & a Nurse are, some way or other, to be stuffed in the Coach. The Duke went on Tuesday and proposed driving *ventre à terre* in hopes of reaching Versailles time enough for the *bal paré*, which was to be given to the King of Sweden on Friday last. His plate and other things are all packed off, so that it looks as if he thought himself pretty sure of his situation.

But if the Duke was "sure of his situation," Baccelli at least exhibited a confidence equal to his own. On her first appearance at the Opera House after his appointment, she flaunted in the faces of the Parisians what might be taken either as a compliment to the new Ambassador or a device of more subtle interpretation. For, as she pirouetted gaily about the stage, the diverted audience saw that across her forehead was a blue bandeau bearing a significant legend of English adoption, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

CHAPTER XIX

SIR CHARLES AND THE STAGE, 1773–1794

POSSIBLY to the friendship of Sir Charles with the Duke of Dorset, as well as to his lifelong affection for his former schoolfellow the Duke of Richmond, may be ascribed the keen interest, before alluded to, which he exhibited in all matters connected with the stage. While the Duke of Dorset indulged in a craze for running operas at a fabulous cost, the Duke of Richmond established at Richmond House a private theatre which became celebrated for the excellence of the amateur performances that were given there, and this predilection on his part, together with his anxiety to secure the advice and supervision of experts, undoubtedly paved the way for a greater tolerance socially of professional actors. The days were indeed past, save in the letter of the law, when the latter were regarded as vagabonds to be whipped at the cart-tail ; nevertheless, even the genius of Garrick and others of his calibre, combined with the influence of Colman and Sheridan, had failed to convince the *bon-ton* that those who earned their living upon the stage had any claim to be received on a footing of friendship by those whose privilege it was to applaud their performance. As will be seen by the remarks of Colonel Baugh, in the sister-isle the condescension with which Mrs. Abington was treated by the fashionable members of Irish society was viewed as " most extraordinary " ; but when Mrs. Siddons and Miss Farren were called into requisition to assist in the stage management of the Duke of Richmond's amateur performances, and when the less conventional members of the clique who frequented Richmond House welcomed such an addition to their circle, the tide of fashion in England began to veer towards an opposite opinion.

From the first, however, Sir Charles had taken his own line, and where he recognised genius he did not fail to honour it. His patronage of the drama, and his frank admiration and friendship for those who excelled in it, undoubtedly influenced others of his generation. So early as 1773 we find him taking a keen interest in the local theatre at Beverley, and already acquainted with the wandering actor-manager Tate Wilkinson. To that merry vagrant, indeed, we are indebted for an anecdote of Sir Charles which is alike illustrative of his attitude towards a then despised class, and of his ready good nature.

On Tuesday, November 22nd of that year, a performance took place at the Beverley Theatre of Cibber's play, *The Lady's Last Stake*, in which Mr. Weston acted the part of Mr. Notable, and Mr. Fletewood took the part of Lord Wronglove. The latter actor was a man who had fallen upon evil days and come down in the social scale. Having formerly been in the Army and being now on half-pay, he had an unfortunate capacity for getting into debt, and none for extricating himself therefrom—" though one excuse," says Tate Wilkinson, " may be pleaded for him, he kept good company, the which is not a lucky circumstance for a young officer who ranks with people of good fortune, falls into their expensive habits, and his pay perhaps all his existence."

Now on this particular night there repaired to the theatre a bailiff intent on arresting the person of the impecunious Fletewood. For the better fulfilment of his mission the man went first to a seat in the gallery where he could at leisure observe his intended victim and make certain of his identity. Unfortunately for his scheme, however, an actor is essentially a man whose appearance is bound to vary ; one night, as Wilkinson points out, he may appear young, another old ; one night he may be a lord, another a blacksmith. On the evening in question Fletewood was a lord—as like the real article as stage trappings could make him, tricked out gorgeously in blue and silver, and lavishly beruffled with the fine lace which was then an essential part of the costume of a man of fashion. Thus he strutted behind the footlights, and at the close of the performance the bailiff, with that resplendent vision well pictured on his brain, rushed downstairs and laid in wait for his victim.

It so happened, relates Wilkinson, that "the worthy and benevolent Sir Charles Hotham, who is an honour to the neighbourhood of Beverley, and as well known in the great world and St. James's Palace as any gentleman of this our noble Kingdom, was in the boxes that night, and after the play put on his great coat, it being a cold evening, and walked out of the theatre." Sir Charles, luckily for Fletewood and unluckily for himself, was wearing a suit of blue not unlike that in which the actor had been figuring on the stage, and as he paused, perhaps waiting for his coach, the bailiff, feeling certain of his prey, pounced upon this unsuspecting Dromio, and claimed him for his own. Vainly did Sir Charles, thus ignominiously assaulted, assert his identity. The very measure which he took to prove this only served to strengthen the erroneous conviction of his assailant. For, opening his great coat, and displaying not merely the fatal suit of blue, but his decoration as Knight of the Bath, which he fondly concluded would prove his veracity, the bailiff took another view of such gaudy toys. "I know who you are!" he shouted sneeringly, "*for all your play-house tinsel and twingum twangums!*" and it was not till some gentlemen becoming aware of the predicament in which Sir Charles was placed, that a rescue was effected. Threatening to thrash the officious bailiff for his insolent mistake, they sent him flying, consoling him, however, with the assurance that he would find the real man whom he sought at a supper party which Tate Wilkinson was about to give at the inn, and where the intended victim might indeed be caught like a rat in a trap.

Sir Charles, however, having innocently experienced the unpleasantness of being thus arrested for debt, was determined to save the unfortunate Fletewood from a similar disaster. He immediately returned to the theatre and sent a message behind the scenes warning the bailiff's intended prey of the fate prepared for him. The rest of the story is thus related by Tate Wilkinson :—

"Our doors were locked and our windows were blocked,"

we dressed Mr. M'George up in Lord Wronglove's blue and silver, and put him on a great coat, a slouched hat, and a silk handkerchief, and with much peeping, putting out a lantern,

and the appearance of every precaution, the mock Fletewood proceeded with hasty steps, under the guard of his brother actors; a horse was ready saddled in the market-place, and, looking round cautiously, they, in a seeming hurry, attempted to place the feigned Fletewood on horseback. The bailiff not expecting the possibility of so sudden a deception, as well as being unexpectedly duped a second time, he with a rough-fisted assistant, rushed and seized his victim. The mock Fletewood, alias M'George, unbuttoned, shewed his blue and silver, saying he was a gentleman, but this was too great an affront to the bailiff's sagacity for a second time to have it supposed he could mistake a player for a gentleman—that was *impossible*, and being only an hour before disappointed and disgraced in his office, he had become as blood-thirsty as a French Democrat, and after every assurance that the person was under a false arrest and not the one the writ demanded, M'George, with reluctance and feigned tears, was led to the inn, begging Mr. Wilkinson the Manager might be sent for, whom he was sure would speedily come to his relief, and be bail in his unfortunate and distressed state.

This succeeded as we could have wished, and as soon as he was housed, and the bailiff and his amiable attendant out of sight and hearing, the patient horse, which had been waiting under the hands of the ostler, was led down to the end of a back lane where the trembling Fletewood eagerly lost no time to mount his Bucephalus, and only wished for the beast to have had wings to reach Kingston-upon-Hull, for there he was safe from the writ, it being a county and district of itself. To delay time and get my tragedy-hero safe beyond the power of being overtaken, I sent word to the bailiffs to treat themselves and the prisoner, "Mr. Fletewood," well, and I would be there in half an hour. It was no inconvenience that attendance to me, as it was the house where we were all to sup in full pomp at the hour of eleven, when all was over at the Theatre.

By my well timed delay, the run-away actor was secure from all pursuit. On my arrival at the inn, and being shewn into the appartment of the bespangled stage nobleman, I started back, told the waiter he was wrong as to the room he had shewn me into; the bailiff answered he was quite right; I answered it could not be, for I wanted Mr. Fletewood! "Well," replied the bailiff, "here *is* Mr. Fletewood, your actor and my prisoner." I answered very sternly, that he was quite mistaken, and turning to the supposed debtor, said "Pray, Mr. M'George, what is the meaning of your being in this

situation ? " " Why Sir," said M'George, " I told the bailiff and his comrade I was not Mr. Fletewood—but he would arrest me—swore I was Mr. Fletewood—and dragged and forcibly brought me hither—for which disgrace and imprisonment "—(starting as in a violent passion, and laying hold of the bailiff) " I will have swinging satisfaction." The great officer, hitherto so fierce and bold, feeling this second disgrace, was instantly transformed, as if by magic, from a tiger to a sheep ; and was very glad to produce a golden guinea, as a treat for M'George. The tipstaff and the whimsical story was the laugh of the populace from that day to the present, and is well recollected by the inhabitants of Beverley.

I retired from the bailiff's room, whom I last left in the dumps, and joined my lords and ladies in waiting, who were impatient for their suppers. We had a very happy evening and about three in the morning, were conveyed safe to our different homes in Hull, wishing that—

> " What had a happy vision seem'd,
> Might be again repeated in a dream."

This incident, I am well informed, reached the ears of his Majesty, who very whimsically welcomed and congratulated the Knight of the Bath (Sir Charles Hotham) on his safe escape as the supposed distressed actor.[1]

But while many of Sir Charles's contemporaries, from the King downwards, were at first surprised at the unconventional manner in which he consorted with mere exponents of the drama, his appreciation of dramatic merit was not only shared by the Duke of Richmond, but still more enthusiastically by the Duke's sister-in-law, Mrs. Anne Damer, the sculptress, who, as a niece of another friend of his schooldays, Lord Frederick Campbell, and the granddaughter of the beautiful Mary Bellenden, contemporary at Court with his uncle and with Lady Suffolk, had, from her earliest childhood, a special claim upon his affection.

The unhappy marriage of Mrs. Damer has before been referred to. Caroline, Lady Ailesbury, daughter of the fourth Duke of Argyle, and widow of Charles Bruce, Earl of Ailesbury and Elgin, as will be remembered had, by her first marriage, a very beautiful daughter, Lady Mary Bruce, who in 1758

[1] *The Wandering Patentee*, by Tate Wilkinson.

wedded Charles, Duke of Richmond. By her second marriage with Colonel, afterwards Field Marshal Conway, she had another daughter, less handsome but even more fascinating, Anne Seymour Conway, born in 1748, who on June 14th, 1767, married the Hon. John Damer, eldest son of Joseph Damer, Baron Milton (afterwards Earl of Dorchester). The match was considered an excellent one, and the young couple started their married life with every prospect of happiness. Besides being both good-looking and popular, they were rich in more material charms; for apart from the bride's fortune the bridegroom was heir to £30,000 a year. But Damer was a spendthrift, and already within nine months of the marriage had incurred debts to an amount which Conway could not, and Lord Milton would not, discharge. Speedily all Anne Damer's own money was swallowed up in defraying the extravagance of her husband; and, as the years passed, matters went from bad to worse. By 1776 his debts amounted to over £70,000, while, in a forced sale, his clothes alone realised £15,000. Finding then that his father refused to aid him in such an extremity, and would not even see him, the wretched man ended his unsatisfactory career by shooting himself on August 15th that year, in the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, as related in the letter from George Hotham to Sir Charles.[1]

The news of what had occurred was broken to Mrs. Damer by Charles James Fox; and universal sympathy was expressed for her in this sad tragedy, save by her father-in-law, Lord Milton, who treated her with the utmost harshness, seizing even her personal belongings in order to defray his son's debts. In the beautiful house where she had lived so unhappily, but surrounded with every luxury, Mrs. Damer now found herself treated like a beggar. Her diamonds, furniture and carriages were appropriated by Lord Milton, who even abused her for staying a few days in what he reminded her was "another man's house." Shaken as she was in nerves and health by the horror of all which had befallen her, Mrs. Damer exhibited nevertheless a splendid fortitude. Calmly bidding farewell to her weeping servants, she drove away in a hackney coach from the home of such sad memories, "taking with her only her inkstand, a few books, her dog and her maid out of

[1] See *ante*, page 149.

that fine house . . . she had three guineas in her pocket which were to last her till Michaelmas." Subsequently she gave up a year of her income to assist towards paying the debts which she had never incurred ; and, by and by, she returned to live with her parents at their country seat, Park Place, near Henley.

Her health, however, had suffered seriously during the unhappiness of her married life, and she remained always delicate. Yet she had consolations. The sculpture in which she was so proficient was a never-failing source of happiness to her ; and three years after her husband's death we find her writing to Sir Charles when he urged her to quit the country : " I do not love to leave my work for long together, it is my one occupation and interest . . . hard as marble is, when one has once formed it to one's liking, it does not change." Moreover, the very fact of her having a profession so unusual to a fine lady of her date placed her upon a different footing to others of her class. By nature lively, intellectual, and untrammelled by any narrow conventions, her acquaintance became as cosmopolitan as was that of Sir Charles. She delighted in wit and genius, and where she found either, her own position being unassailable, she refused, in her choice of friends, to trouble herself about the mere accident of birth. Sir Charles being of the same persuasion, this constituted a fresh link in the *camaraderie* which always existed between them, and which, in spite of a disparity of age, remained an abiding factor in the lives of both.

But, the first sad years of her widowhood passed, Anne Damer found yet another consolation besides that afforded by her chisel. At Richmond House she discovered a new vent for her artistic temperament—a novel excitement which enthralled her. With her return to the world, she now undertook a leading part in the private theatricals at the Duke's theatre, usually that of the heroine in the various plays attempted there ; and, exquisitely dressed, graceful and fascinating, the centre of a brilliant group of amateurs, she won for herself a measure of praise which she found intoxicating.

This new departure led to the formation on her part of certain friendships which she shared in common with her old acquaintance Sir Charles, notably those for three

celebrities of that day—Sarah Siddons, John Kemble and Eliza Farren.

It is scarcely necessary to recapitulate the fluctuating course of events which had brought Mrs. Siddons into fame. As is well known, Roger Kemble, a travelling manager who lived from 1721 to 1802, had, besides other children, a daughter Sarah, born in 1755, and a son John, born two years later. Sarah who, from her childhood, assisted in the humble theatrical performances of her father's company, was at one time in domestic service with Lady Mary Greatheed, at Guy's Cliffe, in Warwickshire. In 1773 she married William Siddons, one of the actors attached to her father's troupe, and was playing with him at Cheltenham, when her performance was seen and appreciated by David Garrick, who forthwith offered her an engagement at Drury Lane. There she appeared as Portia in December, 1775 ; but her reception was a lamentable failure. A provincial actress, badly dressed, overwhelmed with nervousness, and at times inaudible on a stage to the size of which she was unaccustomed, her performance was decried alike by Press and public, and derided by rivals to whom her engagement by the great actor-manager had been an especial affront.

She retired bitterly disheartened to the provinces where, for the following six years, she played solely to gain bread for her children. Meanwhile her powers were maturing, she was attaining confidence and experience ; and when, in 1782, she was again offered an engagement at Drury Lane, her second reception was the reverse of the first. In the pathetic rôle of Isabella in Garrick's adaptation of *The Fatal Marriage* she took the town by storm. Her beautiful and expressive face, her splendid presence, her clear and flexible voice, and the wonderful passion with which she portrayed a character adapted to her art, at once ensured her recognition as a tragedian of rare genius, while its effect upon her audience won for her the title of " the Queen of Tears." John Kemble in the success of his sister found his own. Originally intended for the Catholic priesthood, he had discovered that his love for the stage would not be denied, and had abandoned what was then considered a far higher social plane to become a strolling player. He visited the York circuit under Sir Charles's old acquaintance, Tate

Wilkinson, during which it is very probable that Sir Charles first made his acquaintance ; but in 1783, the year after his sister's success at Drury Lane, Kemble played Hamlet on the same stage before an enthusiastic audience.

Even at that date the correspondence of Sir Charles with the various members of this illustrious family shows that his acquaintance with them was not of recent standing ; while their attitude towards him reveals a genuine affection and gratitude wholly free from servility. His nephew, Sir William Hotham, writing some years afterwards, relates—" My uncle, himself an elegant scholar and fine gentleman, early noticed Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and had them frequently to his house in town and at Dalton at a time when it was not usual for men of his rank to do so. But the brother and sister proved themselves deserving in every way of all the encouragement that could be offered them." One of the earliest letters from John Kemble to Sir Charles is written shortly after the actor had leapt into fame, and when it is amusing to find that he was vainly struggling to learn French, although the collegiate education, intended to fit him for the priesthood, had already stood him in good stead for a very different profession.

John Kemble to Sir Charles Thompson

My dear Sir Charles,

On the day that I had the pleasure of writing to Miss Hotham I promised myself the happiness and the honour of addressing you also—Fate decreed otherwise, " and what the stars decree must come to pass though ever so ridiculous." That is a quotation from *The Guardian* and really my success in that piece has been so flattering that I am scarcely able to think of anything else.

I am sure my dear Sir you will not be sorry to hear that my cough has at length quite left me—It has been a dreadful business, I seriously thought at one time that it had fallen upon my lungs and that I should die, but I am now very well, tho' not very merry.

I am very much obliged to you for your intelligence about my sister. She has written to me very often since she has been in Ireland, but her Letters never contain a syllable more than that she is *well and most affectionately my S. Siddons.*

I am told (for I have never been there but the two nights I played) that the Haymarket Theatre is every night as full as it

can hold. The lady who is now playing Sigismunda is upheld by Mr Colman. He is a tower of strength—but I am told (by some of the best judges, too) that her performance is so very execrable that not even his power, mighty as it is, will be able much longer to support her.—His heart is at present the residence of sorrow. His adopted son, Mr Hesketh, is dead. He is at present at Kew with Mrs and Miss Nott.—I am very shortly to have the pleasure of seeing them all.

Oh my dear Sir Charles, I am almost in despair about French. I did not think I was so dull, and I am vexed to death to find that I positively am—I fancied that in two months I shou'd have understood it perfectly, but *no such thing*—I can only *make out* what I read without being at all able to judge whether my crooks are elegantly or otherwise written.

I like our new house most extremely, the situation is beautiful, and everything now is very comfortably settled in it. . . .

Lord Inchiquin is in town and Mr Windham and Lady Harcourt, too, has been in London a great deal this summer and she has been kind to me beyond measure.

I know you will have the goodness to remember me with the truest affection and respect to Lady Dorothy and Miss Hotham, and let me entreat you to believe that amongst all your Loves there is not one who is half so affectionate and sincere as your

Most obliged
and very grateful
J. Kemble.

London Gower St Bedford Square July 26th 1784

Gower Street, which runs from the north-east corner of Bedford Square into the Euston Road, is now a broad, dull thoroughfare, with little in its appearance to recommend it as a place of residence. But at the date of Kemble's letter it was a situation noted for its attractiveness and for its delightful houses surrounded by large, beautiful gardens. Nectarines and grapes ripened there out of doors—even so late as 1800 ; while many years afterwards Lord Eldon used to speak of the fine fruit which he raised in the open air there, till gradually the ground was required for building purposes, and the atmosphere became too infected with smoke.

Not only had Kemble established himself in that charming neighbourhood, but Mrs. Siddons, as her fortune became more assured, removed there from the Strand to a house the back of

which, she relates, was "effectually in the country."[1] In June, 1784, however, she journeyed to Dublin to fulfil an engagement with West Digges, the Irish actor-manager; and on the very day when Kemble was writing to Sir Charles, it so happened that William Siddons was penning a letter to the same destination to give an account of a cruel riot which had taken place at the Smock Alley theatre, scene of many a famous uproar. On the first arrival of Mrs. Siddons in Dublin, the *ton* among the Irish world had repeated the civility with which, five years earlier, they had greeted Mrs. Abington, and had received the great Queen of Tragedy with every mark of appreciation. Foremost among those to welcome her was the Duchess of Leinster who, probably at the request of her brother the Duke of Richmond and of her friend Sir Charles Thompson, invited the actress to stay with her; but this, though a great source of satisfaction to Mrs. Siddons, scarcely made up to her for the terrible violence of the mob from which she was fated to suffer, or the malignity with which she was pursued by jealous members of her own profession. Since no aspersion could be cast upon her moral character, her enemies attacked her in what represented to them the one vulnerable point in an otherwise unassailable career. Mrs. Siddons had, on more than one occasion, exhibited a lack of the usual generosity attendant upon her profession, which, however, when one considers that she had not only children but a husband partially dependent upon her exertions, is at least excusable. Nevertheless she was accused of meanness, and a rumour was circulated that when performing in Dublin, ostensibly for the benefit of West Digges, who was in embarrassed circumstances, and also for the actor Brereton, she had behaved with unprecedented stinginess in appropriating an unreasonably large share of the profits. To add to the malevolence excited by these slanders, in the middle of her engagement she unfortunately fell ill of a violent fever and was confined to her bed for a few nights, which was promptly interpreted by her detractors into a deliberate attempt to avoid her work.

[1] *The Dictionary of National Biography* erroneously states that Mrs. Siddons lived at 49 Great Marlborough Street from 1790 to 1802, *and removed thence to Gower Street.* From her letters to Sir Charles Thompson it is obvious that she moved to Great Marlborough Street *after* having lived in Gower Street, where she was residing in 1785.

"Mrs. Siddons," relates her husband to Sir Charles on July 26th, 1784, "got last week a very bad cold attended with a sore Throat and Fever. The day it first came upon her, she got through with great difficulty ; but it so inflamed her disorder that she has since been in great danger, though with care and attendance she is getting up again a-pace. Certain of your esteem and concern for her I was induced to send this, fearing you might meet with any of the Irish papers and guess from them things were worse than they now are." But when Mrs. Siddons, weak from her late illness, attempted again to appear upon the stage, she was greeted by the enraged populace in a manner which is scarcely credible, and William Siddons appends a distracted postscript to his former letter :—

P.S. A terrible riot at the theatre, with the Lord Lieutenant etc. Poor Mrs Siddons went through the part of Lady Randolph without being heard a single line, and now and then an apple, potatoe or something else going very near her ; indeed Sir Charles, I am no politician, but this country is in a strange ferment. However I hope they'l suffer me to bring my precious property safe out of it, and then "*to it boys, if you please !*"

The courage and self-possession of Mrs. Siddons, however, triumphed over the malevolence of her foes, and Lord Archibald Hamilton[1] furnished Sir Charles with a glowing account of her subsequent success :—

Lord Archibald Hamilton to Sir Charles Thompson

Henrietta Street 10th Oct. 1784.

My dear Sir,

After the ungracious reception which the charming Siddons met with on Tuesday, I am sure you will be pleased to hear that last night She enjoyed as unbounded and universal applause from the moment she first appeared to the end of the play, as her warmest friends can wish. The howling storm was quite subsided, I hope never more to shock her sensibility, which alas ! has been too often the butt of malice. I thought her rather pale and thin ; probably owing to the late agitation of her mind ; for I hear she is in perfect good health, and feels herself on ground so firm that she is not to be shaken by these

[1] Lord Archibald Hamilton, eldest son of James, 5th Duke of Hamilton, who succeeded his nephew, the 8th Duke, in 1799 as 9th Duke of Hamilton and 6th Duke of Brandon. He died in 1819.

late ill-founded imputations. . . . Once more we have her triumphant here. I hope she will think no more of her foreign dominions. The Hibernian realm is not worthy of such an Empress. Is it not enough that she possess absolute sway over the hearts of the subjects as well as of the Sovereigns of the British Isle ? It is an Empire worthy of Her, and perhaps no other portion of the Globe deserves her so truly—at least I hope so. But surely she is made of mould too refined and precious for that Society of Barbarians, who, I am told, *would actually have tarr'd & feathered Her*, had she not been protected by the Dutchess of Leinster—God reward them as they deserve !

Last night I was charmed as much as ever, She is always new and wonderful. Good God ! what a blessed Society we should be could we always feel and be influenced by those generous emotions which she excites, when she makes every heart ready to burst with social, friendly & exalted Sentiments. The enthusiasm seemingly soon evaporates, yet I trust and am persuaded that even these momentary impressions have a great and good effect even in so corrupt a society as ours. . . .

Unfortunately, however, the spite which had marked the tour of Mrs. Siddons in Ireland pursued her on her return to London, where disparaging rumours respecting her alleged meanness were diligently circulated. The more enthusiastically was she appreciated by the upper classes, the more envy was excited amongst those of her profession who in her success read their own failure. Still more unfortunately, the lawlessness of the common crowd again offered an ever-ready mouthpiece for calumny. In England, as in Ireland, the mob loved a riot, seizing eagerly at any pretext for indulging in their favourite pastime ; and already at the date when Lord Archibald Hamilton wrote his letter of extravagant admiration for the Tragedy Queen, a plot had been formed for her undoing. On a night at Drury Lane, momentous in that Kemble and his sister were both to appear in a piece called *The Gamester*, it was prearranged that Mrs. Siddons should be subjected to every species of insult, and hounded ignominiously off the stage.

Mrs. Siddons, warned of the treatment in store for her, went bravely to meet her fate. Hypersensitive by very reason of her artistic temperament, pardonably vain with the conscious-

ness of her genius, she was a victim peculiarly vulnerable to torture of the sort which was prepared for her. On that dreaded night for one terrible moment she waited with her brother upon the stage arming herself with courage for the ordeal which was before her, then the curtain went up and she stood helpless, "the object of public scorn." A deafening storm of hooting and jeers greeted her; her brother led her forward to the footlights, but the uproar only increased. With assumed composure she bowed to the friends who strove by their applause to stem the malice of her enemies, but after repeated efforts to make herself heard Kemble led her away, and, the instant she was out of sight of her tormentors, she fainted in his arms. Nevertheless, no sooner was she sufficiently recovered than, yielding to the representations of her husband, her brother, and Sheridan, and realising that her children's bread depended upon her present determination, she again faced her foes; and this time, to her astonishment, was received with a silence so profound that she says "I was absolutely awestruck." Seizing the opportunity, she made a short but pithy speech, appealing to the generosity of her audience. "The stories which have been circulated against me are calumnies," she asserted. "When they have been proved true, my aspersers will be justified; till then my respect for the public leads me to be confident that I shall be protected from *unmerited insult*." Her courage commanded the respect even of the ruffians who had attacked her. Again she withdrew, in order, it was announced, to compose herself sufficiently to perform her part; then she returned, and went through the rest of the evening with a courage and brilliance which won for her a complete triumph.

The following day this scene was the talk of the town, and news of it was sent to Sir Charles Thompson, who at that date was in Yorkshire:—

William Siddons to Sir Charles Thompson

SIR,

You have heard no doubt of the most wicked conspiracy and most brutal outrage that was ever offered to an innocent woman—the late attack on Mrs Siddons—in the annals of the world, envy, hatred, and malice never joined together for so infamous a purpose, for they meant not only to insult her but

to drive her from her bread, and they would have gained their ends but in consideration of her friends, which were numerous in comparison to her enemies.

Amidst all this agitation and indignation, you must excuse us, Sir Charles, for our seeming neglect to your last kind letter, which made an addition to our troubles by your account of Lady Dorothy's complaints—surely you were alarmed too soon, and we shall hear they are removed. . . . I have the happiness to inform you that Mrs Siddons stood the rude shock with greater firmness than could have been expected, and is now pretty well, but says, though for her children's sake she shall be obliged to continue her profession, it will never have those pleasing charms it had before. . . .

October 15th London 1784

Again the courage of Mrs. Siddons had its reward. Although at first she declared that she must abandon a profession which thus exposed her to the insults of every ruffian, and although she could never bear to recall " the horrors of that dreadful night," she had won the admiration of many of her detractors and had increased that of her former admirers. Indeed, as may be seen by Lord Archibald Hamilton's letter, the malignance of her enemies was only surpassed by the adulation of her friends ; and yet another triumph was in store for her which Mr. Siddons did not fail promptly to communicate to Sir Charles :—

Gower St September 18th 1785.

I have the honour and pleasure to acquaint Lady Dorothy and Sir Charles that we are all safe set down in Gower Street and in good health.

I should have wrote a post or two sooner, for we got home Wednesday evening, but, thought I would at the same time convey the manner of Mrs Siddons' reception yesterday night, which I have the happiness to say was brilliant, and warming ; the Theatre was never fuller (and a prodigious overflow) nor the applause at the *entré* never louder. This I am sure our Honble friends will be glad to hear, tho' I doubt not but they will see a different account when they receive their Paper.

Our stay at Nuneham was a day or two longer than was expected from the arrival of their gracious Majesties and most beautiful and charming offspring, gracious and good as ever

to the Queen of Tears, and did her the honour to hear her read the part of Hamlet, and the further honour of commanding *Douglas* for Thursday next.

Was I to set down every kind desire of the two Ladies I might extend my letter to an enormous length, briefly then, their hearts' best wishes wait on Lady Dorothy and Sir Charles. . . .

This audience with the Queen at Nuneham, the seat of Lord Harcourt, caused Mrs. Siddons indescribable satisfaction. She speaks of the "honour and glory" which accrued to her on that occasion, and that it was a triumph "for which I can never enough thank my Lady Harcourt." Later, however, she had frequently to pay the penalty of being patronised by their "gracious Majesties and charming offspring"; and Lady Harcourt, as Lady-in-Waiting, was deputed to receive her on her being summoned to Windsor, a duty which at another time was relegated to Fanny Burney. The ludicrous tale is well known of how Mrs. Siddons was commanded to read there to her Royal audience, without any payment save the honour of the command, and of how she nearly fainted with hunger in their presence because she did not dare to attempt walking backwards, in her unaccustomed train, over the polished floors, towards the proffered and longed-for refreshment. Still more was she gratified when, having seen her marvellous impersonation of some tragic character at Drury Lane, the Queen, anxious to be unusually condescending, informed her in broken English that Her Majesty had found it necessary to turn the Royal back upon the stage—the acting was "*too disagreeable.*" Meanwhile, William Hamilton, the R.A.,[1] had painted her portrait in the rôle of Isabella with her son in *The Fatal Marriage,* and the eagerness to see this picture was almost incredible; carriages blocked the street wherein the artist's house was situated, and the fortunate people who penetrated to his studio actually wept as they stood before the painting which recalled to them the superb acting by which they had been profoundly stirred. But Sir Charles Thompson testified his admiration in a more practical manner, for he purchased the celebrated picture and installed it at Dalton, where it remains to this day.

[1] William Hamilton, 1751–1801, born at Chelsea, and assistant to Robert Adam the architect, who helped him in his youth to visit Italy.

Mrs. Damer, who paid due homage to the genius of Mrs. Siddons, invited the actress to Park Place, and at one time gave her lessons in modelling, in which she proved herself an adept pupil. None the less, the stiffness and formality which characterised the famous tragedian off the stage, militated against her popularity in ordinary life; and a yet greater favourite, both with the Hothams and with Mrs. Damer, was her prototype, the Queen of Comedy, the merry Miss Farren, whose beauty, wit and vivacity won all hearts.

Her father, a humble surgeon-apothecary of Cork, but a man of considerable ability, was bitten with the mania for the stage which occasionally infected respectable citizens, and joined a company of strolling players. His daughter Elizabeth, who was born presumably about 1759, played in juvenile parts, and in 1774 was, with her mother and sisters, touring in Yorkshire with Tate Wilkinson. Later, about the age of eighteen, being introduced by another manager, Younger, to Colman, she made her first appearance in London at the Haymarket, as Miss Hardcastle, in June, 1777, and the following year she performed at Drury Lane. From that time forward she never lost her sway over the hearts of the public, and, the only actress who could enact the part of a fine lady with inimitable grace and humour, she was hailed as a successor to Mrs. Abington, who retired in 1782. Slender of form, dainty in dress, with "a distinction of manner and refinement of bearing," Miss Farren's merry blue eyes, her winning smile and her expressive face captivated an audience already impressed by her mock airs and graces, her flirting fan, her "tripping tongue," and all the assumed insolence of the haughty beauty whom she loved to impersonate. "Her theatrical talent in genteel comedy was unrivalled," states Sir William Hotham. "Her countenance was in the highest degree animating, and her figure elegant. I met her frequently at the house of my uncle Sir Charles Hotham, who was a very great friend of hers." But while her letters to Sir Charles reveal the vivacity and playfulness which endeared her to her friends at Dalton, they show also the all too sensitive nature and the fragile physique with which her genius was handicapped. "The delicacy of her constitution," wrote Anne Damer regretfully to Sir Charles, "must occasion

MRS. SIDDONS AND HER SON
AS ISABELLA IN "*THE FATAL MARRIAGE*"
Painted by William Hamilton, R.A., and purchased by Sir Charles Hotham, the 8th Bart.

many anxious moments to those who know her, as it is scarcely possible to suppose them insensible to her merit and to the amiable qualities of her heart, setting apart her justly admired and superior talents." "Miss Farren, you know," she adds, in another letter, "is of the too delicate sort ever long together to enjoy perfect health in the corporal and mental foggs and boggs of this sad world!"

Perhaps the shortest letter which Miss Farren ever wrote to Sir Charles is the following, though at the same time it is most eloquent of the terms of intimacy which subsisted between her and the inhabitants of Dalton. Like all her letters it is undated :—

My dear Sir Charles,

With your permission and Lady Dorothy's we are coming to eat you out of *House and Home* for a few days; I shall almost be with you before you get this note, till when I remain,

dear Sir Charles,

Your most obliged

Eliza Farren.

"And did you venture yourself alone in the South Walk with Miss Farren?" wrote Captain Merry[1] to Sir Charles, facetiously. "For when a common Haymaker could work us up to such a pitch of enthusiasm as we were sauntering there, what must have been the effect of the charms of the most beautiful Miss Farren?" Yet although the gay Irish beauty delighted in "quizzing" Sir Charles, whom she termed her knight, her playfulness was always innocent, and her conduct, like that of Mrs. Siddons, was above reproach. This was the more remarkable since Lord Derby's attachment to her during the lifetime of his first wife, who was paralysed and from whom he was separated, might well have furnished the ill-natured with food for scandal. The Earl, it is true, was far from being an Adonis; he was indeed of such quaint appearance as to resemble a caricature; none the less his devotion to Miss Farren

[1] Charles Merry, a great friend of Sir Charles Hotham. He was Captain in the 79th Regiment (or Royal Liverpool Volunteers, Jamaica). It is probable that he was a relation of Robert Merry, the friend of Mrs. Thrale, afterwards Piozzi.

extended over a period of eighteen years, and all London laughed at the skill with which the merry Irish girl both retained and restrained the affections of what Horace Walpole called her "unalterable Earl." Yet the behaviour of the couple remained immaculate, and the world continued to smile good-humouredly at the romance, while gossip related, with undisguised merriment, how Lord Derby sent round daily from Grosvenor Square to the actress's little house with the bay window in Green Street to inquire if Miss Farren had slept well, and how, when informed she was in good health, his Lordship "expressed the liveliest satisfaction!"

At the theatricals at Richmond House, where Sir Charles so often formed one of an interested audience, Mrs. Damer and Miss Farren, the amateur and the professional, probably enjoyed some of the happiest moments of their lives. The former, as already remarked, tasted all the triumph and the intoxication of a successful actress; the latter, reversing her usual rôle, became a critical onlooker, who, while coaching the amateur performers, among whom was her devoted slave Lord Derby, basked in the admiration of a circle of friends whose patronage in itself was then held to be a compliment. For each performance the Duke issued tickets to his guests and their acquaintance, whom he afterwards entertained at a magnificent supper which was prolonged till dawn; and, needless to say, these invitations were almost unrivalled in popularity. Captain Merry, who always took part in them, either as actor or audience, remarks enthusiastically to Sir Charles:—

I really do not think there is any private theatre like Richmond House, for not to speak of the excellence of every individual performer, I never saw anything ludicrous on that stage, and I believe there are very few private performances that can boast so much. Horatio's start at seeing the ghost was one of the *best* exhibitions I ever saw. I was sitting next to Ld Grosvenor on this *awful occasion* & I had no small difficulty to make my phiz it's usual length.

In 1787 a performance took place at Richmond House which attracted unusual attention. A play called *False Appearances* was acted there which was an adaptation by Mrs. Damer's

father, General Conway, from a French piece, *Les Dehors Trompeurs*. Great was the agitation of the producers of this literary effort, and Anne Damer wrote early to inform Sir Charles of its complete success :—

Anne Damer to Sir Charles Thompson

London Monday (1787)

My dear Sr Charles to you I have promised an account of our Play, and to no one can I have more pleasure in performing my promise, as your good nature & the true interest you take in those you love will make you enjoy their success so completely. It was beyond all expectation—a crowded House, containing everything London ever produces most worthy of the ambition of authors & actors to please. The applause was far greater than any we have had, & kept up with so much spirit that it cou'd but be sincere, every thing was so well understood, not a word, a look missed, & so much laughing and attention where it was required that the actors were inspired from the beginning of the performance & I need not tell you the effect *that* has—or what I felt before it began & till the very flattering turn I saw things take.

I cannot express, yet I do firmly believe that our dear friend Miss Farren suffered still more, I never shall forget the anxiety of her fine expressive countenance which I only saw at a distance, for she would not venture to come near us till the Play was over. The Author has every reason to be flattered, & where the Play was most doubtfull, its success seems secure, I mean in want of life and spirit. This clearly shows how impossible it is to judge of a Performance until it's actually on the Boards.

Kemble, I hear, was charmed with it, & pronounced that it would do for a publick Theatre.

You will probably have heard from poor Mrs Siddons that her journey has been deferred by the illness of her son, but I flatter myself that he is now recovering. Mrs Greatheed[1] has just told me that she means to go in a day or two, what a persecution she has gone thro' this winter! Justice certainly in these affairs is not always clear to our poor mortal eye.

Mrs. Lybbe-Powys in her Diary relates how, on May 23rd :—

[1] The wife of Bertie Greatheed, the son of Lady Mary. (See page 217.)

Mr Powys and myself were at the Play at Richmond House. It was the first night of performing "False Appearances." The characters were as follows—

The Baron	The Earl of Derby
Monsieur Forlis	Captain Merry
Champagne	Captain Howarth
The Marquis	Lord Henry Fitzgerald
The Countess	The Hon. Mrs Damer
Celia	Miss Hamilton
Lisette	Mrs Bruce
Locayle	Miss Campbell

The prologue and epilogue were both very clever ; wrote by General Conway, and spoken with great spirit by Lord Derby and Mrs Damer. The whole amazingly well acted. The house filled with all the fine people in town.

Frederick Reynolds, the actor, however, was much less flattering in his comments. He relates :—

On my return from Switzerland, I found the whole town infected with another mania—Private Theatricals. Drury Lane and Covent Garden were almost forgotten in the performances at Richmond House ; and the Earl of Derby, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Mrs Hobart, and Mrs Damer, in *The Way to Keep Him* and *False Appearances* were considered by crowded and fashionable audiences equal, if not superior to Kemble, Lewis, Mrs Siddons and the present Countess of Derby (Miss Farren).

I did not witness the acting of either of these distinguished personages ; but Macklin said that they only exemplified what he had always asserted—viz ; that the best private actor *was not half so good as Dibble Davis*—a third rate performer of that day !

Kemble, as Anne Damer remarks, being one of the audience, professed himself delighted with the performance, and desired to transplant the play to Drury Lane ; where the anticipation of its advent drew from Miss Farren the following lively letter to Sir Charles :—

Miss Farren to Sir Charles Thompson

Vous avez tort mon cher Ami and I could find in my Heart to be very angry with you for daring to *think* that Mrs Damer loves you more than I do ; the truth is, you love *her* better

than you do me and therefore you fancy that she ought to return your passion with a great degree of warmth. Own that I am right ; you are at a great distance you know, and therefore need not have the fear of NAILS before your Eyes ; besides I will let you into a little secret, the Lady in question has so many good qualities that I should have a bad Opinion of your taste if your Love did not increase in proportion to her merit. You see I am content to come off *second best* upon this occasion ; a proof at least that vanity is not among the greatest of my failings.

I know not whether you are blessed with such weather in Yorkshire as we enjoy in Town ? but of all the burning fiery furnaces since the time of Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego nothing ever equalled the heat of my room at this moment, not a breath of air, and I am ashamed to mention the dress I am writing to you in tho' I think your goodness would excuse it, shocking as the word *Chemise* must be to a delicate ear. Heavens ! I have let it escape my Pen ! *tant pis* ; you must not read it to Lady Dorothy. We are very profligate in this wicked Town, but I see no reason why we should make you Country folks as bad as ourselves !

Laying all this nonsense aside, I must tell you, my dear Sir Charles how much, how *very* much we miss you here ; our pleasant Party seems all quite deranged, and we never meet but a sigh escapes each of us for the loss of our charming friends in Yorkshire ; this is not a way of speaking but literally true.

On Saturday next we bring out " *Les Dehors Trompeurs* " ; you will not wonder that I am extremely anxious for its success, as you know how much Genl. Conway and all the family are interested in it ; I shall, with regret, to the forsaken corner " where civil Speech and soft Persuasion hung," turn many a wistful look, but all in vain, no friendly hand will be held out with " *I'm glad you're come,*" no little soft voice will issue from below with " *Come down here, I have kept you a place,*"—upon my Word 'tis quite melancholy to think of it, for, after all, 'tis these little offices kindly done that render life desirable, or indeed worth the keeping ; if people did but know how giving and receiving those little *douceurs* betters Life they would study the Agreeable from mere Motives of Selfishness ; I know you will agree with me.

I shall not say anything of Drury Lane, as you will have better intelligence from two quarters, and no other news have we except Births, Deaths, and Marriages ; à propos of the two

latter they say poor Lady John Russell is dying[1] and Lord Charles Somerset has certainly taken a little jaunt to the North with Miss Courteney.

By this time I take it you are pretty well tired of me, and will thank me for making my congé. Adieu, then, my estimable friend, if you find me a tedious and prolix correspondent, you must thank yourself, " O'er strained indulgence spoils the froward Child."

May all happiness attend you.

Ever sincerely yours
ELIZA FARREN.

From Lord Derby, first to her Ladyship everything that is *tender*; then to you Everything friendly; from my mother and myself to both the Ladies love and gratitude unbounded as their goodness.

The play, however, bereft of the glamour which had attached to it when performed by fashionable amateurs, only ran at Drury Lane for six nights. Shortly afterwards, the three prominent members of the theatrical profession in whom Sir Charles was specially interested were all suffering from ill-health. Kemble, in order to recruit his strength, went on a prolonged visit to Dalton; while his sister wrote to Sir Charles an account of her tour in Scotland, and of her projected visit to Norwich :—

Sarah Siddons to Sir Charles Hotham[2]

Edinburgh July 20th (1787)

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,

When I received your very kind letter I was not in a situation to enjoy any pleasure tho' I assure you I have often since reflected with infinite delight on this flattering mark of your attention and regard.

My poor Harry was seiz'd the very night before we had proposed setting out for Edinburgh with a violent scarlet fever the Symptoms for some time very alarming but (thank God they soon subsided) which detained us in Town for a week. " One woe trod upon another's heel, so fast they follow'd." I

[1] John, second son of Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, who succeeded his brother Francis as 6th Duke of Bedford in 1802, married first, in 1786, Georgiana Elizabeth, second daughter of George, 4th Viscount Torrington, who did not die till 1801.

[2] Sir Charles resumed his former surname on July 2nd, 1787. (See *ante*, page 92.)

hope and trust it is over, for at present we are all well. *I* am the better for Sea-bathing ; my dear friend Mr Nott will be in town the end of this Month and if you write to him pray my dear Sir Charles desire him not to think that I esteem him less because I have not written to him. I really find it impossible to keep up a regular correspondence with any body.

We go on very successfully here, and in a fortnight we shall be at Glasgow ; from thence, as I find myself pretty well and as there is little liklihood of my going there afterwards (Mr Brunton being soon to commence Manager there), I shall go to *Norwich* and play a few nights where I shall probably put two hundred pounds in my pocket. This is at present a secret, and *you* my dear Sir Charles are well enough acquainted with the *Theatric politics* to know the necessity of being a little mysterious sometimes.

Mr S. desires me to present his respects to you and we unite in all possible good wishes to her Ladyship and Miss Hotham ; in the hope of hearing *soon* that you are all well, I have the honour to subscribe myself, my dear Sir, your and *Their*

Most affte and oblig'd Servt

S. Siddons.

Mrs. Siddons, although asserting to Sir Charles that she was going on " very successfully " in Edinburgh, where she acted for twelve nights, refrained from telling him the true fashion of her reception there. The stolid attention of the Scots, and " their canny reservation of praise till they were sure it was deserved," at first chilled and exasperated her. Accustomed by now to the enthusiastic plaudits of a southern audience, she could not understand the impassive gravity with which the northern public greeted her most telling passages. Even the potatoes and apples of an Irish mob were more comprehensible ; and she declared afterwards that she felt as though she were acting to stones, so hopeless was the lack of animation displayed by the vast crowd. " Successive flashes of her elocution, that had always been sure to electrify the south," we are told, " fell in vain on those northern flints. At last she coiled up her powers to the most emphatic utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart that if this did not touch the Scotch, she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished, she paused, and looked to the audience." And in the profound silence which followed, a single voice was heard

observing patronisingly, and with cautious reticence, "*That's nane sae bad!*" Suddenly the ludicrous inadequacy of such praise in view of the inimitable performance which they had just witnessed, struck the vast audience; they burst into a roar of laughter, followed by such thunders of applause that Mrs. Siddons was as overwhelmed by their unexpected enthusiasm as she had previously been by their apparent lack of it.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Damer supplied Sir Charles with an account of Miss Farren's continued success in London :—

Mrs. Damer to Sir Charles Hotham

Aug. 21st 1787.

I have been very busy, first in modelling my dog at Park Place, coming in to dress when the bell rang for dinner, after proposing all the morning to write and do twenty other things, & actually I had no time to lose as I was obliged to come to town, and you who are so good as not to disdain the company of an artist know that a model must not be left in its wet state unfinished.

Since I came to town I have been very uneasy about our dear friend Miss Farren, she has had terrible returns of the pain in her head & has look'd so ill your heart would have ached for her, I am sure, her doctor absolutely forbids her writing, which is the reason that you have not heard from her & it has caused her much anxiety I assure you, to-day I promised to tell you this, for tho' she plays to-night, she would have written as she could not bear deferring it any longer, but I was certain that you would have desired her not yourself.

I think her better & try to persuade her to give herself a little air & quiet before the fatigues of the winter, I hope she will listen but you know how careless she is of her health. How I wished for you the night she played Beatrice! her glory was great, I assure you a house as full as it could hold and very great applause—so great that I do not doubt but the play will be given in the winter, when I flatter myself that we shall often renew the agreeable parties we had together.

I conclude that Mr Kemble is still with you, and I hope the newspapers are right in the account they give of the amendment of his health—it is a public consideration.

From the "agreeable parties" during and after the performance of the plays at which Sir Charles and his friends were

wont to forgather when in town, the latter, as we have already seen, pursued him to far-away Yorkshire, and claimed his ready hospitality as often as they liked. The length and discomfort of the journey at that date justified a prolonged sojourn at the journey's end, but Kemble, in his desire for health, appears on this occasion to have remained for a couple of months at Dalton, " that Paradise of your own creation," as he terms it when writing to his host. That he was a welcome inmate is evident, and Sir William Hotham provides an interesting description of the characteristics which constituted the actor's charm.

" To Mr. Kemble's good sense, moral conduct and classical education," he states, " the Stage is principally indebted for that very evident improvement which it experienced. . . . Mr. Kemble's figure was good, and his countenance uncommonly fine. His manners were at the same time dignified and modest, and though they were very superior to most others, however exalted their rank might be, with whom he associated, he never forgot who *they* were, or who *he* had been. He was, at the time I saw him, very attentive to his religious duties, and very devout without being the least affected. . . . He was hospitable and fond of convivial society, and appears, at one time of his life, to have indulged more freely in wine than was consistent with prudence, so that, in addition to the laborious duties of his profession, his health probably fell a sacrifice to it.

" He always spoke with gratitude to me of my Uncle's kindness and friendship. His pleasing manners, gentlemanly conversation and benevolent countenance would of themselves have made him a delightful companion, apart from the interest which his conspicuous station and commanding talents procured for him."

Sir Charles personally used to relate a characteristic anecdote of the great actor which bears out the description given by his nephew. It happened one day at the King's levée, to which Kemble had received a Royal summons, that those who wished to attend were kept waiting for an unreasonably long time in the anteroom. During three weary hours they stood outside the closed door of the Presence chamber, while one irate peer leant heavily against it, in order that, when

at last it was opened, he might pass through it without a moment's delay. Meanwhile, although concealing their sentiments out of necessary politeness, not a few of those present were indignant that an actor should form one of their company ; it seemed to them that, apart from being treated with scanty consideration by the Sovereign, it was a further insult that they should be received at the same audience with a man so palpably their social inferior. Kemble, however, who could not be unaware of the feelings which his presence occasioned, soon found an opportunity of dispelling the annoyance of his companions. As the moments passed slowly, the peer who had been pushing angrily against the door, at length lost all patience and gave vent to his ill-humour and indignation in no measured terms. Kemble thereupon turned to him, and respectfully urged him to be patient. " If your feelings are hurt upon this occasion, my Lord," he observed quaintly, " what must *mine* be ?—I, who to-night am to be the King of England Henry VIII, and to-morrow night the King of Scotland Macbeth ! " The wit and tact of the remark under such trying circumstances had the desired effect. " In a moment," relates Sir Charles, " it disarmed those who were wondering what business Kemble had at the Levée, and it produced an atmosphere of good humour which lasted till the trying ordeal of that long delay was ended."

But if Sir Charles was fond of relating anecdotes in which Kemble figured, Kemble used to recount one of his visit to Dalton which never palled upon the lively circle of Sir Charles's friends in Yorkshire or in Bond Street. The actor, as pointed out by Sir William Hotham, was a man of devout life, and, to his grave, exhibited traces of his early training for the priesthood. But although brought up as a Roman Catholic, in the religion of his father, he was far from bigoted, and when there was no church of his own persuasion near he did not hesitate to worship in the Church of England, to which his mother and his sisters belonged. Thus on Sunday morning at Dalton, he prepared to accompany his host to divine service, and was, in consequence, the witness of an untoward incident which he never forgot.

In those days it was the custom for the parson, regardless

of the sacred locality in which he officiated, to show some marked civility to the squire and his lady on their arrival in church. Sometimes, indeed, the commencement of the service was delayed till they were actually seated in their pew, at others it was merely interrupted to accord them a respectful welcome. On this particular Sunday, however, Sir Charles, absorbed in the pleasant society of his guest, had either mistaken the time or lost count of it till long past the hour when he ought to have been in church. The perturbed parson meanwhile waited vainly for his arrival; and at last, reluctantly and with many qualms, was constrained to begin the service without him. None the less, aware of the unremitting nature of the squire's attendance at his parish church, the reverend gentleman was greatly upset at what he felt to be an act of rudeness on his own part, and, as he proceeded with the service, he kept one anxious eye upon the door, in order that, when the long-deferred entry of the absentee should at length take place, he might repair, as far as possible, his present omission in courtesy. Unfortunately for this polite intention, the entry, when it at last occurred, was peculiarly ill-timed. As Kemble, preceding his host, trod softly into the sacred building, the first lesson for the day was being read—the story of Balaam's adventures with his loquacious ass; and the arrival of Sir Charles and his lady was signalised thus: "And the ass spake"—nervous pause on the part of the parson—"and the ass spake—the ass spake—*Good-morning, Lady Dorothy!*"

After quitting Dalton, with its pleasant memories, Kemble wrote to his kind host:—

London, Sept 19th 1787

My dear Sir Charles,

After ten thousand difficulties from dilatory upholsterers and the whole Tribe of Sluggards concerned in equipping houses I am at length settled in a habitable Apartment; and, now I can think at all, my first Thoughts are towards the Performance of some Part of my Duties to you—I hope the head-ache has not been so unmannerly as to trouble you with much of its Company; though you support Impertinence with so well natur'd an ease that one may doubt whether you should be condol'd with under the Calamity of a rude visitant.

For my own poor part I arriv'd indeed at Oxford on the Day

of the Appointment I had the Honour to have at Nuneham, but so terribly crippled with Rheumatism in my knees and Shoulders as to be literally unable to walk or to assist myself in any Shape; as I thought it would be indecent to turn my Lord Harcourt's House into an Infirmary, and only carry trouble with me where I went, I sent his Lordship my apologies, and hasten'd to London where the warm Bath has restor'd me that Treasure of Health which I hoarded up at Dalton.

Mr Siddons has been confin'd to his bed with a violent though slow fever for some time; he begins however to improve and we think him out of all danger.

I have not seen Miss Farren since I came to town and the only Refuge I can find from the Tempest of her Displeasure is to be afraid that she does not care whether I see her or not.

Little Mrs Jordan[1] is the happy mother of a bouncing Baby, and, now it's over, noddles from her window to her acquaintance array'd in Virgin White.

There are added to Drury Lane Mr Wroughton and a Mrs Taylor who hopes to be a wonder. I have never seen her. She presents herself in Elwina.

Mr Palmer and the elder Mr Bannister[2] have forsaken the glory of pleasing a Court to give Puppet shews to the Rabble of Whitechapel and Wapping, and there are so many suits at Law instituted upon their Proceedings that, before the Close of the Term, the Baron Hotham[3] will stand no bad chance of being as able a theatrical historian as his brother.

You will be highly gratified, I am sure, when you see with what Elegance our Theatre is refitted. Now I know you suspect this is a Puff to quicken her Ladyship's good intentions, but I speak the serious Truth, though I think the House ought in justice to be seen before the smoky Lamps have dull'd the Gold, and darken'd the white, and withered the Bloom of the rose-colour'd Linings in the Boxes.

[1] Dorothea Jordan (whose real name was Bland) had first appeared at Drury Lane in 1785. For thirty years she kept her hold on the public in the impersonation of romps and boys. In 1790 commenced her connection with the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, which lasted till 1811. She died in poverty in 1816. In 1831 King William raised her eldest son to the peerage as Earl of Munster.

[2] Charles Bannister, actor and vocalist 1738–1804; father of John Bannister the comedian.

[3] The brother of Sir Charles Hotham, Beaumont Hotham, Baron of the Exchequer.

My sister joins with me when I offer my Respects to Lady Dorothy and Miss Hotham, and begs to be known as heartily as I do, dear Sir Charles,

Your most obliged and humblest Servant

JOHN KEMBLE.

No 10 Caroline Street Bedford Square.

The following January Sir Charles was again in town, and the cheerful parties which Mrs. Damer loved were once more resumed, occasionally present at them being another friend and correspondent of Sir Charles, the fascinating actress Jane Powell, who had once been a domestic servant in the same house as Emma Hart, afterwards Lady Hamilton. One evening we read how they all dined with Miss Farren in "the little house with the bay window" in Green Street, while on January 15th Horace Walpole writes to Lady Ossory :—

Berkeley Square Jan. 15th 1788

My histrionic acquaintance spreads. I supped at Lady Dorothy Hotham's with Mrs Siddons, and have visited and been visited by her, and have seen and liked her much, yes, very much in the passionate scenes in *Percy*, but I do not admire her in cold declamation, and find her voice very hollow and defective.

In the autumn of that same year Mrs. Siddons was performing at Norwich, and Sir Charles wrote to his brother-in-law requesting him to show her some special attention. On September 19th Lord Buckinghamshire wrote from Blickling : "You will be pleased to hear that your Friend Mrs. Siddons's Reception at Norwich was equal to her merit, and that her consequential Profit must have been more than £400. We deemed it a proper attention to you to invite her & Mr. Siddons to pass Four-and-Twenty hours with us, and to send an equipage to fetch her which, however, was politely declin'd." Shortly afterwards Mrs. Siddons was staying at Guy's Cliff, where the son of her former employer, Bertie Greatheed, now regarded her presence as an honour, and tremblingly offered her plays of his own composition. Thence she wrote to Sir Charles to announce what, to her, was an epoch-making event :—

Sarah Siddons to Sir Charles Hotham

Guy's Cliff Sept 22nd.

My dear Sir Charles,

Tho' I have nothing to do I find myself more busy than ever. I returned to Guy's Cliff last Friday, found my children and my freinds [*sic*] as well as possible and of course myself in good spirits, and not the worse for having put fifteen hundred pounds into my pocket this Summer.

Now let me tell you, my dear Sir, that nothing could be more flattering than the honours done to me by your noble brother and Sister at Norwich, for which I am infinitely oblig'd tho' so unfortunate as to be unable to profit by their goodness.

And what do *you think* and you my Lady *Dorothy*, aye and *you Miss Hotham*, if you are at charming Dalton, where I wish I could fly to tell you this Secret with which I am ready to burst, and which fills me with joy and fear and agitations of all sorts and kinds, for God knows, how he will be able to go thro' such a fag as it will be, you are all crying "*the deuce take her what can she mean ?*" Why then this I mean, John Kemble is Deputy Manager at Drury Lane this Winter—now the murder's out !

I snatched up my pen the instant I rec'd his letter to tell you these agreeable news, and with kindest and best wishes I this instant take my leave, for dinner is going in and my appetite is keen.

I am my dear Sir Charles
Your truly affte humble Servt
S. Siddons.

Thus, at the very theatre where once Mrs. Siddons, under the management of Garrick—as a poor little provincial actress, a conspicuous failure—had been driven from the stage, not only was she now the leading tragedian whose supremacy none could dispute, but her brother was regarded as a competent successor to that same great Garrick—that man whose favour had once meant fortune to the humble band of strolling players of which Sarah Siddons and John Kemble had then formed part ! Small wonder that such a change in the wheel of destiny filled Mrs. Siddons with elation ; and that it caused no small excitement in the social as well as in the theatrical world. Sir Charles, however, had long predicted the event which came as a surprise to others ; and Kemble remembered this when

he wrote the following modest appreciation of his own good fortune :—

John Kemble to Sir Charles Hotham

No 13 Caroline Street Bedford Square.
October 3rd 1788

My dear Sir Charles,

I do not know how to express the sense I have of your kind concern for me. I have always reckoned the being distinguished by the Regard of your Family as the greatest Ornament and Pleasure of my life ; can I help being proud that a Person of your Taste should congratulate me on my being put into an Employment which it certainly requires some capacity to discharge properly. I am perfectly well satisfied with the Authority and with the Income of my new office. I hope my Business will not so materially interfere with my Summer's Engagements, as to deprive me of the Happiness I shall always enjoy when I have the honour to be received at Dalton.

Mr King has entirely left us both as Actor and Manager ; and he has promised to give the Publick the Reasons of this Step within three or four days.[1]

And now Sir Charles I own that for the future I shall revere you as a true Prophet. Mr and Mrs Siddons are not yet come to town. I had a letter from them yesterday, they rejoice in my Dignities, and are very well.

Doctor Ford's interest in the theatre is certainly disposed of to Mr Sheridan.

I am perfectly cured of my Cough, and I hope your Headaches have taken leave of you. Mrs Kemble joins me in my Respects to Lady Dorothy and Miss Hotham.

Meantime Mrs. Damer had been for a tour on the Continent and, fortunately for herself, got back safely to Park Place before the outbreak of the revolutionary troubles in France, which might have prevented her return to her native land. "I have three vulgar new French chairs in my study," she wrote enticingly afterwards to Sir Charles, "which I think remarkably easy ; *such temptations I hope you will not resist.* . . . I mean to be well all the winter and work hard." But an unexpected trouble soon disturbed her serenity—an

[1] On King's shoulders was supposed previously to rest all the responsibility of management ; and on his resignation he wrote a letter of doubtful taste to the papers complaining that his power had been hopelessly restricted.

announcement from the Duke of Richmond that he thought of giving up his private theatre, in which he had previously delighted, this resolution being apparently the outcome of the trouble thereby entailed and the unwieldy proportions to which the audience had now grown.

Mrs Damer to Sir Charles Hotham

Park Place Oct. 5th 1788.

The Devil take the french posts, I say, for I am sure I owe it no thanks if you did not think me for a time the most complete *Perfidy Woman*. I wrote to you from Paris most certainly, I can not positively say more than once, tho' I have some idea even of that, but to tell you of our return. I cou'd even bring a witness.

I rather attribute this to your having your letters directed to Dalton, for I think it safest & most safe always to direct foreign letters to the Capital, however this we will settle when I take my next journey beyond seas.

Miss Farren has passed some days with us here & looked in most remarkable beauty, so that you must, if this continues, turn your shield towards the part of your heart most vulnerable to her eyes. To be serious, she showed me your kind letter for which I thank you a thousand times. Do not be uneasy about the disposition of my study, there is no change in that, I found it convenient & never try to mend what is well ; but what was *not* well, I am sure you must remember, & that was my noisy roof, instead of which I have got good slates, & deal boards over my head this year, & then you remember a certain Kitchen window which you used to lean your elbow upon, that I take away, so that there will be a better place by the stove, & you shall have another for your elbow, hat & cane—are you satisfied ?

Now for the Play, alas ! alas ! The Duke wrote me word when I was at Spa that he meant to give up his Theatre, that he found it troublesome & wanted the House for other purposes, yet *if I wished it very much* he wou'd continue it one year more. I cou'd make but one answer to this, which I am sure I need not tell you ; & I gave up the most agreeable amusement as lost. I disliked this so much that, as ill news flys fast enough, I scarce mentioned it to anyone. Since I came to England I have seen the Duke, he did not mention the subject to me, & I of course did not chuse to begin it, yet I hear that the poor dear Theatre still exists—this is all I know—nay, should ever things come

to an accomodation & explanations, I am sure that the affair of tickets and invitations might be made easy to him, & yet leave him all the credit he had so just a title to in this business, my mother wou'd do anything, *enfin Dieu sait!*

I have only room to say that I rejoyce in our new Manager at Drury Lane, & hope that I have now some interest there.

But the theatre at Richmond House came to an end, and Mrs. Damer in future had to expend her love for the drama solely in her friendship for, and attention to, its more serious exponents. From Park Place Miss Farren wrote constantly to Sir Charles or to Lady Dorothy in her usual playful vein:—

Miss Farren to Lady Dorothy Hotham

(1788)

My dear Lady Dorothy,

You are married to the falsest Man; you never will believe that he goes about seeking whom he may devour, and deceiving young Virgins into a kindness for him! but I have found him out, and give him up. And now my dear Friend I must tell you that I am just come to town from Park Place, where I have been a great while, and where we often wish'd for you & that *saucy Man* belonging to you. All your *Dears* there are in good health and Spirits.

Your Ladyship I doubt not is much pleased with the New Manager of Drury Lane, and to say *truth* to you, he goes the way to please everybody; he uses me *very ill* tho', I must tell you, for he *coaxes me* to do all sorts of things.

General Burgoyne[1] is this Moment coming up the Street with Mr Jephson,[2] who he has begg'd to present to me, I must therefore bid you adieu, first assuring you that I am with respects and affection your

Ladyship's obliged and grateful

Eliza Farren.

Mamma sends her respects to Sir Charles and your Ladyship. Do *not* give *my* love to the Creature.

The next letter from Anne Damer to Sir Charles described another event in the dramatic world. On the night of June 17th, 1789, the Opera House in Covent Garden was burnt to the ground. The fire was supposed to have been the work

[1] John Burgoyne, General and dramatist (1723–79). He eloped with a daughter of Lord Derby in 1740.

[2] Captain Jephson, who was the author of a romantic play, *The Count of Narbonne*, which Kemble had to play thirty times to his Dublin audience.

of an incendiary, and suspicion attached to the leader of the orchestra, who owed a grudge to the manager. In this conflagration the favourite opera of *La Laconda*, by Lasiello, was destroyed—score, separate parts, and all. It is said that Mazzinghi, who then presided at the harpsichord, undertook to reproduce from memory the whole of the instrumental accompaniments, and this he did successfully. The house, however, architecturally, was no great loss—it was a dull, plain building, not unlike a Quakers' meeting-house, the front being of red brick and the roof covered with black glazed tiles. The first stone of the succeeding structure was laid in 1790 by Lord Buckinghamshire, probably at the request of his brother-in-law, whose enthusiasm for the stage was much greater than his own :—

Anne Damer to Sir Charles Hotham

June 1789

I really abuse of the privilege you give me, my dear Sir Charles, but it must not go any further lest it should have the appearance of ingratitude, tho' the reality must ever be far from my heart.

Of our friends I have to tell you that I hear the most pleasing accounts from Ireland of Miss Farren that can be wished, the first & second night over, the most brilliant audience & every mark of applause. Mr Ogilvie was so obliging, of himself, as to write to me to give me this satisfactory intelligence & that of her being received with open arms & as she deserves so well by the Duchess of Leinster & many other Ladies who shew her every possible attention. I have heard also from herself &, as far as I can judge thro' the hurry in which she writes, I flatter myself that her journey will answer in every respect, as you & I thought it wou'd.

I know nothing particular of Mrs Siddons, but hope that too goes as we wish.

You know by this time that the poor Opera House is no more, people say that 'tis lucky, & I know not what, & that there will be a better, but I regret it, it was an old acquaintance, & to it I owe many pleasant hours. I have one *comfort*, however, which is that I saw it burned, & so fine a sight ! it is far beyond description—from the top of Cosway's[1] house in Pall Mall did I see it, perched between the Golden Sun & the statue of Minerva. I hope you recollect them.

[1] Richard Cosway the miniaturist, 1740–1821.

I am going in a day or two to Park Place where I hope to pass most of my summer. We shall all have many melancholy moments there, but one must try to make the best of a bad world ever, and I know your kindness for me & therefore say a word of my health which has not been what I have any sort of right to complain of just now, I think not *so* well, but I shall be better for change of air, and am indeed what is called well at present, and yours, dear Sir Charles, ever most sincerely

ANNE DAMER.

In 1789 Miss Farren went to Ireland with a special introduction from Sir Charles to his many friends there :—

Miss Farren to Sir Charles Hotham

[Undated]

MY GOOD DEAR SIR CHARLES,

I have but time for a line to return my warmest thanks for your kind letter, and to assure you of my safe arrival at this place, after a journey & voyage more tiresome than I can express.

I have been received here in such a way that if I was to live a thousand years I could never forget ; all Dublin I believe have been to see me, & have literally hardly time to tire myself. They are charming people, and I can never be half grateful enough for their attention to me.

The Duchess of Leinster (with whom I live, almost) desires me to say every kind thing to Ly Dorothy & yourself. My Mother joins me in most affectionate respects to her Ladyship, and I remain, dear Sir Charles

Most truly your obliged & affecte Friend

ELIZA FARREN.

I have a message from Ld Henry[1] to her Ladyship, but must not tell *you*.

Mr. Ogilvie, who was Miss Farren's host on the occasion of her second visit to Dublin, was, as before mentioned, the second husband of the Duchess of Leinster. The year following, he had a terrible accident to which Mrs. Damer refers. " Goodwood," she writes, " is in a melancholy state just now, on account of poor Mr. Ogilvie's accident, who was attacked by an elk, beat down, and so violently hurt that his life is in

[1] Lord Henry Fitzgerald, fourth son of the Duke of Leinster (formerly Marquis of Kildare) by his wife Emilia Mary, daughter of the 2nd Duke of Richmond.

danger from the wounds and bruises this odious animal has given him." The brute creation seem to have exhibited unusual ferocity that year, for about the same date Kemble writes: "I am just come from my Lord Derby's, who is crippled by a bite from a goat." Before then, however, Sir Charles received from his other friend, Mrs. Siddons, an account of her own particular trials, couched in the somewhat artificial language which forms a striking contrast to the communications of Miss Farren :—

Sarah Siddons to Sir Charles Hotham

Exeter August 30th 1789.

My dear Sir,

When I think on the little eternity which has elaps'd since my being in Yorkshire, I am astonish'd at having so long deferr'd the pleasure of acknowledging the honour of your very kind Letter ; but indeed the truth is that I have been in so miserable a State of health and Spirits for a long time, as not to have written a line to anyone except my Physician, dear good Dr Reynolds, whose penetration and skill I can never enough extol, and whose kind attention demands my warmest gratitude, since by these great and amiable qualities I have well grounded hope of being relieev'd [*sic*] from the tormenting complaint which has rendered the last twelve months burthensome to a degree that I can not express : what torrents of tears has it drawn from my eyes ! and prayers (I fear of impatience) from the bottom of my heart that the Almighty would mercifully put an end to an existence so full of misery. When I had last the pleasure of seeing you I suffer'd tortures and was so ill on my journey to York as to be obliged to rest a day at Ferrybridge, & when Mr Hall[1] was so good as to call on us at York I was almost distracted between the pain I suffer'd and the worry of my business which prevented my sincere wish of troubling him with a few lines to my dear friends at Dalton.

Now I say " Sweet are the uses of adversity," for by the want of health I am taught the true value of that first of all blessings, and know the better how to thank the giver ; and what is better yet to receive (I hope) his chastisements with more resignation and profit than before this visitation.

I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Charles for being so great an egotist ! but if I had less esteem for you and felt less anxious for the continuance of that regard with which you have hitherto

[1] The agent to Sir Charles Hotham.

honoured me, I had not been betray'd into so great an error. Let me beseech you to impute my silence only to the cause which I have troubled you with the revelation of ! and pray do not let me long wish for the happiness of hearing that you and my dear Lady D. are well ! in return for which good tidings I will hasten the wished for intelligence, in assuring you, from my own knowledge, that the King is perfectly well ; he very graciously talk'd to me a long time at Weymouth, and upon my word I think he looks and speaks better than ever. They all look as well and as happy as possible ; the Queen did me the honour to take a great deal of notice of little George and told me he was " so fine a boy and *Sho Shivil* " (so civil). I was there merely to bathe, but played at his Majesties command in the three following Comedies—*As you like it, 2d Husband*, and *The Jealous Wife*. I am to play here a few nights, and if I may judge by the very flattering eagerness of all ranks of people it will answer very well.

Yorkshire is now extremely gay, I suppose. The gay and lovely Miss Warren *has* been, perhaps *is* now with you, with my Compts to her, if I cou'd envy her anything, it would be the pleasurable days she spends with you and dear Lady D. not to mention the tender and insinuating caresses of my pretty little Bell ; [1] I'm sure if you give my love to her she will understand you.

I beg to be remembered in the most affectionate manner to my dear Lady Dorothy ! to whom and to Sir Charles, Mr Siddons presents his respects, we unite in Compts to Mr Hall and if Miss Hotham is with you now pray give my kindest love to her !

I have the honour to be, my dear Sir Charles
your very affectionate and
most obliged humble servant
S. SIDDONS.

If Mr Merry is at Dalton I beg my compts

Miss Farren to Sir Charles Hotham

Tuesday, June 9th (1790)

I will not attempt to express my good friend, the pleasure I felt on reading your letter this morning ; to hear that you are well and as happy as you deserve to be will always give me great delight. Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, a saying with which I am mightily taken viz. " that all men whilst they are

[1] The dog.

awake are in one common world ; but that each of them, when he is *asleep* is in a world of his own." Now I do perfectly agree with *Mr* Heraclitus, and by this very circumstance I have often seen you all since you left Town, that is in my own little world, and as I can't see you whilst I am awake, I feel very happy to dream of you a little.

And now to answer your enquiries after your Loves. With great and true regret I must inform you that (in my opinion) *Love the first*[1] is not one whit better than when you last saw her, and it is with unspeakable sorrow that I see her strength daily growing less and less ; but she walks about and does not complain with a Pulse at Ninety ! What can one say ? *You* know how difficult it is to hint, and how very unlikely that any hint should be attended to when given. I have great hope from the effects of Country air. She goes to Park Place in about ten or twelve days. I told her your anxieties about her and she sends her best love, Lady Ailesbury too desires to be kindly remembered to all.

For *Love the Second*[2] I can't say much. She is not *well*, but not so ill as she has been, she has been at Streatham with the Piozzi's ever since Saturday, and that I think looks well.

Now for poor *Love the Third*[3], she has been Dying, Dear Sir Charles, and is now writing to you with a Blister half a yard long upon her back ; " think of that Master Brook ! " The Deuce take it—here are some fussy People coming to hinder me !

Wednesday morning.

No : I could never sit down to write again all day—but here I am once more to go on with my misfortunes, tho' I shall never get so good a Pen as I had yesterday. Even the Ink has changed its colour on purpose to vex me, it can't be helped " *on fait ce qu'on peut, non pas ce qu'on veut.*" Well then, I have been very ill, but am now getting better, and set off for Scotland next Saturday sen'night ! I see you now making *de grands yeux*, but I am not going to Gretna-Green, so you may be quite easy upon that head. Of Kemble I know nothing, but am very angry with him, as he has not once enquired after me thro' my severe illness. You know we must quarrel about something.

From Her Grace Mary,[4] I have a message to you. She says that, from all she can learn, the opera will be at the Old Shop,

[1] Mrs. Damer.
[2] Mrs. Siddons.
[3] Herself.
[4] The Duchess of Richmond.

and that as she found everybody was paying their money she thought it best to send her Hundred and twenty guineas too, lest she should be disappointed of her Box. Her Grace is afraid that perhaps you will not like to belong to her upon this arrangement, and has ordered me in the prettiest way I possibly can to ask you! Now you will please to suppose all the pretty things I ought to have said and let us have an answer as soon as convenient.

Is not Lady Dorothy transported that Lord Edward is returned in health after all his perils?[1] Upon my word, it seemed quite to turn the Bishop of Leinster's brain.

People now begin to *think* that we shall have a War[2]—but nothing is known as yet, it is very strongly believed that Parliament will be dissolved about the 12th of this month. They have been playing the Deuce again at Paris; but notwithstanding their intestine broils they have fitted out a very considerable Fleet, where it will be destined remains to be decided.

Adieu, Dear Sir Charles, give my love to the dear Ladies, and accept of all sorts of kind messages that I am charged with for them and you by all those you love and esteem here.

Most truly your affectionate friend,

ELIZA FARREN.

The visit referred to by Miss Farren in this letter, which was then paid by Mrs. Siddons to Mrs. Piozzi, was fated to be a long one. A white, solidly-built house, standing in spacious grounds adorned with fine old trees, Streatham Place was noted for its healthy situation without and its creature comforts within. Its owner, Mrs. Piozzi, is best remembered by posterity as Mrs. Thrale, the object of Dr. Johnson's devotion and the hostess of that surly lexicographer, who, tamed and domesticated, resided beneath her roof for sixteen years. She was a witty, charming, and vivacious woman who, in spite of her

[1] The fifth and youngest son of the Duchess of Leinster, born 1763. He sat for Athy in the Irish Parliament, and was drawn to Paris by the Revolution, where he renounced his title. In 1792 he married Pamela, reputed daughter of the Duc d'Orleans and Madame de Genlis. His sad fate is a matter of history. He joined the United Irishmen in 1796 and went again to France to arrange for a French invasion of Ireland. The plot was betrayed, and on his return to Dublin Fitzgerald was arrested, receiving wounds of which he died sixteen days later in prison, on June 4th, 1798.

[2] While the progress of the Revolution in France was causing universal anxiety, England and Spain quarrelled over the affair of Nootka Sound. Pitt made extensive preparations for war.

large family of twelve children, wrote both books and poems, and figured prominently in the blue-stocking society of her day. Her first husband, Henry Thrale, a prosperous Southwark brewer, died in 1781, and subsequently the widow became attached to Piozzi, an Italian musician, whom to the unreasonable annoyance of her admiring friends, and particularly of Dr. Johnson, she married in 1784. The union, however, proved a very happy one ; the couple went abroad on a prolonged honeymoon, not returning to England till 1787, and to their house at Streatham till 1790, in which latter place they cannot have long been settled when Mr. and Mrs. Siddons arrived to pay them a morning visit—and remained for several weeks !

Mr Siddons to Sir Charles Hotham

London, Gower Street June 21st 1790.

Some time back Miss Farren called in Gower Street with a letter in which you kindly desired she would enquire how Mrs Siddons did, and send you word. We were at Streatham so she could not give you much information. I cannot help thanking you for myself and Mrs Siddons, and at the same time, as I know you and Lady Dorothy are so good as to be interested about her, to say something of her and our plans.

Last Saturday three weeks we went merely to pay a morning visit to Mr and Mrs Piozzi at Streatham Common. They were so good as to wish our continuance there for some time to see what change of air might do. It is a sweet quiet place, and Mrs Siddons gladly accepted their offer and there she remains.

Mrs Piozzi persuaded her she should try some other medical gentleman, as Dr Osborne seemed at a standstill and had a fair and long tryal. Sir Lucas Peppys[1] was fixed upon, and sent for, who gave her great hopes, and prescribed for her. To be as brief as possible, either from Sir Lucas, the air, or Mrs Piozzi's attention and witty concorse, [*sic*] she is amazingly better, and sleeps the whole night without waking—what she has not known for a year and a half past. She has got her flesh again, and I think looks as well as ever she did in her life. Sir Lucas says she may go to Calais and see her children there, to bathe in the sea if she should go back again. I understand he intends to recommend her Harrogate, but he advises her to stay at Streatham as long as she can, so our departure is unfixed.

[1] Sir Lucas Pepys, a celebrated doctor, 1742–1830. After Jenner's discovery he was an active supporter of the National Vaccine Institution.

I must inform you I have at last got a house, 'tis in what is called an unfashionable street, but still 'tis more among our friends, and though not so pretty as Gower Street, t'will be warmer (a thing Mrs Siddons wished for) and have more room. It is in Great Marlborough Street. The houses there are all in an old fashioned style, and there are plenty of closets, which the ladies seem in general to be fond of. I am just going to be very busy with painters, plaisterers and paper-hangers, to get it ready against this winter, by which time the smell will be pretty well gone.

Little other news is there stirring here. I have heard from Liverpool, all well as to health, but electioneering likely to keep the play-houses thin there and everywhere beside.

'Tis at Mrs Siddons particular request I write this, who begs her kindest regards to all at Dalton. She thinks she sees her Ladyship so busy and so happy feeding her chicky biddys and Gallinis. . . .

The new home which Mr. Siddons was preparing for his wife, 49 Great Marlborough Street, was situated in a locality which then presented a striking contrast in appearance to that which it bears to-day. Although unfashionable as a place of residence, the wide thoroughfare in its vicinity had suddenly become popular as a promenade for the belles and beaux who had, consequently, deserted both the piazza in Covent Garden and the shady walk along the Mall in St. James's Park. Captain Merry, indeed, writing to Sir Charles at this date, gives an illustration of the completeness with which the former once favourite resort had been forsaken by the *beau monde*. He was, he relates, walking through Covent Garden one day, tricked out in the fashionable finery which a short time previously would have attracted no attention there, when it was brought rudely home to him that such attire in such a place was no longer appropriate. For an old basket-woman, who had eyed the solitary dandy, bawled out sarcastically at his approach—"*Ho! Ho! here comes a farthing rushlight to stick in my window!*"—"and I think"—observes Captain Merry thoughtfully, reviewing his own glittering appearance on that occasion, "the old lady had some merit in finding out the resemblance!" Nevertheless, to Mrs. Siddons, in her weak state of health, the gay world which frequented the locality of her new home presented but little attraction, and she lingered gratefully in

her peaceful retreat at Streatham, daily becoming more attached to her hospitable hostess.

Previous to this period, the two ladies had been decidedly antipathetic. Sprightly, versatile Mrs. Thrale had once described the pompous Mrs. Siddons contemptuously as " This leaden goddess whom we are all worshipping," and Mrs. Siddons, so late as 1790, had assured Lady Harcourt that she could never expect to care for Mrs. Piozzi. But the intimacy engendered in that peaceful country house, and during long intimate talks in the old-world garden, changed the opinions of both ladies, and Mrs. Piozzi subsequently wrote of Mrs. Siddons, " the longer one knows that incomparable creature the more reasons spring up to esteem and love her." It is probable, however, that Mrs. Siddons had quitted Streatham before July 28th, on which day Mrs. Piozzi celebrated her seventh wedding-day and her return to her home by a fête " of prodigious splendour and gaiety," at which the Hothams appear to have been present. They, indeed, are said to have taken a special interest in Mrs. Piozzi, owing to the curious likeness which she presented to Lady Dorothy. From the portraits of both which are extant it is difficult to trace this resemblance, and one is led to the conclusion that it must have been more a similarity of wit and manner than of actual physiognomy ; indeed, Sir William Hotham, writing at a later date, appears to confirm this impression. " An aunt of mine, the wife of Sir Charles Hotham," he states frankly, " very much resembled Mrs. Piozzi in every way except one, and that was temper, her Ladyship not being quite so amiable. Lady Dorothy, however, was a person of very extensive reading and strong natural talent, and had seen much more of the upper class of society than had Mrs. Piozzi." Nevertheless, on this momentous occasion the tireless hostess seems to have charmed everyone by her grace and wit. She herself relates : " Seventy people to dinner. . . . Never was a pleasanter day seen, and at night the trees and front of the house were illuminated with coloured lamps that called forth our neighbours from all the adjacent villages to admire and enjoy the diversion. Many friends sware that not less than a thousand men, women and children might have been counted in the house and grounds, where, though all were admitted, nothing was stolen, lost, or

broken, or even damaged—a circumstance almost incredible ; and which gave Mr. Piozzi a high opinion of English gratitude and respectful attachment."

But while Mrs. Piozzi was thus happily enacting the rôle of a bride returned from her seven years' honeymoon, the stately Mrs. Siddons, having striven to refresh mind and body in the quiet retreat at Streatham, did not recover as quickly from her ailments as had been hoped, and during her absence from the stage the general disquietude in the political world was affecting the theatre adversely. Kemble, writing to Sir Charles on August 16th, 1790, to renounce the " golden dream " of a visit to Dalton, remarks sadly : " The Theatre has not succeeded well with us this summer, the Election and the press-gang have been mortal foes to us." . . . Events in France, moreover, were causing ever greater anxiety. After the storming of the Bastille in 1789, Thomas Coutts had written to Sir Charles that he was hastening to Paris to fetch away his family, " who have been there through the whole of the recent troubles " ; and, during the months which followed, the spirit of discontent threatened to spread to England. The apostles of Freedom did not, however, obtain an undivided hearing. During the summer of 1790 Captain Merry wrote to Sir Charles :

June 26th 1790.

Horne Tooke goes on but slowly.[1] On Friday sevennight he gave hand-bills about desiring the Electors of Westminster to meet at the Globe Tavern, but did not, by mistake, *specify those in his own interest*, so that many of Fox's party were there, and there was some capital speaking ; in consequence of this I went on the Saturday, in hopes of hearing some good debating, when lo ! it was a night of business, & Mr Bell the Bookseller, a leading man in the Cause, unfortunately knowing me by sight, after speaking to Horne Tooke proposed my being called to the Chair. *This seemed likely to be carried*, so that I was taken in myself for a speech, stating that though I wished the Cause very well, yet my being obliged to leave London on the Morrow would prevent my attending the Committee, etc, as I should wish to do ;—and as soon as possible I made my retreat.

I cannot help imagining how you would have been surprised to have seen that I was the leading man in the Cause !

[1] In 1790 Horne Tooke stood unsuccessfully for Westminster.

Mrs Damer is out of town ; Miss Farren is gone to Scotland to act.

Pray make my best respects to Lady Dorothy & Miss Hotham ; tell the Last her friend Hervey Ashton has fought a duel & been wounded in the face. By what I can hear he was in the wrong, as he chose to what he call'd *Quiz* a Gentleman he did not know at Ranelagh, by wishing him a good night, &, I hear, laughing at the same time ; so the *Quiz* broke his head with his cane directly, & has since wounded him in the Face.

In June of the following year, all London was electrified by the tidings of the flight of the French Royal Family who, it was for some days believed, had succeeded in effecting their escape from the French Revolutionary mob. Miss Farren immediately sent a report of the rumour to Dalton, in a letter which is divided between joy at this event and distress at the intelligence which had reached her that Sir Charles, owing to the state of his health, was not intending to visit London :—

Miss Farren to Sir Charles Hotham

June (1791)

You are a most faithless, recreant Knight and do not deserve that I should even condescend to take any notice of you ; but I am, with a magnanimity that will astonish you, bribing the Bell-man to wait till I inform you, that the King and Queen of France with the Dauphin have effected an escape ! They may now cry " Vive la Nation " as loud as they please, for *le Roi* is out of hearing. All London is full of this news, it arrived late last night at the Secretary of State's office ; and a hundred persons have by this time exactly settled where they are, and what will happen in consequence of their flight, but as I am neither wise enough to know the one or guess at the other, and as my friend the Bell-man is impatient I hasten to assure you that

I am
Your very sincerely angry
ELIZA FARREN.

But it was, alas, subsequently ascertained that the unfortunate King and Queen had been captured at Varennes and taken back by a slow and dreadful journey to Paris, where prolonged torture and death awaited them. The letter of Miss Farren, however, completely ignores a matter to her of

more personal moment which was then occupying the thoughts of her friends. On May 31st, Kemble, proposing himself on a visit to Dalton, had announced significantly to Sir Charles—"*Lady Derby it is thought cannot live till tomorrow morning.*" Yet again the poor unwanted wife rallied, and even Mrs. Piozzi exclaimed with impatience, "*Will Miss Farren's coronet never be put on?*" Miss Farren alone showed a complete indifference to the event, and it may be added that the paralysed Lady Derby survived till March 14th, 1797, when, six weeks from the date of her death, Lord Derby at last married the beautiful actress to whom he had for so many years been attached. Miss Farren then bade her adieu to the stage in the character of Lady Teazle, in which she excelled, and burst into a passion of tears as she spoke her farewell lines. The story runs that Lord Derby subsequently applied in the Green Room to Sheridan for certain arrears of the bride's salary which had remained unpaid, asserting that he would not leave the place till this debt was defrayed. "My dear Lord," said Sheridan imperturbably, "this is too bad; you have robbed us of the brightest star in our little world, and now you quarrel with us for a little dust which she has left behind her!" Sir William Hotham, who knew Lady Derby well in later life, appends the information that "She filled the exalted position to which she was called in a manner creditable to her good feelings and strong understanding, and she was deservedly beloved by those who were fortunate enough to see her often. She appears to have been charitable to the poor and exemplary in her conduct as a wife and mother. I dined at Knowsley in the last summer she was alive, and though in her usual high flow of spirits, and intent upon the kindest duties of hospitality, she was evidently sinking to her grave." She died April 23rd, 1829.

This, however, is anticipating events in which Sir Charles was destined to take no part. But we can scarcely quit the account of his connection with the theatrical world without glancing at another letter which he received during the summer of 1790. This was from a lady who, herself a playwright and amateur performer of her own compositions, had further acted a remarkable part upon the stage of life.

It will be remembered that during the childhood of Henrietta Hotham she often met at Lady Suffolk's a goddaughter of the latter, Lady Elizabeth Berkeley. Since then this lady had had an adventurous career. At the age of seventeen she had married William Craven who, two years later, became the 6th Baron Craven. In her Memoirs, which she subsequently wrote, she states with great complacency that he was fond and stupid while she was beautiful and clever. Be that as it may, Craven eventually bestowed his affections on another lady, and after thirteen years of married life, in 1780 informed his wife that he would no longer live with her ; that she should have an income of £1,500 a year, but that she must go her own way, which would certainly not be his.

The sympathies of the public would have been entirely with Lady Craven under such circumstances, had Lord Craven on his side been wholly without cause for complaint. Such, however, was not the case. Lovely as she undoubtedly was, brilliant, vivacious, and eccentric, the reputation of Lady Craven was not sufficiently without reproach for society to stand by her in her present equivocal position. She therefore, in 1783, went abroad with her youngest son, Richard Keppel Craven, and on the Continent found the world less censorious. Her beauty and her fascination won her many friends even among the crowned heads of Europe, and the foremost of those who expressed for her unbounded admiration was the Margrave of Anspach and Beireuth, nephew of Frederick the Great. This new champion of Lady Craven openly espoused her cause, offered her the protection of his roof, and spoke of her as his adopted sister. In return, Lady Craven pestered her friends with applications for the Blue Ribbon which the Margrave coveted ; and among the victims of her quest was Sir Charles Hotham :—

Lady Craven to Sir Charles Hotham

(1790)

Sir Charles will wonder to have a letter from me, but I know him to be too *good* a *gentleman* in his heart not to excuse my troubling him.

The Berlin Cabinet last year flattered me the Margrave would have the first Vacant Blue Ribband, and I was further told that the K. of E.—— said *had he known the M. wished it.*

long ago he should have had it. Now there are two vacant, and I need not turn Geneologist to teach you how doubly and triply allied the M. is to the King by Blood, and to our Country he is by the strongest Partiality.

I should have written to the M. but was told Mr Pitt must read the letter and as I am accustomed to *Royal* Correspondancies without an intermediate looker on, I did not Chuse to write about it.

I beg Sir Charles that you will mention the affair to the King ; if his Majesty knew the Margrave's goodness of heart, his attention to the D. of Gloucester who was here near two years, his attachment to his English Blood, he would wish to do the *only* thing that seems to be a *wish* of the Margrave.

If it is a necessary ceremony for the Margrave to ask for it, tell me the form & manner he is to write in, and it shall be done.

As to me I have never experienced friendship or kindness from any one but from the M. and if I knew any method by which I could obtain a satisfaction for him I would do it. Ever since I left England he has treated me like a sister and my Boy like his Child.

And I hope one day or other to see him make a visit to my country.

We are very quiet here ; and shall be so notwithstanding the Talk of war ; for tho' this is look'd upon as a Brandenbourg profession, as the King of Bohemia has a personal Esteem for the M., we shall remain unmolested here ; I must likewise tell you that I have a great opinion of the K. of Bohemia, he is spirited & sensible, and I sincerely wish him success in his present endeavours of bringing about Peace.

I beg Sir Charles you will answer my letter soon, and I confess I should be very glad to know if the M. is *ever* to have the garter or not—as if I knew he was *not,* I would undeceive him as to Entertaining hopes. For you may easily imagine a person that is 4 & fifty and of the most quiet, unambitious temper must have a thing much at heart to think yet about it after so many years are gone by without his haveing it.

I hardly know anything about your world but by the newspapers & a very few correspondants ; but, if I am to judge, your young world is very vulgar.

here I live in the Country chiefly. The Court acts french Plays now & then, & we have a race of Arabian horses here of such Beauty & goodness that it is the finest sight imaginable

to see them. The Turkish war has procured the M. several new Arabian stallions, and there are 7 in one stable here. Laudohn sent one this year. A *Yorkshire* mare would be much astonished here. I ride a great deal, I have now a mare, very young, that is a perfect beauty, and a Turkish horse that Mr Bishopsnerder, the K. of P's friend, sent me. We have a fine Pack of English hounds; Lord Paget can tell you something about them.

I have taken up a resolution which I shall keep *untill my Death. Je boude* all those whom I have been good to & who have not done their *duty* by me. particularly my eldest Brother, and as to *my Lord*, when he threatens to stop my income if I do not send Keppel to England, I answer—the instant he attempts such a thing I shall go to England & commence a suit.

My Keppel is as tall as if he was 15 years old, his temper & wit exactly after my own heart.

We have lost Lord Huntingdon, which I greive at—he was one of the very few *Lords* with us that did honour to our country by his manners.

You see I think myself in my cottage at Fulham[1] by talking so much, but I dare say you do not forget me, and will not be sorry to hear that English merit & worth is so well Establish'd in all Parts of the world, that if half my country women were driven from their homes by Mad & foolish People, they would *reign* in all countries where they come.

I have transformed a frightfull french Dutch garden here into a *ferme ornée*,[2] and taught the Kinvervans that English Butter & Cheese can be made in *Germany* as *Elsewhere*, that the duties of a good huswife are not incompatible with a Pedigree of 800 years standing—and that they are not quite wrong in copying us.

I remain with esteem
your friend & servant
Elz. Craven.

20th June Trecstadt near Anspach, inclose to his S.H. the M. of Brandenbourg, Anspach, & Bayreuth.

[1] Lord Craven built a villa at Fulham called Craven Cottage, which stood on the east side of the road facing Crowberry Mead.

[2] She was noted for her love of gardening. "I have seen her," related an eye-witness, "a few years before her death, working in her garden, spade in hand, in very coarse and singular attire, a desiccated, antiquated piece of mortality, remarkable for vivacity, realising the idea of a galvanised Egyptian mummy."

Sir Charles Hotham to Lady Craven

Dalton July 1st 1790.

Madam, Lady Craven,

I rec[d] this morning the honour of your Ladyship's Letter, and in answer to it have only to say the shatter'd state of my health obliged me very reluctantly two years ago to retire from His Majesty's Bed Chamber ; so that I have not of course the frequent opportunities of approaching him I used to have ; but I ought frankly to confess you that, were that not the case, & that I actually had the Honour of remaining in his Service, the Disposal of a garter is a matter of much too high concern for me to have presumed to touch upon.

I have had the misfortune to outlive most of my old Friends, & cannot at my time of Life attempt or expect to acquire new ones. We should not understand each other, therefore I can give you no Account of our World as you call it, except that they turn Night into Day literally, & do not seem even to amuse themselves.

I rejoice to hear you talk of Peace. I have seen & heard too much of war not to wish to end my Days in quiet ; besides Every Body, the Victor & the Vanquish'd, are more or less undone by it. It is repugnant to Humanity & Common Sense ; but the world has ever been mad, & to a degree I fear ever will.

From the honour of your Letter I collect that you are both in Health & Spirits, at least I will have the Pleasure of thinking so, as I have the Honour to be, with great Esteem

Yr L[ps] humble servant

Charles Hotham.

The change in my signature arises from my having resumed my own name.

The next year, on September 28th, 1791, Lord Craven died, and his widow became Margravine of Anspach and Beireuth, besides being in her own right Princess Berkeley of the Holy Roman Empire. Later she and her husband came to England, where she was much offended at not being received at St. James's as a Royal personage. She, however, had a large following who paid devoted court to her ; and besides her social charm, she was the admired author of plays, poems, and, in 1828, an amusing volume of Memoirs, before referred to.

Whether Sir Charles renewed his former acquaintance with the fascinating Margravine there is nothing to show ; but his

health, which had been a source of trial to him for so many years, at this period precluded him from many of the enjoyments in which he had been wont to take part. His nephew, William Hotham, indeed, who stayed with him for two months at Bath in 1791, relates that his uncle's wit and gift of anecdote were then undiminished, so that "young as I was, I always delighted in his society." Likewise Anne Damer, writing at that date, expresses the hope "that next winter you will resume your *seat* in the *House*" (Drury Lane), and adds how "Mr. Walpole tells me that during his dreadful confinement last winter you constantly went to see him, and he found his greatest comfort and satisfaction in your visits." Sir Charles was still to his friends what he had ever been, the courteous host, the entertaining guest, the loyal friend; but beneath a brave exterior was an ever-increasing tragedy which he was forced to face. It was obvious that he was suffering from paralysis which spread slowly but surely, and engendered a depression of spirits to which he had hitherto been a stranger. The events in the political world, too, preyed on his mind, the horrors which were taking place in France, the danger of similar uprisings in England. In 1793, Lady Dorothy wrote to the agent Mr. Hall :—

Feb. 2d 93.

I regret I cannot give a more favourable account of Sir C. and myself, as we are both of us invalids. He complains that the failure of his limbs increases, which consequently affects his spirits. . . .

The late dreadfull Events in France has given an Universall Shock to all the feelings of Humanity. How wonderfully indebted is this Kingdom to the vigilent Conduct & resolution of Our Administration, it is an undoubted Fact that they had certain intelligence that our own *Conspirators* in league with Foreign Ones, had form'd a Plot on an early day in Jany to assemble a sufficient force in London to set fire to the Bank, all the Bankers' houses, and then to take Possession of all the Arms in the Tower.

The *Absolute decided Reconciliation* which has taken place between the King and the Prince of Wales, and his promise now for ever to *renounce his former* detestable Connection,[1] is at this moment the most fortunate Blessing to this Nation,

[1] With Charles James Fox and the Whig Party.

as it is the total destruction to Charles Fox, Sheridan, etc. etc. & the rest of the Monsters of that Party, of all future Hopes & Expectations. Lord Loughborough's acceptance of the seals gives universal satisfaction.

All good Christians rejoiced that *Abraham Israel Gordon*[1] was returned to Newgate, as there was great Reason to fear your friend Mr Bosvile[2] wou'd have offer'd, according to his intention, to be his Bail for ten thousand Pd. He is so decided a Democrat that the Report gain'd belief.

On August 3rd following, Sir Charles experienced a loss which he felt keenly in the death of his brother-in-law Lord Buckinghamshire. The latter, suffering tortures from gout, rashly plunged his foot into cold water and expired suddenly. He was interred in the vault at Blickling Church, where the tall coffin of the former Lord Lieutenant may be seen to-day, covered with faded red velvet and showing conspicuously among those of the other members of his family who are all buried standing. But this unexpected death increased the depression from which Sir Charles was suffering. Vainly his old friends strove to persuade him to quit his Yorkshire retreat, and Walpole asserted that country solitude was his only ailment. The man whose wit and brilliance had been the delight of his friends, whose conversation and store of anecdote had been the life of every assembly, knew now that his claim to such attention was for ever gone. He preferred to die far from those who could contrast his present with his former self; and the end was not long delayed. In January, 1794, he peacefully breathed his last, and was buried at Dalton on the 26th of that month. On the following February 15th, Lady Dorothy wrote to Mr. Hall :—

Yesterday I passed the form of giving back the family Plate into the hands of the Bishop . . . he has promised, & I really believe does intend, to pass great Part of the ensuing Summer at Dalton. He is Wonderfull shook, & does not look as if he had many years to enjoy his new acquisition.

[1] Lord George Gordon, who had instigated the Gordon Riots in 1780, and been tried for high treason, but acquitted owing to Erskine's defence, had, in 1787, been convicted for a libel on Marie Antoinette. He withdrew to Holland, but being sent back, was committed to Newgate, where he died the 1st of November, 1793, having become a proselyte to Judaism.

[2] William Bosville, Esq., of Gunthwaite and Thorpe Hall, Yorkshire, a friend of Thomas Paine, Horne Tooke, etc.

By his account there never was a *Deeper Tragedy* than what passed between the dear Sovereign and him at the restoring of the Badge. He (the King) detained him full twenty minutes in his Closet inquiring into the Particulars of this Melancholy event, & Shed Tears when he said he had to lament the loss, not only of a *faithful Servant*, but of a *sincere & affectionate friend*.

Another of the dead man's illustrious contemporaries lamented pathetically the changed world bereft of his presence and that of many who had once formed his circle of friends. On April 16th, 1794, Horace Walpole wrote :—

The very persons of most of the actors now are strangers to me. . . . Those of my past time that did remain are dropping around me. . . . Lord Buckinghamshire, Lord Digby, Lord Barrington, Lady Greenwich, Lord Pembroke, Sir Charles Hotham—were all on the stage when I frequented it, and tho' the vacuum they have made will not be perceived a month hence, they occasion one in my memory, and when one is become a rare remnant of one's contemporaries, I should think it unnatural to interest oneself in the common occurrences of the world.

CHAPTER XX

THE BISHOP OF CLOGHER, 1735–1795 ; AND HIS SON, 1766–1811

ON the death of Sir Charles, the eighth baronet, the headship of the family devolved upon his brother John, Lord Bishop of Clogher, who was at that time already in a declining state of health. Of him his nephew Sir William gives the following description.

"Though inferior to his elder brother in manners and appearance he was a very finished gentleman in the one, and pleasing in the other ; a very good figure, but a very pale countenance. He had a great deal of wit, which sometimes was a little too much in Swift's style to have suited a later generation ; but he kept up the respectability of his situation and was very highly esteemed wherever he was known."

In these few words we have a picture of the Bishop which his portrait by Gilbert Stuart confirms. Courtly, dignified but less of a fine gentleman than his elder brother, we read in his face a fund of dry humour not unmingled with cynicism. That this humour, as revealed by his correspondence, was occasionally broad in tone, was but characteristic of his generation ; that he likewise exhibits a shrewdness in regard to worldly affairs was equally the outcome of circumstance. For the career of John Hotham was at certain periods of his life as varied and adventurous as that of his brothers ; he too mingled in the social and political world both in England and in Ireland ; he too was present on the battlefield and tasted something of the joy of combat ; he too travelled over Europe visiting foreign Courts, mixing in the gay life of other capitals, enjoying the variety of experience—the novelty of

outlook—the good things of this world—yet still maintaining inviolate " the respectability of his situation."

The story of his life is best told in his correspondence with his brothers ; but already we have had a glimpse of his early existence on that momentous occasion when he, in company with his brother William, donned his first pair of breeches at Innaresk, at the age of five. The second son of Beaumont Hotham and his wife Frances Thompson, John Hotham was born in Scotland on March 16th, 1735. After the removal of his parents to London, he received his early education at Westminster, where he was admitted in June, 1744 ; and in January, 1750, he became a pensioner at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which, the following year, he was elected a scholar, and where, in the usual course, he took his B.A. degree. During this latter period his attention was much attracted by the arrival at Cambridge of a man whose eccentricity was a favourite subject of discussion among his contemporaries.

Alexander Cruden, born in 1701, took his M.A. degree at Marischal College, but for a short time subsequently exhibited signs of mental aberration and was placed under restraint. On his recovery he left Aberdeen ; and, after ten years' tutoring, in 1732 started as a bookseller in London. In 1737 he published his celebrated *Concordance of the Scriptures*. It was dedicated to Queen Caroline, who promised " to remember him," but died a few days later. Soon afterwards Cruden relapsed into insanity, and for ten weeks was kept in a madhouse, while again in 1753 he was put under restraint for a fortnight. On his release he earned his livelihood as a Press-reader, and assuming the title of " Alexander the Corrector," in 1755 he began to go about the country reproving Sabbath breaking and profanity. He became noted for his romantic courtships, his dreams of knighthood and his ambition to have a seat in Parliament ; nevertheless his kindliness of disposition, and his disinterested idealism won for him a very genuine respect in spite of his eccentricity. He appears early in his campaign to have gone to Cambridge, where he honoured John Hotham with a personal interview ; of which the latter wrote the following curious account to his brother Charles :—

JOHN HOTHAM, BISHOP OF CLOGHER, THE 9TH BARONET
Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

Cambridge, July 31st 1755.

I am here sat down to thank you for yours of the 16th, and at the same time I do suppose it is required I sh[d] send you some news. But as it is easier for you to expect than me to perform such a task, I will, after begging my respects in the most submissive manner to Ly Dorothy send you a plain and true account of a phœnomenon lately discovered at Cambridge, which I propose shall fill this letter and four others that now lie on my hands.

We have lately had amongst us a man of pretty extraordinary appearance, and still more uncommon disposition. His name is Alexander Cruden, he was born at Aberdeen in Scotland and left his own country with a view of reviving the office of Roman Censor & thereby reforming the people.

This Employment he took on himself, and assumes the title of Corrector General of Great Britain. He is by this time at Eaton, from whence he proposes visiting Tunbridge, the Bath, Bristol, Southampton etc ; in order more effectively to propagate his good & useful intentions. I had the satisfaction to pass a whole evening with him, and found him an utter madman whilst on the subject of Love and Religion ; but in all other respects as intelligent and entertaining as any man I ever conversed with. He was extremely well versed in history, both Ancient & Modern, and seemed perfectly well acquainted with men & their manners.

He went to the house of one of our Beauties to desire her not to appear so much in publick, Especially on a Sunday evening, which was a means of drawing off the attention of the younger part of the University from the more important business of the day. She promised him she would stay at home as he desired, and before he went away, making him kneel down, she hit him across the shoulders with a naked broad sword & knighted him in form, presenting him at the same time with a patent of Commission written on parchment, sealed with two or three seals at the corners at Bottom, & signed by about a Dozen damsels of her acquaintance in Cambridge.

This he shewed me, asking me if I did not think it an adventure something in Don Quixote's strain. He has also, like the Don, a Dulcinea who is, without joke, a woman of very good fortune, & to whom he actually writes once a week, wherever he is, tho', says he, " I am sorry to find her more and more Cruel, & hear that she orders my Letters to be constantly burnt unopened "

I think Cervantes' character of Don Quixote infinitely more natural since I saw this man, than ever I did before ; for they resemble one another almost exactly, differing only in this particular, that he works for the Good of Mankind by fair means, whereas the Don's reformation of the world was to be effected merely by strength of Arm.—In short, take him in general, he is knowing & conversible to a degree, but in the lights either of a religious or a lover, appears as mad as any March hare.[1]

I am your etc,
J. H.

At the age of twenty-two, John Hotham was admitted to the Order of Deacon by Dr. Zachary Pearse, Bishop of Rochester, and appointed chaplain to his connection Philip Dormer, Lord Chesterfield. At the age of twenty-four he was ordained by Dr. Pearse and was given the living of Abbot's Ashton near Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire, which was in the gift of Sir William Stanhope, the brother of Lord Chesterfield. But at the very moment when he was contemplating retiring to a rural life in a remote English village, he was informed that the King, George II, had appointed him Chaplain to the Staff of the British Forces then serving in Germany under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. On April 3rd he wrote to his elder brother Charles, who was at that date with the army which the young Chaplain was about to join : " As for myself I was ordained and became a high priest the day before yesterday. The day after to-morrow I proceed to Bucks. where I stay till Monday. . . . I told Lord George (Sackville) I would be ready by the 12th, and on the 12th I move. I am commissioned to say that we shall be glad to hear of you ; but for my own part I shall not be contented without seeing you. Till then therefore, yours most really, John."

The sojourn of John Hotham in Germany was destined to be brief. On the morning of August 1st, as the army was preparing for attack at the celebrated Battle of Minden, he was standing with Lord George Sackville near a wood in front of the English camp, when a cannon-ball fell close to them. Lord George turned to him calmly and said : " You have no

[1] Alexander Cruden had just returned from a visit to Aberdeen when he died at his prayers in his Islington lodgings, November 1st, 1770.

business here ; fare you well, we shall soon be engaged." John Hotham withdrew from the battlefield, no doubt with considerable reluctance ; but, in consequence of the strictures subsequently pronounced on the conduct of Lord George during the engagement, he returned to England in the following September to give evidence at the trial which ensued. While travelling home with the disgraced General, as we have already seen, at the suggestion of the latter he furnished his brother with a graphic account of the " public entries " they made during the memorable journey ;[1] but he likewise appended a more particular account of his own private woes. From Rotterdam, on September 2nd, he wrote confidentially to Colonel Hotham :—

Wigs were certainly invented to the perpetual disgrace & vexation of the human species. Mine has this morning been both to me. After I was dressed in every point except that, I called for my wig.—" Yes, Sir," says James, & went to fetch it. In about five minutes he came back empty handed.

" Well—where is my wig ? "

" I don't know Sir, I'm sure."

" *You don't know Sir, you're sure ?* "

" Nau, Sir, I cannot for my loife tell what's becoome own't."

" How d'ye mean *becoome own't*, you blockhead, go and fetch it ! "

" Sir, it signifies nothing my going to fetch it, for a man is run away with it."

" *Run away with it ?* "

" Yas, Sir, oise sure the man's gone clean off with the wig."

" Why, you uncommon booby, tell me what you mean ! "

" Why, Sir, I'se sure I niver could ha' thought on such a thing, but I gave your wig about an hour ago to a barber here in the house & told him to comb it out."

" Well," says I, " then I suppose he is doing it below stairs, go & bid him make haste with it."

" Nau, Sir, he's not below stairs."

" Oh, well, then he's at his shop. I suppose he's the barber of the house, go to his shop. It is certainly within a few doors."

" Nau, Sir, that's the very thing. He does not belong to the house, they have another barber ; this man is a stranger, & all the people of the house says they wonder how he's got in

[1] See *ante*, page 75.

here, they never saw'd him before. They tell me they thought you had sent for him ! "

" *I sent for him ?* How could they be such fools ? I am not acquainted with *any* barber, more particularly in Rotterdam."

" Why nau, Sir, that's to be sure, I don't think that you sent for him."

" Pho ! prithee don't talk nonsense, go down & ask where his shop is, & find the fellow out,—at least find me my wig."

" Sir, I have been asking, & nobody can tell me anything about him or his shop, they never saw his face till this morning, he's quite a stranger here."

" Oh, he is ? "

" Yes, Sir, that's what he is, he's quite an entire stranger."

" A very pretty thing for me ! And has he got any other wig with him besides mine ? "

" Yes, Sir, he's got an Elderly Gentleman's here in the house, that wears a tail'd wig."

" And does the elderly gentleman know him ? "

" Nau, Sir, he took the wig away from his servant at the same time I gave him yours & ran out of the house with them both."

" Oh, very well, does the Elderly Gentleman know that he has lost his wig ? "

" Yes, Sir, & he's very angry, he does not think he shall ever see it any more."

" Well, I suppose it will be the same with me ! "

" Yes, Sir, I verily think it will ! "

" Pho, hold your nonsense ! "—(Here a pause of about a minute ensued). I then said " Go & make my compliments to the Gentleman, tell him I hear that we have both met with the same unlucky accident, and that I should be much obliged to him if he would let me know what he intends to do."

" Yes, Sir."

" No, stay ! Go only to his servant & ask him what his master intends to do."

" Sir, I have asked the servant already & he says his master is very angry, & is gone to bed again."

At this I was ready to burst with laughing & vexation, but composing my countenance as well as I could, I said—" Well now that you have been so ingenious as to lose my wig for me, be so good as to tell me what I shall do, for it will be rather awkward going to England in my nightcap."

" Yes, Sir, to be sure it will ; I don't know what to do, I'se sure."

" *Sure*, you fool you—you're sure of nothing! Look ye, *go down & do not come up without the wig.* Bring it me before dinner, or never let me see your face again! "

Away went poor coachman, & then I broke into a violent fit of laughing at the oddness of the accident; but considering that breakfast must be ready by that time, & that Harry would soon come to tell me so, I began to invent a very pretty excuse for appearing in my nightcap, which in the space of a quarter of an hour, was just finished, when in came James & my wig rolled up into a wisp, & grasped very close in his hand. I sprung forward, tore it from him & whipped it on in an extascy. He told me he spied the man at a distance in the street, run after him, & seized the wig. Thus ended this adventure, as much to my satisfaction as the relation of it does to yours!

You may, if you chuse it, possess Vaughan, Phillips, Hugo, and such good people as those, with the notice of this distress &, when you have an opportunity & care to use it, may let me hear what you think of this story. I wish you would write to me now & then by way of relaxation. Adieu!

P.S.—Tuesday 12 o'clock Rotterdam.

The tide serves to carry us to Helvoet in an hour's time. So that had I anything to add I should not attempt it. The wind has been ever since our arrival here, & is still, dead against us.

So John Hotham, with his recovered wig adding dignity to his youthful appearance, travelled back to England; and at the court martial upon Lord George strove to refute the imputation of cowardice brought against the accused man by relating the episode of the cannon-ball which fell near him at the British camp at Minden, and the quiet courage displayed by the General upon that occasion.

Shortly after the return of John Hotham he was put upon the list of Chaplains to H.R.H. George, Prince of Wales, a projected appointment, however, which was not to come into effect till after the death of George II; and, pending that slight variation in his fortunes, he found life singularly monotonous. That brief glimpse during his five months' residence in Germany of a more adventurous existence than any which could ever be his lot as vicar in a remote Buckinghamshire village, was calculated to unsettle him for the duties which lay immediately before him. Yet more, in his visits

to his former home at Chislehurst, he found himself still treated like a child, dictated to, scolded, physicked, bled or blistered *nolens volens* by the loving, officious mother, who could recognise no difference between the little lad whom she had formerly chastised for his own benefit, and the ex-Chaplain who had been held competent to preach morality and expound the Scriptures to a mighty army. Few pictures, indeed, are more graphic than that in which the agile pen of John Hotham conjures up that long-vanished home-life, with the parents to whom he always refers as Monsieur and Madame, the kindly Commissioner and his busy little wife:—

John Hotham to his brother Charles Hotham

Chislehurst Oct 10th 1759.

I wrote last to you by Lady Dorothy's conveyance, whom, (however odd you may think it) I have not had a glimpse of since I entrusted to her the care of that letter. Not that she is dead because I must have been told so, in order to buy some mourning. Not that she is sick, because other people of my acquaintance have heard of her & seen her in perfect health. Not that we have quarrelled, for if we had I should not write so much about her. The truth is that I myself—*moi qui vous parle*, have been laid up by a violent cold and something in the fever way. (You cannot abuse me for this because I heard you yourself had been ill,) and went home & took to my bed as naturally as a duck does to a horse-pond, purely for the sake of not being particular. There I lay as helpless as a dead salmon in a fishmonger's basket, sweating & grumbling for two or three days, till at last, up I started and trotted very facetiously down stairs, & produced myself with an agreeable grin of self-satisfaction amongst the *beau monde* in the parlour.

But this agreeable piece of cleverness I find since, to my sorrow, would have been much better let alone, for instead of being possessed of complete health, strength, & spirits, which was the supposition I went upon all the way downstairs, I found myself lodged in an armchair in a moment, as weak & as flat as dead ditch-water, and gaping about upon the company with the same idiotic stare that Vaughan puts on in his pretended drunken fits. The consequence of which was that all my wit and humour was instantly at an end, & the whole company fell to prescribing for me.

Blackie was sent for & ordered me some Sperma-ceti draughts

(from which good health defend me for the future !) with some of another kind to make me sleep ; some detestable ash-coloured powders for my recreation, & something pectoral in a gallipot about the consistence of bird-lime or hasty-pudding for my amusement. The whole to conclude with a gentle cooling dose of physick (which was very near bereaving my body of all my interior and left me as hot as fire.)

If you have any regard for me, pray tell Vaughan that one day particularly they gave me a boiled chicken for dinner, of which I ate a wing, and as my stomach had been empty for a good while before, I could swallow no more, & began to dislike the sight of what was left. Upon this my mother began, as usual, to coax me with " Come child, another wing, it will do you no harm."

" No Ma'am, thank you, I have done."

" *Done !* I'll warrant you, you can eat the other wing."

" No, really, Ma'am, I have eat as much as I care for."

" Why, child, you'll be hungry again presently, come do try & get down another little mouthful, what say you now to this nice little bit of breast, it's pure & white, I dare say you can manage this."

In short, finding that it signified nothing making excuses & recollecting the observation that Vaughan & you & I used to make upon this species of hospitality, I pretended to grow sick, & leaning back in my chair began to *reach* [*sic*].

Immediately the bell was rung. " Here, James, take away this chicken, & bring a bason & a towel quickly. Come ! Come ! make haste ! don't be all day !—here, take the sauce with you. Call Ann, & bid her send a cup of pepper-mint water. Look here, you forgot the dirty plate ! Make haste now ! "

Thus the object of my aversion was dispatched in a trice, and having recovered as fast as I had pretended to grow sick, I sat & enjoyed the bustle below-stairs, and the Vociferations made all over the house for Ann, who I suppose at that time happened to be shifting herself & did not chuse to appear.

As the consequence of this indisposition which, in itself, did not signify a button, I am, however, at present under a régime of asses' milk, which I drink twice a day without much reluctance, because I am convinced, from its exceeding insipidity, that if it does me no good it can do me no harm.

I mean to sup with Lady Dorothy tomorrow night if she will let me & the next morning at 8 shall embark myself in a post-chaise for Cambridge for three or four days in order to be made a great man, Master of Arts, which ranks as Major General in

the Army, or Vice Admiral in the Navy, and then to take my name out of the books of the University & bid farewell to it for ever. Good riddance of bad rubbish.

Ld George went down to Knole the day I was taken ill & has not been seen since. Tho' you may well suppose he is often *heard of*. I reckon he is there still.

No news as yet from America. *Tant mieux*. It seems we can have no good accounts from thence till towards the End of this Month, because Wolfe is thought too weak to attempt anything by himself & therefore must stay till Amhurst can join him. *Alors l'affaire est faite*, indisputably, but this juncture (for want of money for his troops being forthcoming at the proper time) will be so long in happening, that the Connoisseurs say we cannot hear of their success till the time I mention.

You cannot conceive how our Militia *flourishes!* I asked a Militia man of this county t' other day about his comrades, he said they did very well, *but it went rather hard with the men sitting up a whole night together, which now and then they were obliged to do*. My paper is full, so farewell!

To Cambridge John Hotham went to take his M.A. degree, and while there he learnt the glorious tidings of the fall of Quebec. His joy on this occasion, however, was seriously tempered by that previous bane of his existence—his wig.

John Hotham to his brother Charles Hotham

Chislehurst, October 27th, 1759.

When it was that I wrote last to you, is more than I remember, but unluckily for you the scribendi cacoethes is this moment come upon me and must have vent. First and foremost I must give you to know that the Commissioner[1] has for a few days past been a little out of order with a cold and something like a fever, as I was; but is got well again after swallowing (with the utmost difficulty) a dose of physick. I say with the utmost difficulty, for though liquid, it literally stuck in his throat above a minute. One might hear him, below stairs, kicking and grunting in the operation. At last, down it went, as glibly as a musket ball down the throat of the most resolute and fire-digesting grenadier of any of his Majesty's six regiments of British Infantry now serving their king in Germany. You know he loves anything out of an Apothecary's much

[1] His father, Beaumont Hotham.

better than out of a confectioner's shop, and on this account it is, that I believe he intends repeating the dose to-morrow.

I wish you joy of Quebeck,[1] but sincerely hope you will not suffer so much anxiety at your rejoicing upon the occasion, as I did. I was at Cambridge when the news came, and the boobies thought fit to have illuminations thereupon. But as the illuminations of the mind, or rather of the pipe, are the only ones familiar to an University, their fireworks were conducted with so very curious an *éclat*, that my greatest comfort the whole night, (for I did not get a wink of sleep) was the consideration of there being an excellent fire engine within the precincts of the College, and that the inexhaustible river Cam washed its walls. In the evening I took it into my head to be frisky, and sallied out into the town, and when I got there, might as well have been walking, or rather roasting, in the fiery furnace. Such a trial of the fire-ordeal I never desire to undergo again. But the candles, lamps, torches, and bonfires, were nothing in comparison of the squibs and rockets. Every one of these, by the inexpertness of the rocketeers, miscarried, as you may well suppose they would in a seat of *profound* learning, and hardly a man escaped without a burnt beard. "The child may rue, that is unborn, the singeing of that night."

I was descanting on the absurdity of my fellow creatures, who, because their countrymen had got possession of an Enemy's town, were doing their utmost to set their own on fire, as if they had now more upon their hands than they knew what to do with, when a thought came across me that went near to bereave me of half my intellects. *Oh my wig!* I had but one with me, and that upon my head, to have been so lately so near loosing it by a crook-finger'd peruke maker, and now to loose it in reality by fire, was too much to bear. The first urchin I meet (thought I), tempted by its being very neatly combed and powdered, will lodge a cracker in it! At this instant off went a rocket within ten yards of me—a fresh alarm! So, as no time was to be lost, I run with all my speed into a little dark lane, pulled it off, put it into my waistcoat pocket, and sneaked into my own room bald-pated by a back way. Sic me, or rather sic wig servavit Apollo.

Beaumont[2] is at my elbow, making me a thanksgiving sermon upon the occasion of this conquest, which if I know anything of him will be a fine one. He has this moment asked

[1] Quebec was captured by the English on September 18th, 1759.

[2] His brother, Beaumont Hotham.

me for a quotation ;—without several, says he, the sermon will never do with the bumpkins. I have desired to know the sentence to which it is to be applicable.

" O," says he, " never mind that, any will do that comes uppermost, for the yokels have no notion of carrying any connection in their heads, sir, those country fellows gape wide enough to swallow any thing."

I have accordingly referred him to the six first chapters of Genesis. He is now turning over the Bible, and complains that it's about nothing but Adam and Eve.

" Have a little patience," says I, " you'll come to Cain and Abel by and bye."

" Well, but is there any thing about *them* that will do ? "

" O yes, admirably well, for your purpose."

" I don't know, I think I like Job and Ecclesiastes better."

" Well, set them down, too."

" Aye, so I will. I fancy those bucks will do finely for the conclusion, for you know one should always end pathetically."

I condole with you upon General Wolfe's death.[1] You who knew him are probably sensible how far he is a loss. I am also extremely sorry to see by the papers that poor General Elliot is no more. Your letter indeed prepared me for that intelligence in some measure, but still I cannot help lamenting him very strongly as a man who behaved very kindly to me, and of whom I had a great opinion, *as* a man.

In order to avoid settling in Buckinghamshire, which if Idle, I could not be excused from doing, and which you very well know would be burying myself alive, and consequently what I cannot but dread the thoughts of, I am to-morrow to begin re-officiating in this neighbourhood, where I was employed before my crossing the water. I wish my future success may some day make amends for the poor prospect I have at present. If it lay in my own power, I am sure it should. Luckily however, I never can be worse than 100 guineas a year, that is something.

Sir W. Stanhope[2] you have probably heard of and therefore I say nothing upon that subject, except his own words, " I and company may happen to have children." Lord Chesterfield seems pleased with the thing. I don't wonder at him at all.

[1] James Wolfe, born 1727, the conqueror of Quebec. He died in the hour of victory; his body was brought home and buried in Greenwich Church.

[2] Sir William Stanhope married as his third wife Anne, sister to John, Lord Delaval.

October 28th.

Upon reviewing this, as far as I have written, it turns out an infamous epistle. However, you have it as cheap as I, except the postage, which I must confess is more than the thing is worth. But it is not my custom to revise and correct any thing but my sermons, and to say the truth they never fail of turning out the worse for it, though bad enough at the best, as you know, and so do many of your brother officers and soldiers, full well. I had the satisfaction of roaring out one this morning to a very crowded, tho' not numerous, audience, (the church not being above three times the size of my snuff box) who stared and gaped like a pack of idiots, upon the *parson who was just come from Germany*, as if he had been a Rhinoceros, or Hyena. Think of the Curate of North Cray "à la Rhinoceros." Their fears were pretty well subsided by the afternoon, as they found I had not torn any of my congregation limb from limb.

The brave Commodore,[1] was by the last account, with five or six more frigates in Queberon Bay, watching the motions of our inveterate, perfidious, dastardly, mean-spirited, shallow-pated, chicken-hearted, lilly-liver'd enemies, the French, who are wise enough to lie very quiet, saving their ships, men, and money, in harbour, and by so doing, to keep the tremendous English lion in a continued and uniform state of trepidation. Sir Edward Hawke was blown by bad weather to Plymouth, but has regained his station off Brest, from which place Monsieur Conflans has not yet thought fit to stir. I hope he never will, and so does our Militia, no doubt!

I have not seen Lord George Sackville a long time. He is at Knole, and has been there this month. Prodigious are the doubts and disputes about the possibility of his having a trial[2] I say nothing. I wish with all my spirit you were once more in England; Madame says: "Lord he'll certainly be sick again, he eats such strong things for supper and keeps such bad hours. He manages himself strangely *even* when he's in England; and now that he fancies himself his own master, *every body knows* how it is abroad. Your foreigners all *sit up late, especially in an army*, I daresay he's never in bed till 3 or four in the morning. Does not he lead a very strange life?" "Yes, Madam, a very strange, and a very irregular life too, I do assure you. Tho' he says he can't help it either." "O Lord bless me,

[1] William Hotham, his brother.

[2] See *ante*, pages 77–79.

can't help it, upon my word one would think he was a child in frocks. I wish he was out of that filthy place, do tell him to come away as soon as ever he can." This therefore I hereby do. COME AWAY AS SOON AS YOU CAN.

I have not a friend or acquaintance in England except L^y^ Dorothy. I sup with her now and then, and she makes me almost drunk every time, with drinking your health. But her Ladyship's port is excellent. It never makes my head ache. She is my confidante, and from her you will receive this as well as my other letters. We agree very well I do assure you. I have not seen her lately, and when I shall again, the Lord knows.

Report says Monsieur Thurot has landed his 1500 men in Scotland. What can they be gone there for ? Shirts I suppose, as that is a commodity they probably are not stocked with too abundantly. I am not a bit afraid, I assure you, at least as yet. . . .

Chistlehurst, June 4th, 1760.

I hope you are not marching while I am writing, for it is so uncommonly melting, that I have scarce strength to hold my pen, which I have cut to the length of only about two inches, to deprive it as much as possible of its weight. To say the truth I am in a woeful mood for Epistolizing, for I am sitting without stockings, shoes, stock, wig & waistcoat, bitten by the gnats from head to foot, my handkerchief on one side, snuff-box on the other, and a quart bowl of cream & currant-jelly in the middle, and as soon as I have recovered a little more of my natural temperament than, at present, I am sorry & sweaty to say I enjoy, *ad Medium Certissimus Ibo* it puts me in mind (I mean the heat, not the Cream or the jelly) of the March last year to Osnabruck——

Misfortune on Misfortune, Grief on Grief ! I spoke a little too soon about my good things ! for since the last sentence Madame has broken in upon me & destroyed all my prospects of luxury & indulgence ! I will repeat the conversation as near as I can.

" Mr John, I want you to lend me that little brown book. . . . Lord bless me, child—what a figure you are !—you'll catch your death of cold."

" Perhaps I may, Ma'am, but I rather think I am in a fair way of catching my death of heat."

" Pho, how can you be so idle now, we shall surely have you laid up of a fever, & then you'll be to nurse : was there ever any thing like you ? "

" Nothing but the weather & I think that is pretty remarkable, as well as myself."

" Sho, I'm really surprized at you, you manage yourself like a child of a year old, without your wig—*What's that ?* "

" It's nothing but a little cream."

" *Nothing but a little cream !* Good Lord bless me ! why there's enough to make twenty people sick ? Where did you get all this trash."

" Why, ma'am, Molly told me just now that all the men were gone out & she could get nobody to mend the handle of the milk-pail & desired me to do it. I said I would, but that I wanted a little something to drink & told her to bring me what she liked best, so she brought me this, & at the same time said Mrs Ann gave her duty to me & thanked me for the fairing I gave her the day before yesterday, & had sent me a little jelly to put into it."

" *Mrs Ann ?* I'll duty her with a witness ! Here, James, send Ann to me.—Ann, what is the meaning of all these doings ? "

" What Ma'am ? "

" *What Ma'am ?* why the currant jelly ; how came you to give the child these things in a morning ? it's enough to kill a horse. *You* a person to have the care of the sweetmeats ! I thought indeed they were a good deal diminished lately. I suppose you have fed all the family with them ? "

" No, indeed, Ma'am, I never gave anybody any, only Mr John had been often very good to me, Ma'am (*at this I confess I did look extremely silly, tho' as innocent as the child unborn*) and I just gave him a spoonful that was left at the bottom of number five."

" *Number five ?*—Why that was the spoilt pot."

" Yes, Ma'am, you know you said last week that it should be thrown away, for it was good for nothing ; & so I only gave it to Mr John for fear the cream should lie heavy on his stomach."

" Why—was there ever such an idiot ? I'm tired of hearing you talk. Here take it away & give it to the chickens. Tell Molly if she takes these things into her head any more, she shall go about her business. I reckon Mr John has been good to *her* too."

" No, Ma'am," says I, " I only just——"

" *You only just*——, well, you had a mind, all of you, to poison the child, that I see. If I hear of any more of these doings, I'll have you all sent packing. Here, take it along with you Ann, & get you gone. *Go !* Tell Isabell to be sure her beef

be enough boiled ; & harkee, bid her keep the venison till to-morrow, I'd have the mutton to-day."

Thus ended the adventure of the Jelly & thus ends my Story!

But sufficient for this post is the letter thereof. Take care of your body and soul too, & health & happiness attend them both. Adieu. I have nothing to either add or diminish.

The patron of Sir John Hotham to whom he refers in this letter, Sir William Stanhope, who at this date embarked gaily upon his third matrimonial venture, forthwith went abroad with his bride for a honeymoon in Florence. They set out from England a truly loving couple, they reappeared some months later in far other guise. As Sir William's coach drew up at its destination, the door of his brother's villa at Blackheath, he stepped out of it with Chesterfieldian dignity, then, making a profound bow to the lady of his choice, he observed emphatically—" *Madam, I trust that I shall never see your face again !* " The lady dropped him a polite curtsey ; " Sir," she responded with yet greater emphasis—for her spouse was deaf—" *I shall take very good care that you never do !* " Thenceforward each adhered to this decision ; and, as Sir William would have expressed it, " I and Company " went separate ways.

John Hotham, however, saw but little of the wedded widower, his patron, who returned thus perforce to a solitary existence. Abbot's Ashton required the presence of its pastor ; and, young, eager, and keen to taste the joys of existence, Hotham was forced to resign himself periodically to a bucolic existence for which he was ill-suited, and which, at times, he appears to have contrasted regretfully with the more adventurous life led by his brothers—Charles and George in the Army, William in the Navy, and Beaumont on circuit, travelling and visiting friends.

Of the parsonage itself, " my miserable Castle at Ashton," as John terms it, he made but small complaint, save that the accommodation there provided for man and beast was scarcely on a reasonable equality. " You will like the place, I daresay," he wrote to his brother Charles, " and as I have a man and maid it will not be inconvenient. The air is good, and there are three very comfortable bedchambers, *and stabling for twelve horses.*" Why the three inhabitants allowed for in that

sequestered house were presumed to require a stud of twelve horses remains unexplained ; but while the construction of his new dwelling may well have surprised John Hotham, the mental outlook of his new parishioners was not less unexpected. Though for the most part they proved stolid and unimaginative, he was occasionally non-plussed in his ministrations by their adopting a point of view for which he was wholly unprepared with which he found it extremely difficult to cope. He used to relate a story in this connection.

An old woman in the parish was slowly dying, and he attended her assiduously. At length, finding her getting rapidly worse, he one morning decided to inform her of her condition. He therefore advised her to prepare for her end, and strove to comfort her by telling her of the secure hope of salvation in which she might indulge through the merits of our Saviour who was crucified for us. The old woman listened with great politeness to all that he had to say, and then expressed her opinion thereupon affably but firmly. "Ah, dear Sir," she said condescendingly, "that was a long time ago, *and I hope there is not a word of it true*, for I never *can* believe they would be so wicked as to crucify anybody!"

Meantime to his eldest brother, the young pastor continued to pour out his woes:—

John Hotham to his brother Lieut. Col. Hotham

Abbot's Ashton, June 3rd, 1761.

You will not find in this paper any account of what is doing, or undoing, by the publick. For intelligence of this sort I refer you to those who can tell you ; for my own part I am philosopher enough to despise all such concerns. I never knew any good come of the study of politicks ; they only tend to puzzle the understanding & sour the temper, which is an alteration I do not care to undergo, for at present I am neither bursting with good nature, nor oppressed by too great a weight of sense. Therefore it is that I receive the accounts of all national transactions with the coldest indifference. I hear good news, & I cry *Hah!* I hear bad & I say *Hum!* It is all alike to me, for whether a Battle is lost or won, whether a thousand men's lives or a million of money is squandered away to answer no end, whether a French Governor surrenders an useless citadel, or whether a commander is ruined for his life for not effecting impossibilities, I eat, drink, sleep & take my

snuff without any interruption. When I am told that the nation is undone, I don't believe it quite ; but I am sure of one thing, that if the nation is undone, the nation richly deserves it ; it will be the nation's own fault whenever this happens.

Do not imagine from hence that I am either turning Traytor, Jacobite, or cynic. *Au contraire,* I " honour & obey the King, and all that are put in authority under him," as the Catechism says ; I am content with the world, and with the kingdom of England in particular above all the Kingdoms in it, and had I not been born in Edinburgh, should thank the stars that made me an Englishman. As to my principles, I hate the devil, the pope, and the pretender. I am ready at all times to cry out for Liberty & Property & St George & the Dragon, and upon my honour will never take to wearing wooden shoes, till I can't afford to buy leather ones

No, I am a staunch Whig, and will continue so as long as I live ; only before I die I wish someone would explain to me the true meaning of the word, for hitherto I have met with no satisfactory description of it. There is indeed one definition which comes across me, but it cannot be a just one, as it will answer as well to a Tory or Jacobite, like Baynes' prologue, that he tells us will " do as well for any other play as this." You shall have it, however—

A Whig is one who is ready to accept of as much publick money, as shall at any time be offered him."

No—upon second thoughts this will not do at all, because I find that it carries along with it a certain latitude of conscience with regard to the article commonly called secret service, and where is the Whig who would not spill the last drop of his blood to keep out bribery & corruption ?

Here I live in the most consummate retirement which is by no means interrupted by extreme bad weather. When it does not rain, which is but seldom, I creep out of my cell & loitre about a field or two *pendant une demi-heure* or so, and then as merrily creep back again. The rest of the day I sit and pick my teeth or my fingers, and lounge over some silly book or other, except when stated hours summon me without appetite to swallow a certain quantity of food which I find set before me. I dare not study, for fear of being seized with the Hyppo, and I have almost lost the use of speech for want of someone to converse with. I keep good hours, for I rise at 7 or 8, and lie down at ten, and for fear of disturbing the custom of the family, snore powerfully at night. I have utterly renounced wine and

women. I am too sick to get drunk, and too indolent to take the trouble of intriguing. Indeed, had I ever so great a propensity for these amusements I could pursue but one : Wine I can get very tolerably good, but as for women—I must not brag of my nymphs ! You never in your life saw such a collection of scare-crows. I wish I could get them all transported, that I might be at liberty to settle a fresh colony in my parish, for at present it is a glorious groupe of men, women & children, and a glorious fellow at the head of them.

As I told you before, I never speak but once a week. On Sundays I roar till I am as hoarse as a raven ; and lay my lungs by for the other six days.

Thus I live and have lived for this month past. How much longer I shall continue in this active state I have not yet determined, but I believe I shall shortly be obliged to make a visit to Chistlehurst merely to get a little rest. When I have recovered my fatigues, you may expect to hear from me again. Till then, take care of yourself and adieu !

In another letter he remarks :—

Abbot's Ashton July 22, 1761.

Here have I been ever since you left London and have passed my time as well, all things considered, as a dull fellow can by himself in a dull place. Lord Pollington has been here this fortnight. I eat his dinners, go airing with my Lady (who is not much amiss) and heartily wish he would give me his estate. I wish you could see me in my retirement. I am become the country parson all over but do not yet smoke. However I drink ale & look stupid. I am just such another as the pastor was who pestered me with Latin—as if I understood it !

The monotony of this rural life, however, was at last interrupted by the death of George II and the accession of his grandson George III, when John Hotham, not yet twenty-six years of age, found himself one of the Chaplains-in-Ordinary to the new King.

Chislehurst, Sunday afternoon, Sept. 6th 1761.

Mons^r. being, according to custom, gone to Ld Chesterfield's and Madame being set forth with her gripes to our neighbour Mrs Salusbury's,[1] I am left *solus cum solo*, Major Domo, till their return.

[1] Mrs. Piozzi was a Miss Salusbury.

I have been in this place, returned from my parish in Bucks, about a fortnight. I should not have left it so soon had not my waiting at Court called me forth into the neighbourhood of London. It comes on the 15th of this month, and my funk has been on ever since the 15th of the last. If it should increase as it has hitherto done, his Majesty I fear must go without his sermon, and I shall stand in no need of a blister for several weeks. . . .

I am at this moment told the Queen[1] is landed at Yarmouth, —with all my heart, the sooner the better. You must excuse me dwelling upon this topick; for tho' I sincerely wish his Majesty and the nation all happiness from her presence, I have heard of nothing else for so long a time, that I am determined not to say another word about her till three weeks after the coronation. Were it not for the sake of my health, I would not stir out of doors till it is over, for the people are all stark, staring mad, and I am afraid of being bit.

At the coronation of George III, John Hotham, among many old friends, encountered his patron Sir William Stanhope, who was greatly upset at discovering that, owing to a hitch in the arrangements, the Knights of the Bath were forced to dine in the Court of Requests. "We," pronounced Sir William with his usual dignity, "are ill-treated; for *some of us* are gentlemen!" Of the coronation as a whole, however, John Hotham has left no description. "Make haste and come back to England as soon as you can," he wrote to his brother during the subsequent festivities; "it is the fashion now to forget utterly all such as make a point of absenting themselves from this metropolis in order to do their Duty as Men of Honour!"

Oh! London is a fine town, a rare and gallant City
Where all the streets are paved with gold and all the folks are witty.

Meanwhile promotion came rapidly to the young Royal Chaplain;[2] and on April 11th, 1765, he married Susanna,

[1] Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who married George III in 1761.

[2] In the summer of 1763 he was collated to the Prebend of Reculverland, in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the Rt. Rev. Richard Osbaldeston, then Bishop of London, whose Primary Visitation Sermon he had preached at St. Albans in April of that year. On the 14th of December, 1763, he was collated by the same Prelate to the vicarage of Northall or Northolt, in

daughter of Herbert Mackworth, M.P. for Cardiff, and sister of Sir Herbert Mackworth, Bart., who subsequently also represented the same borough.[1] The marriage was a happy one, and there were born to him three children of whom two alone survived, a son Charles and a daughter Caroline. In 1767 Hotham, without regret, resigned his vicarage of Abbot's Ashton for that of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch; but when in 1776 Lord Buckinghamshire was nominated to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, Hotham was appointed first Chaplain to the new Viceroy, and sailing with him on board the Dorset yacht, arrived in Dublin on January 25th, 1777. That his primary object in accepting this chaplaincy was the probability that it might lead to the offer of the next Irish Bishopric which fell vacant he did not deny, but that his position at Dublin Castle proved unpalatable to him, and that many times he regretted the step which he had taken, he likewise made no secret. He found, moreover, that the acceptance of an Irish Bishopric entailed expenditure for which he had been unprepared:—

The Revd. John Hotham to Sir Charles Thompson

Dublin Castle, *toujours, toujours Dublin Castle,*
August 17th.

It is not either from forgetfulness or neglect, & I am sure you will believe me when I say so, that I have kept your last letter unanswered for such a length of time: my silence has been owing partly to Excursion, partly to Indisposition; but more to dearth of News, & most of all to Spleen & mulligrubs.

My excursion was into Connaught, to the Bishop of Elphinstone, from whence I had intended a circuit of some extent, but the gout confined me there a month beyond my time, obliged me to return hither *sur mes pas*, and then attacked me

Middlesex, and was retained by him as his domestic chaplain. The Bishop also conferred on him, May 1st, 1764, the Dignity of Archdeacon of Middlesex.

The Bishop, however, died not many days after, and John Hotham was desired by Dr. Richard Ferrick, who succeeded to the See of London, to continue with him in the same capacity of Domestic Chaplain. This he did for nearly a year and preached his Primary Visitation Sermon at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, May 16th, 1766.

[1] By the father's side she was granddaughter to Sir Humphrey Mackworth, Knight, married to the daughter and heir of Sir Herbert Evans, Bart. By her mother's side she was granddaughter of William, Lord Digby, married to Lady Jane Noel, who herself was a daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough, granddaughter to the Earl of Southampton, and niece to Lady Rachel Russell, wife of the famous William Lord Russell, beheaded July 21st, 1683.

for about ten days more. I am now pretty well and people say in beauty, tho' my looking-glass does not flatter me so far ; but, be that as it may, the prospect of passing the remainder of the summer and the whole of the winter in this delicious spot, on a very different foot from other first chaplains, if I am not greatly misinformed, does not contribute either to raise my spirits or sweeten my temper.

I am sick at heart of my situation ; nor can I, for my soul like either the Country I am in, or the people belonging to it. I very much wish I had not come hither, because to desert one's post is thought reproachful, but going on thus for ever is more than I can or indeed ought to bear ; I shall therefore return to England in the spring and if I do so in my present capacity, I am determined never to see Ireland more. . . .

You will say *in your mild moderate manner*—& very naturally—" Zounds & b——d, but *all* the preferments cannot be so expensive ; why the devil, why d—n it, Sir, some have no houses at all, and there can be nothing to pay ! " etc. etc.

The Same to the Same

St Wolstan's Monday Oct. 19th.

I seize half an hour after a long silence whilst his Excellency is on the road from Dublin, to acknowledge your letter of Sept. 1st from Dalton.

The place I date from is a very pretty villa about ten miles from town, with which the Dean of Derry (your friend) is good or cunning enough to accommodate the Lord Lieutenant Gratis, during his Viceroyalty ; as there are about 80 acres of ground belonging to it, it ought to answer, and I daresay *will* answer richly to them both. I have been here by invitation about a week, for the first time, and like it tolerably well because I am singular enough to do exactly what I please from breakfast-time till dinner, and obstinate enough never on any account to play at cards in the evening ; by which means I have hitherto escaped the inconvenience experienced by the rest of the family of losing considerable sums of money, and being consigned to Hell and the Devil every three minutes into the bargain, for, let a man's temper be constitutionally never so gentle, sweet & placid, *nemo omnibus horis sapit* you know ; and it might prove a sad thing if Master and Servant should happen to run mad at the same instant !

Tho' several circumstances have concurred in preventing me from doing all I intended to have done this summer, yet I have not been idle. I have visited some Bishops in their Sees, and

have made pretty minute inquiries after others. The result of all which is that people who see Dublin only know nothing of Ireland, and that an Irish Bishopric (one or two of them excepted) is a preferment not to be wantonly refused.

I want excessively to be in England. . . If my going would save me from returning hither in the autumn well and good. But my going to peep at my friends and then coming back to encounter the Parliament winter in my present situation, the thing which of all others in the world I abhominate and execrate the most, would prove too much by far for my Philosophy ; so that, in plain English, I know not what to do ; or " as we have it in the original " I believe I had better stay quietly in the bustle of Dublin, and neither come nor go, but act for the best by doing nothing at all at all, about the matter. This, if it be not the advice, is at least the example which to do them justice, my Countrymen seem uniformly to set to all who come among them. I am sure I have followed it close, *for nothing have I done for the last one and twenty months of my life, to any purpose, but eat beef & drink claret.*

Occasionally he broke into a lighter vein :—

Black Rock alias Sea-Point, July 27th

Envy me, envy me, for well you may ; I am at this moment writing at the same table with & exactly over against, a certain wonderful fine woman, yeclp'd Ly Buckingham. She bids me say everything soft and tender from her to you, but as his Lordship is at four good Irish miles distance, do not you think I have other fish to fry, especially as she just desires me to take a saunter with her over some very pleasant fields, this charming day ? I shall most readily obey ; so envy me again. The stiles in the Fields in this Country are very high and very difficult for women to get over—*so am I !*

P.S. If you have any thoughts of an Irish Peerage, suppose you were to call yourself Ld Clonbullock of Swineford : the title would at least be an Elegant one, and I make no manner of doubt would delight Lady Dorothy, whom I salute, and Harriet.

At last the promotion for which John Hotham waited came to him. In August, 1779, he was nominated to the Bishopric of Dromore, and in October of that same year to the Bishopric of Ossory. He took his seat in the Irish House of Peers on

November 16th following. He had not yet, however, attained the summit of his ambition :—

I am glad you like my old Bishop of Clogher ; he is indeed a fine old Blade, and has been exceedingly kind to me from the very first of my coming over ; But *entre nous* I intend some of these days to be kind to him in return, *for to tell you the truth I intend to succeed him in his Bishopric when he goes to Heaven ;* and I beg you will stand my friend and pave the way for me betimes. Clogher is really my object in this country, in my way to the Primacy. . . .

P.S. I am just told that he is once more safe arrived in Ireland, and lodged *in perfect health* at Clogher !

Whenever practicable, Bishop Hotham made his escape from Ireland, a country for which he never developed a liking, and thus it befell that he was on a visit to London in May, 1780, during the celebrated Gordon Riots. The causes which led to that disastrous uprising may be briefly recapitulated. In view of the ever-present scare of Popery, Protestant Associations, with Lord George Gordon for their chief, had been formed throughout the length and breadth of the land, and during the year 1779 these had multiplied exceedingly. Towards the close of May, 1780, Lord George convened a meeting of these various Associations in Coachmakers' Hall to promote a monster anti-Popery petition to Parliament, when it was decided that, on June 2nd, the whole body, with their sympathisers, should assemble in St. George's Fields wearing blue cockades in their hats. Lord George added that if the assembly did not amount to 20,000 in number, he would not present the petition.

Accordingly, at ten o'clock in the morning of the 2nd, a vast crowd collected at the appointed place, variously computed by different authorities at 50,000 to 100,000 persons. These afterwards paraded London in procession, carrying their monster petition with them in a van, their excitement ever growing in consequence of the inflammatory exhortations of their leaders.

No precautions had been taken against possible riot ; the Government, indeed, with a lamentable lack of foresight, does not appear to have anticipated any evil result from a gather-

ing of such unwieldy proportions and militant propensities, while the crowd was not long in learning the dangerous secret of its unopposed strength. The horrors which followed are well known to history. Ministers and magistrates alike quailed before the suddenness of the onslaught and the fierce lawlessness of the rabble at whose mercy London lay during three awful days and nights. Yet during this crisis, when such conspicuous ineptitude was shown by the men in whose hands should have rested the safety of the public, the Sovereign alone exhibited a staunch courage and unwavering commonsense, so that by his promptitude in calling out his troops and bidding them shoot, he may be said to have saved his capital.

The Bishop of Ossory to Sir Charles Thompson

Harley Street, June 20th

I sit down to write you three lines : then I suppose I shall be forced to start up ; then I shall sit down again ; and so by snatches !

First & foremost I hope you all got safely down to Dalton, & are well there. 2nd I hope you will all continue so ; which is more, methinks, than some cursed Demon or other will suffer us to do here. But avaunt croaking & croakers !

The papers have told you of the riots, so I am dumb. Yesterday his Majesty went to the House and made (I think) an excellent speech. This morning both Houses went up to him with their respective unanimous addresses (neither of which I have yet seen). The Encampments in St James's & Hyde Parks, & the Patroles in all the Streets still continue, & I hope in God will be continued ; for by what I can observe tho' we have " scotch'd the snake "[1] we are still far from having " kill'd it."

We are not much better off in my country, for by a letter I received last night, it seems that on the 13th of this month the streets of Dublin were filled with detachments of troops, & between 4 and 500 men were under arms in the Castle yard, to oppose a mob of upwards of 20,000 men coming with a petition to the Ld Lt & Council against a Bill of the House of Commons to prevent impositions & exaction among the Artificers there. I have not yet heard the result ; but my letter, which was written at the moment, ends with " God send us a good deliverance."

[1] Lord George Gordon.

To-morrow morning I intend going to the King's Levée and on Thursday to the Queen's drawingroom, by way of testifying my good wishes. Oh that they were both as happy as they deserve to be, and as I most devoutly wish them !

On Sunday last I dined with Lord George[1] who, by the way, seems to be the only sensible and active man amongst them all.

Poor Beaumont had very nearly lost his house indeed in Ld Mansfield's conflagration ;[2] but as far as I can judge by my eye, if his furniture get safe back to him, I hope and believe that he might repair his damages for £20 or £30. He is at Chislehurst, so I have not seen him since.

The Same to the Same

Wednesday two o'clock.

I am just returned from the Levée at which there were a good many people but no news. . . .

As I know you like to hear good things of our Royal Master, I will tell you two, which I have just had from the person they were said to, or at least who was in the room when they were said. On the famous or rather infamous Wednesday[3] " Well," says he, " I see now what I have to do : since other Magistrates decline or are afraid to do *their* duty, there is *one* left, at least, I know of, who will steadily do His, be the consequences what they may." The troops were instantly called out.

Two days afterwards, he (the King) said he was glad to find matters were becoming more quiet :—" I am happy that no more mischief has taken place : the protection & safety of the public, at all events, was my great object ; and, in procuring that, the life of Number One is but a secondary &, indeed, a trifling consideration."

The Chancellor was at the Levée looking much more like the Devil than any man I ever saw. Ld Mansfield does not look ill, but so extremely grave that I think he never can smile again ; indeed I should wonder if he did.

Yesterday both Houses were unanimous in not repealing the Popery Act ; and both adjourned again.

[1] Lord George Germain (formerly Sackville).

[2] See pages 339–342.

[3] On Wednesday, June 7th, the riot reached its height and the rabble held possession of the town. The King's Bench, the Fleet and other prisons were pulled down and burnt ; the Bank of England was attacked, and the climax of horror was reached in Holborn where the warehouses of Mr. Langdale, a Roman Catholic distiller, were set on fire, and men, women and children, saturated with gin, perished in the flames which had been kindled by themselves.

The Dublin Mob were met in Phenix Park, and they dispersed very quietly, understanding that if they advanced they would be strenuously opposed, & that much blood would infallibly flow.

The Mutiny Bill is expected over soon. . . . Lloyd is in town and just come to dine with me, so I will finish abruptly with my *baisemains* to your Ladies and your guest Mr Sackville, who I hope finds Dalton a specific against the gout, & all other disorders whatsoever.

In consequence of all the late disturbances, Opposition is broken in pieces. The Rockinghamites, Shelburnites etc. are all at sixes & sevens, and all Administration has to do is to receive them with prudence & discretion, & not to be in too great haste to be friends.

Another account preserved among the Hotham papers serves to corroborate the description given by the Bishop of the quiet courage exhibited throughout this trying period by George III. "The King," this relates, "was exceedingly displeased with the indecision of the Government during the Gordon riots; and some years afterwards, when symptoms of the same disposition were evinced at Birmingham, the Prince of Wales, adverting to the former period, said that he believed in 1780 his father was the only person in the Kingdom who was not alarmed. When told of the disasters which threatened, the King's sole comment was that long experience had shown him '*the impolicy as well as the inutility of fear!*'"

This characteristic remark confirms the fact that the worst enemies of George could never accuse him of any lack of bravery; and another story in this connection, told by Sir William Hotham, may be mentioned here, although it belongs to a later date. When the horrors of the Revolution in France might well have convinced any monarch that, however useless and impolitic the quality of fear might be, it was at times unavoidable, it so happened that George, in the course of a morning ride, found himself near the country house of Kenyon, the Lord Chief Justice. Entering unceremoniously, as was his wont, he found his host in the garden, and seating himself there, the King proceeded to discuss the spirit of the times which, he admitted, with unruffled equanimity, certainly bore a serious aspect. "But," he added calmly, "I

have, nevertheless, the greatest confidence. When I look to you and to the bench I am sure that the laws will be duly administered; I have the highest respect for the dignitaries of the Church; the zeal and courage of the Army and the Navy are well known. And for myself, I call God to witness that if ever the awful moment shall arrive when my personal exertions shall be deemed necessary, I shall be found at my post, and will yield to none in my endeavour to perform my duty."—A moment later he added with a smile—"Englishmen are supposed to be always up in the garret or down in the cellar—they may find me in the former, but never in the latter, and my normal situation is exactly between the two."

The personal experiences of the Bishop, however, during the famous riots of 1780 did not deter him from making subsequent visits to England whenever this was practical. Apart from a jaunt to London when he could escape from his diocese, he was likewise fond of travelling abroad, and on one of these occasions he visited the Court of Naples, where the former Westminster schoolboy, Billy Hamilton, was now Ambassador. The latter presented him to King Ferdinand; and that Sovereign, anxious to be civil, but not sure of the identity of his visitor, and possibly making some confusion between John Hotham and his one-time patron Sir William Stanhope, suddenly sprang upon the Bishop the surprising inquiry whether it was true, what had been reported—that he, the Bishop, had three wives. His Majesty failed to explain whether this extensive matrimonial venture was supposed to have taken place in sequence or simultaneously; but the Bishop, much astounded at such an unexpected question, responded emphatically—"*Zounds, Sir, I find one quite enough!*"

Two years after the departure of Lord Buckinghamshire from Ireland, the man whose exuberant health had once all but wrung an involuntary expression of regret from Bishop Hotham,—Dr. John Garnet, the aged Bishop of Clogher, at last paid the debt of nature; and on April 6th, 1782, the King ordered letters patent to be passed nominating John Hotham successor to the vacant See. But, his wish thus gratified, the new Bishop had to face an unexpected sorrow in the declining health of his wife who, after two years of lingering illness,

died and was buried in Dublin in 1784. In July the following year the Bishop, in company with his daughter Caroline, again journeyed to London.

The Bishop of Clogher to Sir Charles Thompson

Rathbone Place, Friday July 29th, 1785.

May it please his Honour, Sir Charles, and her Ladyship my Lady.

Without a single horse stumbling or starting, or any the smallest accident or interruption whatsoever, except, indeed one little circumstance which I cou'd rather wish buried in oblivion—viz. the losing our way between Highgate & London & going consequently two miles about at least, we arrived safe & well & sound in this Castle on Wednesday afternoon at ½ past 9 o'clock exactly.

During our journey we had neither Sun, Wind, Dust nor Rain to incommode us in the least : it was indeed, on the whole, the very pleasantest I think I ever made. . . .

London is noisy, frowzy, & stinking, as usual ; Black Caroon cherries two pence a pound, full honest weight ; three halfpence a gallon full ripe currants, three, four, & five a penny cucumbers. *Voilà Londres.*

I am just returned from the King's Levée, and do assure you, with no small pleasure, that tho' he looked very well in May when I saw Him last, he seems far more established in a perfect, sound & durable state of health. I never in my life saw him look by many degrees so permanently well. His Majesty, as you may suppose, talk'd among other things of Yorkshire ; and as I love to do kind offices for my friends, I gave room for belief that "*a very humble and most truly faithful servant of H.M. had shewn he knew how to build, how to inhabit, & how to be satisfied with, the very prettiest and best private gentleman's house I ever saw or heard of in England or elsewhere without exception.*" "That is a great deal to say, but I fancy you are partial, and partialities must be allowed for." "I own myself partial, it is true, Sir, but I cannot retract. I am of that opinion still, because he has neither done too little, nor what is worse & much more frequent, too much ; that it is indeed but exactly what suits himself, his family, his place, & his estate——"

etc. etc.

I am busy now in bespeaking two or three pairs of shoes of your blacksmith in St James's St ; as soon as he has shod me, I shall take my leave of this odious town. Shall go to George

& the Commodore for about two days each in my way to Bath, and from thence *piano, piano* to Holyhead. So till you hear further from me suppose me

Yours affectily etc.

ever

J. Clogher.

Thus the life of the Bishop passed, with expeditions to his old friends and his old haunts and always the depressing return "*piano, piano to Holyhead.*" He remained equally popular with his friends both in England and Ireland because, we are told, "he was a Prelate of considerable learning, uniting with a sprightliness of imagination and much humour, no common knowledge of polite literature. He was engaging in his manners and pleasing in his conversation and address."

During this period of his life, however, one great interest he shared in common with his elder brother, and that was the well-being of the youth who was destined one day to succeed them both. In all things relating to his son Charles, in the education of the youth, in his choice of a profession, even in the allowance placed for his use with Mr. Coutts upon his coming of age, the Bishop deferred to the judgment of his brother, as though, in the future of this lad whom they both loved, they had a joint interest and an equal claim.

Of this younger Charles Hotham no picture exists, but judging by the satisfied comments of his near relations who, of their very affection, were prone to be hypercritical, he must have been gifted with considerable personal attraction and an amiable disposition. Nor was he without spirit, for the Bishop having, in view of his son's prospects, deferred placing him in any profession, the young man appears to have taken the matter into his own hands and to have accepted a commission in the Coldstream Guards where he quickly distinguished himself. In 1785 he was with the army in Brunswick, when, on the prospect of his obtaining two months' furlough, the Bishop wrote complacently to his brother—"If my informations are well founded concerning him, neither you nor I will have reason to be ashamed of him by the time he returns—and that will be in the course of next June." Immediately on the arrival of the young soldier he was dispatched to Dalton in order that his uncle might inspect and report on his

general appearance ; and that the verdict was satisfactory is evident by the Bishop's complacent rejoinder :—

Last night I received your short letter, the contents of which it is easy to suppose gave me exceeding pleasure. . . . I am excessively happy to find that my young Man's exterior answers, which is the chief of what you can know of him as yet. When you get him to yourself & have by degrees turned him inside out, I shall be very anxious to hear what your real sentiments are of him altogether : I am willing to flatter myself that you will find *his head not bad & his heart extremely good ;* and I hope you will early & effectually convince him that the three fatal Rocks he has now most carefully to shun are Gaming, Marriage & Low Company. . . .

By the bye if you find that he does not like Dalton, take the trouble just to cut off his ears, *sans cérémonie,* and send them to me in your next letter.

In the same letter the Bishop discusses his own prospects of one day succeeding to the Primacy, which then seemed extremely probable but was an ambition destined never to be realised ; and when in his sixtieth year, in January, 1794, he came into possession of the family estates and succeeded his brother as ninth baronet, he was, as already mentioned, in failing health. On this account he was then staying at Bath ; nevertheless he determined bravely upon setting out for Yorkshire as soon as was practicable, and on March 6th he wrote pathetically to Mr. Hall, the agent :—

If you happen to recollect the places and signs of the Inns on the road to York at which my Brother used generally to stop especially for the night, in his way to and from London, I will beg you at the same time to send me a list of them ; as I should wish to show what encouragement may be in my power, to those who used him well whilst alive.

Moreover, it is evident that he took his new domestic duties with great seriousness. After many minute instructions respecting matters connected with the estate, he adds, in the following characteristic communication to Mr. Hall—written from Bath on March 24th, 1794 :—

Her Ladyship makes not the smallest mention of a Laundry-Maid ; which, however, I must beg Mrs Hall to procure me ; a cleanly, quiet servant, and the more careful and afraid she is

of Fire the better. I will also for the same reason trouble her to find a cook-maid ; one who can roast and boil ; broil a beef or mutton stake ; make a pudding and broth ; and dress fish, in a plain way. I conclude she must have a kitchen-maid under her. *But the high terms, the impudence, sauciness & impertinence of such people in London and this place I cannot afford, & will not bear.*

As you say this is a proper time to buy Oats, tho' they are dear, pray lay in some. My Cavalry consists at present of 4 coach-horses, 1 saddle horse and a poney for my daughter.

In about ten days from this time I shall be able to send you notice of the setting out from London of such Chests, trunks and boxes, for York by the waggon you describe, when of course I shall write again. My fellow travellers and myself hope to reach Dalton by dinner-time at three o'clock on Monday May 5th, when I persuade myself I shall have every reason to be glad of your and my meeting, and further acquaintance.

JOHN CLOGHER.

But the Bishop's journey to Dalton was fated to be postponed. Early in the following month, on a lovely April morning at noon, the first dread signal of approaching death became visible. A paralytic seizure suddenly deprived him of speech and of the use of his right hand ; and although he subsequently rallied, it was obvious to all that his life would not be of long duration :—

Lady Dorothy Hotham to Mr Hall

Bond Street July ye 25th, 1795.

Daily and hourly do I lament that *charming Dalton*, now forsaken, & so little prospect of its ever existing in its former Glory, for the poor Bishop will scarce live to enjoy it. . . .

I am grieved & mortified the Pictures (sent down from London) receiv'd any damage, as they were packed by Chippendale himself, & under the inspection of Mr Hamilton, & I was at four guineas expense for the Insurance to the full value of them.

The heat in London has for above six weeks been beyond whatever this Climate ever experienced for such a length of Time, & till yesterday not a single Drop of Rain has fallen since the 1st of June, so that the Dust is intolerable, everybody gasping for Breath, &, strong as I am by Nature, I was under the necessity to lay with the Sashes open. At this moment I have not a single friend or Relation remaining in London. All

Scenes of Amusement are closed for the Season, & Bond Street no longer Exhibits gay, genteel Equipages, but is totally now devoted to the *dirty Pill Boxes of the Medical People.* Universal Melancholy pervades the Countenance of those Unfortunate People who from business or necessity are Detain'd in this Sink of Smoke & Dust.

In spite, however, of the stifling heat which was universal that summer and which increased his feebleness, the Bishop bravely contrived to journey down to Dalton, where he remained for some weeks. But his disease continued to make steady progress, and by and by he returned by slow stages to Bath, whence on November 4th, 1795, his son wrote sadly :—

At 6 o'clock last night, I was depriv'd of the best of fathers ! He quitted this world, God be prais'd, without a groan ! what a comfortable reflection this is for us all upon so melancholy an occasion. His remains I intend shall be deposited at Dalton.

Thus peacefully ended the career of John, Bishop of Clogher, who was laid to rest in the same vault which, so short a time previously, had opened to receive the remains of his brother and predecessor. His only son, then twenty-nine years of age, thereupon succeeded him as tenth baronet ; but of this younger Charles Hotham little is known. Born on May 26th, 1766, on attaining manhood he was, as we have seen, held by his father and his uncle to be a fitting representative of the race which was dear to them ; and later he took part with credit in the Revolutionary war with France, when in the First Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, under Colonel Morshead, he fought in Flanders during the years 1793–4. Of this portion of the campaign he has left a curious and interesting journal[1] which proves him to have been a man of considerable ability, observant, brave, and shrewd—in brief, a keen and gallant soldier. Further, the family history relates :—

If he possessed less talent than his predecessors, he still inherited their honor & integrity, and was inferior to few in the sweetness of his temper, in the goodness of his heart, and in the firm affection which he bore his family. He was a Gentleman in mind and manners, a steady friend, an affectionate and dutiful son ; also the kindest and best of brothers. He was last in the family entail, and his first act on reaching Manhood was

[1] Published in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, May and October, 1916.

to join in re-settling the estates. "I love my family too well," he said, "to keep the power of injuring them one moment in my hands. As long as I possess my understanding, I can indeed depend upon myself. But God alone can tell whether my mind and faculties may not be impaired in time to come."

So honourable an action, originating from so generous a sentiment, is worthy of remembrance.

But of any more intimate record of his life it seems impossible to find a trace. A few letters expressive of filial affection penned during the lifetime of his father, a few amiable notes of instruction to his agent, these constitute the sole vestige of an existence which seems to have been blameless but uneventful. Was he wounded in that campaign of 1794? Did his health fail subsequently and necessitate a life of retirement, which culminated in his early death? Did he for the same reason desert "charming Dalton" and take up his abode far away in another county? On these points history is silent. All we know is that on the 16th of November, 1804, he married Elizabeth, fourth daughter of Owen Meyrick, Esq., of Carmarthenshire;[1] that he lived for a time at Barnwood House, near Gloucester, and that there, on July 18th, 1811, he breathed his last at the age of forty-five, leaving no child to succeed him. To-day on the walls of Gloucester Cathedral may be seen a tablet briefly commemorative of his career:—

SACRED
to the memory
of
Sir Charles Hotham Bt.
of South Dalton
and Ebberston in Yorkshire
and of Barnwood House
near this city
who departed this life
July 18th 1811 aged 45 years.
Humanity, benevolence and generosity
adorned his life.
At his death he was perfectly
resigned to the will of God.
Having lived in the most steadfast
Faith, he died in the Hope of Eternal Bliss.
This monument is erected as a token
of gratitude by his affectionate wife.

[1] After his death she married the Rev. George Morgan, of Mulborough, Salop, and died the 9th May, 1834.

WILLIAM, ADMIRAL LORD HOTHAM
From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart

CHAPTER XXI

THE ADMIRAL, 1736–1813

ON the death of Sir Charles Hotham, the tenth baronet, without issue, the succession reverted to his father's brother, William, the third son of Sir Beaumont Hotham, the seventh baronet.

Born in Scotland in April, 1736, William was entered as a scholar at Westminster School at the age of nine, in April, 1745; and thence at the age of twelve he was transferred to the Royal Naval Academy at Portsmouth. At fifteen he made his first voyage to Halifax in the *Gosport*, and to the Leeward Islands in the *Advice*, remaining three years in that station. He was then made Acting Lieutenant of the *Swan* sloop and sent to North America, whence he brought the news of the French encroachment on the Ohio which preluded the war that shortly followed.

On his return to England in 1755 he was appointed 6th Lieutenant of the *St. George*, on board which Sir Edward Hawke hoisted his flag. While the Fleet remained in Portsmouth, William wrote happily to his brother Charles :—

June 23rd, 1755.

It is almost incredible to think what numbers of Nobility and Gentry and others are daily coming down to see the Fleet. I have already had the pleasure of meeting with many of your acquaintances here, not gentlemen alone but likewise Ladies There are now here the Duke of Kingston, Lord Granby, Lord Ravensworth and more that I cannot now think of. Being rather Buckish they all dined on Board, and from thence came on shore, where they sate up the rest of the night. . . . I wish you would likewise be Buckish and take a trip to Portsmouth.

But the gay days of this Buckish society soon came to an end, and the tragedy of Admiral Byng affected the fortunes of

young Hotham. As is well known, John Byng, the fourth son of Lord Torrington, became Rear-Admiral in 1756, and was sent with a poorly equipped squadron to relieve Minorca, at that time blockaded by the French Fleet. After a brisk action, Byng, feeling himself unable to renew the attack, sailed away and left Minorca to its fate. Indignation was universal when his conduct became known in England ; he was placed under arrest and brought back for trial. Although acquitted of cowardice and disaffection, he was found guilty of neglect, but was recommended to mercy. The King, however, who was noted for seldom exercising his Royal prerogative of clemency, refused to pardon him, and he was shot on board the *Monarque* at Portsmouth, March 14th, 1757.

Meantime Sir Edward Hawke (afterwards Lord Hawke) was sent to supersede the unfortunate Admiral Byng in the command of the Mediterranean ; and with him, on board the *Antelope*, went young Hotham. For an interesting record of the subsequent career of the latter we are again indebted to his nephew, afterwards Admiral Sir William Hotham, G.C.B. ; and as the account which that indefatigable historian has left differs in some very interesting particulars from that given in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and elsewhere, it will here be quoted :—

" On arriving at Gibraltar the Lieutenants senior to Hotham were appointed to various ships in the room of the captains who had been called home to give evidence at Byng's trial. Hotham remained for some time First Lieutenant on board the ship of Sir Edward Hawke who, as soon as opportunity offered, appointed him to the command of the *Fortune* Sloop of War, which gave him the rank of Master and Commander. She being at sea, he was sent out to her with the temporary command of the *Syren* of 20 guns ; and in his passage he fell in with the *Télémaque* of 26 guns, which he engaged, but from the superiority of her sailing and the damage he had sustained in his sails and rigging she escaped from him with the loss of her Captain and many of her men. In this action he had four men killed and a considerable number wounded, he himself being wounded in the shoulder by a musquet ball. Falling in soon after with the *Fortune* Sloop he took command of her, and, being sent to Alicant with a convoy, he met with four sail of the

French line of battle ships in the night, and the next day with a French frigate of 26 guns and 105 men, which he took after a very smart action in which he had only two killed and about eight wounded; while the enemy had twelve killed and twenty wounded. For this service he was posted to the *Gibraltar* frigate of twenty guns before he was twenty-one years of age."

"As to what has become of the 'Commodore,'" wrote Beaumont Hotham to his brother Charles on December 1st, 1758, "I hope *he* knows—I do not! He has been expected every day for above three weeks with 190 sail from Russia, but is not yet arrived. When he comes home, I suppose he will be sent to Portsmouth *to clean*, for he has not been in dock since he first went out. We heard from him when he was to go stag-hunting with the King of Denmark."

On his arrival in England, Hotham was immediately appointed by Lord Anson, the First Lord of the Admiralty, to the *Melampe* of 36 guns, which had recently been taken from the French. In her he was sent with Captain Lockhart up the North Sea after Thurot; but not falling in with the enemy, he was deputed to carry Lord George Sackville to Helvoetsluys. In his return he fell in with two French frigates, the *Danaë* of 38 and the *Hermione* of 32 guns. He came up with them at 8 p.m. and engaged them both for one hour and twenty minutes, with the result described in the following letter, written when the news first reached the family party at Chislehurst :—

John Hotham to his brother Charles Hotham

April 3rd, 1759.

On Sunday evening Mr Mead come to our house (Monsieur toujours chez mi Lord Chesterfield) and told us that Dr. Hay of the Admiralty intimated to him at Court of an engagement at Sea on the Tuesday before, between the Southampton, Capt. Gilchrist, of 32 Guns, and the Melampe Capt. Hotham of 36, on one side; and two French frigates, one of 38 and the other of 32 on the other. That the 32 guns had escaped and the 38 was taken. That Capt. Gilchrist was hurt in the shoulder, it was feared mortally,[1] and Hotham escaped unhurt. This intelligence, as you may suppose, put us all in an uproar,

[1] Captain James Gilchrist. He did not die but was crippled for life.

and Mr. Mead was pronounced a *filthy* man not being able to communicate more than he had heard.

There it rested, after three or four fruitless enquiries at the office of Admiralty, till yesterday afternoon, when Monsieur received a letter from the Collector at Yarmouth (a person whom he never saw in his life) telling him that on Monday last the Southampton and Melampe fell in with two French frigates from Dunkirk laden with stores for Canada . . . that the Melampe gave chase, and being the best sailor, came up with and engaged them both for a considerable time, when the Frenchman of 32 guns, seeing the Southampton coming up, thought proper to sheer off, and accordingly escaped. The other, after a very obstinate engagement for 3½ hours, struck at eleven o'clock at night. The Southampton had one man killed and 3 or 4 wounded, amongst them Capt. Gilchrist in the arm and shoulder. The Melampe had 9 killed and 25 wounded. The French ship lost three Captains, and had above an hundred killed. Soon after she struck, her main mast came by the board, so that there was only her foremast left standing. In this condition she was taken possession of; the Southampton took 100 men out of her, left her to be brought home by the Melampe, and is herself put into Yarmouth. Capt. Gilchrist was immediately brought on shore, and it is hoped will recover, though his wound is a very bad one. So much for *written* intelligence.

This morning I met Col[l]. Clinton in the park, who said the Melampe had behaved nobly. *That she alone had fought the ship, and made it strike for her; the Southampton only coming up to fire three shots,* in the return of which compliment Capt. Gilchrist was wounded. . . . The newspapers to-day do not so much as mention the Melampe! I wish you joy of the event. . . . My father has since heard that the Gosport has joined him at sea in order to bring in the prisoners. This may prevent him being kidnapped in his defenceless condition.

The action was a spirited one, and the *Hermione* only escaped the fate of the *Danaë* under shadow of the night. Both Hotham's own ship and his prisoner, however, were much disabled; and he was forced to carry them in this condition through most dangerous shoals, which he accomplished successfully and brought his prize back to England.

"William's accounts are at last all settled about the *Danaë* and the money paid down," wrote his brother Beaumont on

May 1st, 1760. "The deductions and drawbacks are amazing, but large as they are, what is left to his share is no bad picking, the whole of his profit amounts to the sum of £1,689. 11. which is something more than I shall make in some years by the law."

Before that settlement, however, Hotham had sailed again. "When the expedition against Belle Isle was concerted during the administration of William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham," relates Sir William, "Hotham was deputed by Sir Edward Hawke to recognoitre the place. He took a rough sketch of it on a small piece of paper by which to refresh his memory in case of need and this paper was afterwards produced at the Board of Privy Council at which he and Keppel were present, the Expedition was regulated by it, and the conquest of the Island followed in April, 1761."

Subsequently, the *Melampe* being in want of repair, Hotham was, on May 20th, 1761, appointed to the *Æolus* of 32 guns, in which he was remarkably successful in taking many of the enemy's privateers. It is impossible here to follow his adventures in detail, but on various occasions he covered himself with glory, and great sympathy was expressed with him when, after bravely taking a Spanish ship from the Caraccas, it was found impossible for him to save his rich prize, which he was forced to burn. "His letter on the occasion," wrote his brother John, "has justly done him excessive credit, as the letter of an officer, a seaman, and a gentleman. Everybody is full of it."

On peace being made, Hotham was appointed to the *Hero* at Plymouth, 1766–69, and afterwards, from 1770–3, to the *Resolution* at Chatham. In this latter ship he was present at the first Naval Review held by George III near Portsmouth, in the summer of 1773. The command, however, ceased in December of the same year, the three years' service of the *Resolution* as a guardship being then at an end. Sir William Hotham continues :—

"In the spring of 1776, when it was determined that a powerful force both by land and sea should be sent to North America to subdue the Colonies, at that time in Rebellion against the Mother country, Major General Howe, commanding the land forces, and his brother Lord Viscount Howe of the

Kingdom of Ireland commanding the fleet, Hotham was called forth by the latter to serve immediately under himself, as second in command, which gave him the rank of Commodore with the distinguishing pendant and the appointments and emoluments of a Rear-Admiral during that service. He accordingly sailed from Spithead in the *Preston* Man of War of 50 guns early in May, 1776, for the coast of North America, having under his convoy a large body of Hessian troops and a detachment from the three Regiments of Footguards, amounting in the whole to upwards of 7,000 men."

Lord Howe, owing to an unavoidable delay, followed in a single ship.[1] "Your attention to every part of the uncouth service you are unexpectedly saddled with," he wrote to Hotham from Grafton Street, on April 28th, 1776, "gives me cause to regret the delays which detain me here, only because I might take some of the trouble off your hands. Next Wednesday is appointed for me to receive my civil commission, and to kiss hands upon that occasion. I am promised that all my orders shall be made ready for me by that time. Hence I reckon upon being at Portsmouth by Friday evening at the latest. The Civil Branch of my appointment will, however, most probably detain me from sailing after you if you should be previously departed for America, until about the Monday following. I shall in that case reckon, if we fail to cross upon each other in our voyage, that I shall have called off Boston and shall still be on the spot to meet you by the time of your arrival at the point of your secret destination."

Thus the whole anxiety and care of this expedition fell upon Commodore Hotham. How ably he achieved it is modestly related by himself :—

Preston, New York River,
August 15th, 1776.

I arrived here the day before yesterday, after a tedious passage of fourteen weeks to Halifax, off which place I thought

[1] In the *Life of Richard, Earl Howe, K.G.*, by Sir John Barrow, Bart. (1838), page 89, it is stated that "Lord Howe having hoisted his flag in the *Eagle*, of 64 guns, sailed from Spithead with a squadron of ships and a fleet of transports, for North America in the early part of 1776, and was followed in May by Commodore Hotham with another squadron and more transports, for the same destination." This is entirely erroneous, as the whole charge of the ships and transports was deputed to Hotham, who sailed in advance of Howe.

it necessary to call, to gain information of the fleet and Army, and lucky it was I did so. You may well think that the last fourteen weeks of my life have been made up of trouble, vexations, and anxiety ; indeed to such a degree that I hope I shall never again experience the like. But after having said this, I must add that, by a concurrence of a greater number of fortunate circumstances than one can expect should fall to the share of most men, all my difficulties have been surmounted, and the highest approbation given by Lord Howe to the whole of my conduct and proceedings. He is much pleased ; and shewed me yesterday the letter he has written to the Admiralty on the occasion which in regard to me is handsome to a degree.

To his elder brother, now Sir Charles Thompson, he wrote more explicitly :—

Preston, New York River,
August 15th, 1776.

My dear Sir Charles,

After a long and tedious passage I have the pleasure to acquaint you that I arrived here yesterday, fourteen weeks to a day that I left St. Helens, which, tho' it appears long, yet when I put every circumstance into the account, I have very good reason to be satisfied, and the rather because Lord Howe has done me the honour not only most highly to approve, but to express the greatest degree of satisfaction at the whole course of my proceedings, in which he is pleased to say *I have exceeded his utmost expectations.*

I have indeed had more upon my mind than I ever before experienced, and enough to convince me that my nerves are not stronger than those of other people. To enter into a long detail of my perplexities shall not, however, be the subject of a Letter at this time ; it is sufficient to say my difficulties have been great, and enough to add that, by more good fortune than can be expected to fall to one man's share, they have been totally surmounted : to crown all I need only tell you that of the numerous convoy I carried out of England—larger than I suppose ever crossed the Atlantic before—there is not a single ship missing, the whole being arrived in safety and the whole in good health, a slight appearance of the scurvy only having begun in a very small degree to shew itself ; less than a week ago the *Hessians* had lost no more than eight men.

The remaining fifteen hundred of the first division which you may recollect I was ordered not to wait for, I fell in with yesterday morning two or three Leagues off the harbour's

mouth, so that the whole of what were intended to leave England together arrived in this River the same day !

I found the Army on my arrival here in possession of Staten Island, expecting me with the greatest impatience, so that we shall not, I reckon, be long without work, but what is intended I neither know, nor, if I did, might it be proper to tell you.

I went on shore last night with Lord Howe to Head Quarters, where I saw your Lieutenant Colonel Patterson, perfectly well, as are indeed the whole of General Howe's Army. As to my own health since leaving England, it has been worse than I ever before experienced, but the load of anxiety I have had upon my mind being now removed, added to the approbation given to my conduct, has given such a turn to my complaints, that I feel I am quite myself again. I hope yourself and the Ladies are free from all complaints, indeed they seldom do complain but from fancy, which may have been a good deal my case. Lord Howe, by the way, tells me that George is appointed Sub-Governor to the Prince of Wales ; for goodness sake how could such a thing come about ! It is a charming appointment for him surely.

His Lordship to-day shewed me his Letter to the Admiralty, in which he has made mention of me in such a way as to make it in the highest degree flattering to me ; what he has said is short, but very strong and handsome. Your friend Clinton, whom I have not yet seen could not make any impression to the Southward ; Sir Peter Parker in the Bristol, endeavouring to favour his intended attack, suffered in his ships extremely, having in his own ship upwards of forty killed and near double the number wounded ; one of his frigates was so much shattered that they found it necessary to burn her. A few days will, I reckon, set us to work here, in which we shall have all the success you wish us. I shall write as often as I can, being most truly and ever,

Affectionately yours,
W. HOTHAM.

Gradually the news became public that the Commodore had accomplished a feat which, under the conditions then prevalent, was held to be remarkable. " It was a large convoy," remarks his brother John triumphantly, " between 90 and 100 sail—larger than perhaps ever crossed the Atlantic before or ever may again—yet not a ship was missing and scarcely a man lost. He was five weeks between Halifax and Staten Island

alone, owing to the calms and a rapidity of current that set them astonishingly Eastward, for, by their reckoning, they ran their longitude twice over." Nevertheless, Hotham's arrival was admirably timed, and, as he anticipated, he was not long without work.

"The junction," relates Sir William, "of the Foot-Guards and Hessian troops under his care being thus happily effected with the army under General Howe on Staten Island, the General determined to attempt a landing on, and the reduction of, Long Island, preparatory to the attack on New York with his army. Accordingly, in the morning of August 22nd, 1776, the British troops, with a Corps of Hessian Grenadiers and Chasseurs, and 40 pieces of Cannon, were disembarked on Long Island in two hours and a half, Commodore Hotham commanding the disembarkation, which was followed by an action on the 24th of the same month, when the Rebels were totally routed, and the whole Island submitted to his Majesty's troops. On this occasion Major General Howe got the Red Ribband." Shortly afterwards Hotham wrote to his brother Sir Charles :—

Preston, New York River,
24th September 1776.

My dear Brother,

Since my last at the beginning of this month, a descent was made upon York Island, about three or four miles above the Town ; it took place on the 15th ; and I had again the direction of the landing. We were as successful as before, though with an appearance of a much more serious opposition, instead of which the Enemy precipitously quitted the town and the Works about it, and retired to their strong Posts at the other extreme end of the Island, about King's Bridge, which communicates with Connecticut.

Thus you see we are in possession of the greatest part of the Island and of the City of New York ; but by the villainy of some Rascals in it (still in the Rebel interest) it was three nights since maliciously set fire to in several different parts, and about a fifth part of it destroyed ; the wind blew high, and from a quarter favourable for their designs.

An attack was yesterday intended upon a strong Post the Enemy held opposite the Town, which, commanding one side of the Entrance of Hudson's River, it was necessary we should

be in possession of; and we accordingly became so without opposition, for the moment they observed the ships in motion to cover the landing they immediately evacuated their works and left us masters of them, without putting us to the trouble of attacking them at all.

Being in possession of Long Island, we are plentifully supplied with provisions of every kind, so much so, that the Seamen throughout the fleet are now regularly supplied with fresh meat twice a week, and vegetables we have plenty of.

The general opinion here is that the enemy mean to hold out this winter if possible in hopes that you will not be able to support the expense of another year's campaign. The discontent of their Army (such as it is) is great, and their desertion not less so. In short, their industry in erecting strong works alone makes them a troublesome enemy; for by anything we have seen, their valour in defending them by no means makes them a formidable one.

Thus Hotham, in common with many of his contemporaries, miscalculated the strength of the forces against which he was pitted. After this preliminary victory, General Howe made an address in public acknowledgment of their services to the Commodore and the officers and seamen who had been employed under him. Subsequently Lord Howe sailed on an expedition against Philadelphia, and Hotham was left at New York in command of the Fleet; whereupon he, in conjunction with the land forces commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, attacked and took the Forts Clinton and Montgomery with a view to making a diversion in favour of General Burgoyne, then at Saratoga. "In short," relates Sir William Hotham, "whilst he remained in America he commanded every landing that was made, and led the army through the difficult passage of Hell Gates, New York, with the loss of only one ordnance boat." Meantime the army and navy did not neglect the lighter side of existence. Despite the disastrous news of Burgoyne's surrender, the British felt secure of ultimate victory; and while the winter of 1777–8 was a terrible one for Washington, who, at Forge Valley near Philadelphia, held out against cold, starvation and desertion, the British forces ranged against him made merry in their present security and anticipated triumph. In January, 1778, Hotham wrote:—

Our Theatre is just opened which, with a weekly Ball and our little Suppers, will make the cold weather pass off glibly enough. Lord Rawdon has just retained an Italian cook who in his first Coup d'Essay [*sic*] at a neat little supper (upon which his Lordship had been pluming himself for a week before) produced a *spanking Loin of Veal* to the no small amazement and diversion of the Company ; from this you see we are not in want of provisions, or, indeed, of anything else if we can but find money to make the purchase.

Commodore Hotham to Sir Charles Thompson

York River, Jan. 1778.

These I believe are not the worst Winter Quarters in America. We have provisions in great abundance, as you will judge from the Account I gave you in my last of Lord Rawdon's supper, and amusements without number. The *Fair Penitent* with *The Citizen* was last night performed with universal applause before a numerous audience.

In the evening of the Queen's Birthday Lord Howe, it seems, gave a Ball at Rhode Island. Sir Henry Clinton and myself did proper honour to it here. He gave a dinner to the men, from whose quarters we repaired in the Evening to mine, where I gave a Ball and Supper to the Ladies, for the Splendour and Magnificence of which it befits others more to speak than me ; it is enough to say that I have been well with the Ladies ever since. Sir Henry thought me a bold man to undertake it, but the Eclat of it, added to the general Good Humour and Satisfaction which was conspicuous in every Countenance, compensated for all the Plague and Trouble of it.

A Liverpool Ship came in yesterday after a Passage of eight weeks, and reports that neither the news of Philadelphia, or the disaster of General Burgoyne's Army was known by authority in England ; that the ship which was supposed to contain these accounts had been spoken with off Scilly, but that a gale of wind came on two days after, and that she had not since been heard of. The accounts of our Success in Hudson's River respecting Fort Clinton and Montgomery I apprehend were sent in the same Ship. I should much regret that an accident should have befallen her.

On Lord Howe's return from Philadelphia, Count d'Estaing appeared off the coast with a very superior fleet. Lord Howe determined to bring the French to action, and with this inten-

tion he and Hotham put out to sea ; but before any engagement could be brought about, the two fleets were separated by a violent gale of wind. During this storm d'Estaing's squadron appears to have suffered most, and his flagship, the *Languedoc*, was totally dismasted. In this condition, two days later, Captain Dawson, of the *Renown*, fell in with and further crippled her, after which he lay-to all night making sure of his prize ; but in the morning, to his mortification, he perceived six French ships of war bearing down upon him, which compelled him to abandon his intended capture.

By a curious coincidence, a similar disappointment was experienced at this date by Commodore Hotham. On board the *Preston* he fell in with the *Tonnant*, an 80-gun ship, which had lost all her masts except the mainmast. He attacked her with spirit, effectually crippled her, and was obliged to lay-to through the night waiting to secure his prize in the morning. But at daylight he had the ill-luck to see a portion of the French fleet approaching, and was forced hastily to abandon his intended victim.

Shortly afterwards Lord Howe—Black Dick, as he was familiarly called in the service—returned to England. He was by many considered too ungracious in manner and somewhat perverse in disposition ; but he was of incorruptible integrity, a staunch friend, a loyal servitor, and a man to whom insincerity of speech or action was impossible. As such he had always appealed to the equally sincere nature of Hotham ; while on Howe's part, the letters addressed by him to his second-in-command, eleven years his junior, are couched in terms not merely of affection but of reliance and respect. Perfect cordiality had indeed always subsisted between the two Commanders, and it was with infinite regret that they parted. Admiral Gambier succeeded to the command in the Mediterranean, and thereupon dispatched Hotham from New York to Barbadoes, where Rodney had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in October, 1779. Hotham had with him a squadron of six ships of the line, some frigates, and four thousand land troops commanded by Major-General Grant. "In this run," relates Sir William, "they were very near falling into the hands of a French squadron cruising to intercept them ; and certainly would have done so, had not Hotham

suddenly resolved in the night-time to alter the course he was steering, and this against the opinion (taken from the Reckonings) of everyone on board. The proof of his being right (and a stronger one cannot be) is that a transport ship of his convoy, which happened not to see or hear the signal he made on the occasion, kept on her course and found herself next morning surrounded by the enemy's fleet, by which she was immediately captured."

"On his arrival in Barbadoes Hotham joined Admiral Barrington; and on the 12th December, 1778, they sailed on an expedition against the Island of St. Lucia, where they arrived the next day and landed the troops without opposition. On the 15th they were attacked by a part of d'Estaing's fleet at St. Lucia, which they repulsed that day, notwithstanding the great superiority of the enemy in point of ships, for d'Estaing had thirteen sail of the line, while the British Admiral and Commodore had only four ships of the line, and three fifty-gun ships. On the 29th the King's troops having repulsed the enemy who had been landed for the relief of the Island, and d'Estaing not having been able to annoy Barrington to any purpose, the Count moved off with his whole force towards Martinique, leaving the English in quiet possession of the Island, which capitulated whilst the French fleet was still in sight."

As a result of this brilliant action the King appointed Commodore Hotham to be one of the three Colonels of Marines, remarking on the occasion with a happy graciousness—"It is not *my* doing—the Commodore has done it himself."

While in the West Indies, however, Hotham was destined to have an experience as unprecedented as it was alarming. Soon after the capture of St. Lucia he was left by Rodney in command of the fleet at the Leeward Islands, and shifted his flag to the *Vengeance* of seventy-four guns. In view of the severity of the winter gales to be expected off that coast, every precaution was taken against consequent disaster to the ships; but October was ushered in with a succession of tempests of such incredible violence that no forethought could have availed against their ferocity.

On October 3rd a terrific gale first attacked the Island of Jamaica, during which the sea, as if impelled by an earthquake,

swept relentlessly in upon the unhappy seaport towns, and washed away even the wreckage left by the tempest. On its subsidence, when rescue parties went to the relief of the victims, scarcely a house was standing, while dead and dying lay strewn among the ruins. On the 10th another furious hurricane visited Barbadoes and many adjacent islands, dashing all before it with resistless rage, so that buildings and vegetation alike were scattered in the onslaught, and scenes ensued of devastation and horror impossible to describe.

On the evening of the fatal day, Hotham, in the harbour at St. Lucia, noticed that the sky presented an extraordinary appearance, lurid and threatening. During the night, rain began to fall, but it was not till ten o'clock the next morning that the wind rose in all its fury. As the hours passed, its rage and strength increased, till rapidly all the buildings, including the barracks and huts for the troops, were dashed to fragments, the surrounding country became a heap of unrecognisable wreckage, while the ships in the bay were in imminent danger. As the night of terror fell, many of the fleet were driven ashore or out to sea, many were lost with all their officers and crews, and all suffered lamentably.

Hotham, on board the *Vengeance*, had a miraculous escape. His ship was fast moored in the harbour at St. Lucia ; and as soon as signs of the approaching hurricane became evident, it was, relates Sir William, " prepared with every caution that could be used to withstand the Tempest, which soon raged with irresistable fury, attended by an incessant flood of rain. A little after mid-night the *Vengeance* parted with her cables and sailed upon the rocks." Through the mad thunder of the waves, the crash of the wind, and the torrents of water which poured ceaselessly over her decks, Hotham, by means of the vivid flashes of lightning which lit up the scene, saw that there was small hope of saving the ship or the lives of his men. " He however, gave the order to cut away all her masts, which being done, and a number of guns gotten forwards, considerably eased the force with which she struck ; and the wind providentially veering two or three points further to the Eastward, her stern swung off the rocks and she was beyond every expectation saved."

So soon as the hurricane was over, the Commodore shifted

his flag to the *Ajax* of 74 guns, one of his squadron which had lost two of her masts and her mainyard in the storm ; and sent the *Vengeance*, under jury masts and in a very leaky state, to the English harbour of Antigua, where, strange to relate, the storm had been scarcely felt.

On the return of the weather to normal conditions, a sloop was dispatched to the Commodore from Bridgetown begging him to send a frigate to England with news of the dreadful calamity that had occurred ; and in charge of the ship which consequently sailed upon this errand, Hotham enclosed a letter from the Governor of Barbadoes, Sir James Cunninghame, imploring the aid of Sir Charles Thompson in obtaining some relief from the King, as the unhappy official stated himself to be entirely ruined. His experience on land had been equally terrifying to that of Hotham's experience on sea. At the commencement of the storm every precaution had been taken at Government House for the protection of himself and his family. The doors and windows were securely barricaded up, and it was fondly believed that, owing to the circular character of the building and the fact that the walls were three feet thick, it would not be likely to suffer from the violence of any gale. But Sir James and his family, who all assembled in the centre of the dwelling for safety, were soon undeceived. The roof was torn off ; wreckage fell about their heads ; and, as the wind forced itself in at every rent, they fled to the cellar, only to find that there the water came pouring in till it rose to a height of four feet, while ruins fell on them from every quarter. They then rushed to what remained of the foundation of the flag-staff, but that soon after gave way, so that they were thrown violently to the ground beneath the débris, whence they crawled with difficulty to some adjacent cannon, under the carriage of which they took shelter. But the cannon even were moved by the force of wind and water ; while to add to the terror of the fugitives they knew that the powder magazine was close by and might be ignited by the flashes of lightning which intensified the horror of their surroundings. They survived only by a miracle ; but survived to discover a world from which every familiar feature had been blotted out, and in which they were faced by poverty and every form of privation.

No man [wrote the unhappy Governor to Commodore Hotham] ever set foot in a more distracted Government than I came to. Almost the whole are Bankrupts, disinclined to all Government, and numbers of them deeply tinged with American principles. It is now seventeen months since they raised any supplies, and their whole Military establishment are starving. The first thing they did on my arrival was to lower the Governor's salary £1,000 a year ; I found a house entirely out of repair and not watertight, and, to crown our misfortunes, the late hurricane, the most dreadful ever known in this country, has almost completed our ruin. All that I had brought to this country that was of value was buried in the ruins of Pilgrim. I had the value of £3,000 buried thirty feet under a Pile of Stone . . . as you know I narrowly escaped being crushed in the ruins, or afterwards being drowned in the Cellar from the inundation of rain that accompanied the storm. I at last reached some cannon in the fields which were set in motion, but I was preserved. Thousands of lives around me were lost.

Hotham, no doubt, did all that lay in his power to help his unhappy friend ; but he was allowed small respite in which to recuperate his own forces. Rodney returned to Barbadoes with sixteen ships of the line on December 5th, and five days later was at St. Lucia planning an expedition with General Vaughan against the Island of St. Vincent, which the French had captured the year previously, and the fortifications of which it was reported had been so damaged in the recent hurricane that its recapture might be easily accomplished. During this attack Hotham commanded the landing, and when it was found that the information received had been erroneous, and that the English could make no impression upon the place, he remained in the harbour under a heavy fire to cover the re-embarkation of the troops. He was in Lord Rodney's first action with Monsieur de Guichen, and so distinguished himself in it that he was directed in public orders " in future to lead the fleet in line of battle " ; which he accordingly did in the second and third actions, while, during the last, he was the hero of a remarkable exploit and sustained the fire of the whole French line as the two fleets crossed on opposite tacks. Early in 1781 he was also present at the capture of St. Eustatius, which was taken from the Dutch by

Sir George Rodney and General Vaughan, and much rich booty secured.

Although the *Vengeance* had meantime been refitted, it was found necessary for her to return to England, and in the spring of 1781, therefore, Hotham set off for Europe with her and the other crippled ships under his command, having likewise under his charge twenty sail of merchant ships and transports laden with part of the plunder from the island of St. Eustatius. At this date every ship which could be spared had been sent to the relief of Gibraltar, and to protect the rich treasure entrusted to him Hotham had only two ships of the line and some frigates. The French, as he anticipated, were aware of the departure of this treasure and were determined to waylay it, yet under such dangerous circumstances Hotham was not allowed to use his own discretion in avoiding the enemy. "Being ordered to steer a positive course," states Sir William (*which unless ordered he would not have steered*), "on the morning of May 23rd he fell in with a French squadron of greatly superior force[1] a few leagues to the Westward of St. George's Channel. He immediately threw out the signal for his convoy to disperse and bore away for Ireland, by which means he had the good fortune to save all the King's ships under his command and eight or nine of the convoy which remained with him in Bantry Bay, Ireland. With these he subsequently sailed to Cork, and a few days after leaving that place, he landed in health and safety at Portsmouth, having been absent from his native land upwards of five years and employed that whole time in most severe and perilous service."

The times, however, were still too disturbed for Hotham to enjoy the repose of which he stood sorely in need; he was appointed to the Home Squadron, and in 1782 he commanded the *Edgar* in the Grand Fleet sent to the relief of Gibraltar under his former chief, Lord Howe. In January, 1783, England formally declared the end of hostilities with the United States, France and Spain; but the following year trouble arose with Holland, and it was rumoured that the French were preparing a fleet to relieve Amsterdam, at that time besieged by the Duke of Brunswick. Hotham was thereupon sent to the

[1] The French had a squadron of eight ships of the line besides five frigates, under the command of M. de la Motte (*Dictionary of National Biography*).

Downs, where he hoisted his flag on board the *Adventure*, while his own ship, the *Prince George*, was fitting out for him. "Few officers," relates his nephew, "have been in a more critical or delicate situation than he found himself in, his orders being wholly discretionary whether to attack the French—with whom England was no longer at war—or not, as he himself should deem necessary. The French, however, did not make the expected attempt, and Amsterdam was taken." A period of peace therefore ensued, during which Hotham twice declined a seat at the Board of Admiralty, also an offer of being brought into Parliament for one of the seaports, preferring the military to the civil part of his profession. In September, 1787, he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral of the Red, and in 1790 he was advanced to be Vice-Admiral of the Blue.

In 1793, however, the revolutionary war with France broke out, and Hotham, hoisting his flag on board the *Britannia*, was sent out as second-in-command to the Mediterranean under Lord Hood. Lord Howe, it is said, was extremely annoyed that Hotham had not accepted in preference the alternative post of third-in-command under himself in the Channel Squadron; but when Lord Hood returned to England early in November, 1794, after the evacuation of Toulon and the capture of Corsica, Hotham was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet.

At the date when he thus succeeded to the supreme command, the situation of that portion of the British Navy was extremely critical. Hood had in vain pleaded for reinforcements and that more attention should be paid to material necessities, but his letters were disregarded and the condition of the Fleet continued to be wretched. The ships were ill-supplied with provisions, there was a shortage of men, and a number of those on board had been unwillingly compelled into the service by means of the press-gang and other reprehensible methods. There was little indeed to attract voluntary service from men not enticed by the hope of promotion, for the ordinary seamen were subject not merely to hardship but to actual ill-usage, their pay was inadequate and usually in arrears, the unrestricted use of the cat-o'-nine-tails, even for minor offences, often meant death by cruel torture, while the sick and wounded were neglected, and the maimed callously

turned out of the service to starve. Small wonder that a proportion of the men were seriously disaffected, and that an outbreak occurred on board the *Windsor Castle* which required prompt and careful suppression.

Scarcely had Lord Hood taken his departure when, on November 10th, 1794, Hotham was called upon to take action in this disturbance. The mutineers boldly asserted their dislike to their admiral, captain, first lieutenant and boatswain, all of whom they declared must be removed. Vice-Admiral Hotham, with Rear-Admiral Sir Hyde Parker and several captains of the Fleet, went to parley with the men in the hope of persuading them to return to their duty, but this they refused to do. Their captain then demanded a court martial, in order that his conduct might be subjected to the closest investigation ; but although he was honourably acquitted, it was found necessary to concede the demands of the men. Another captain, first lieutenant, and boatswain were sent to the *Windsor Castle*, and, as a further concession to the exigencies of the situation, the mutineers were pardoned.

Such leniency at a date when petty offences were punished with a severity which was barbarous, speaks volumes for the position in which Hotham found himself. The aspect of affairs indeed looked singularly gloomy. " The allied powers," wrote an able young officer, Captain Nelson, about this period, " were jealous of each other ; and none but England was hearty in the cause." England, in fact, was draining herself to maintain those who would not fight for themselves. Tuscany had concluded peace, and Corsica was in danger. But since what followed has led to a curious historical dispute, the true facts of which have never before been published, we must pause here to review certain events of a more personal nature ; all the more since these appear not merely to have formed a determining cause in the verdict of history, but that they likewise furnished the first link in a chain of events which culminated in a tragedy totally unforeseen.

In the Fleet under Admiral Hotham were two ships of which special mention must be made : one, the *Agamemnon*, of sixty-four guns, commanded by the young officer Captain Nelson ; the other, a Neapolitan ship, the *Tancredi*, of seventy-four guns, which was commanded by a Sicilian Admiral,

Prince Francesco Caraccioli, member of a younger branch of one of the noblest Neapolitan families. By a strange coincidence, the presence of the latter was directly due to the intervention of Admiral Hotham's nephew, Commander, afterwards Sir William, Hotham, who has been so often quoted in these pages.

The third son of General George Hotham, this officer had served under his uncle, the Admiral, since 1790, and was now Commander in the Mediterranean Fleet of the *Cyclops*, of twenty-eight guns. It happened that early in 1795 he had visited the Neapolitan Court, and had there been made aware of a quarrel which had arisen between two prominent naval men, Forteguerri, the Marine Minister of Sicily, and Prince Caraccioli, who was head of the Marine. "In a dispute which arose between these men," he relates, "the scale turned against the latter. Forteguerri was more powerful, and he deprived Caraccioli of his position and of the command of the *Tancredi*." Nevertheless, the deposed Prince had many partisans. He was both popular and respected, especially among the English, and it was considered that he had been badly treated. Wherefore, on the arrival of Commander Hotham at Naples, he was sent for privately by Sir John Acton, then Minister to Ferdinand IV,[1] and closely questioned respecting the character borne by Caraccioli in the British Fleet. "He inquired of me," relates Sir William, "what estimation the Chevalier was held in by the English Admiral and Officers, and he apologised for putting such a question to me because he was anxious that Caraccioli should be restored to favour and employment, and knowing that the British Admiral was so near a relation of my own, he felt that I must have had frequent opportunity of learning the very information he desired to obtain.

"I told Sir John Acton how presumptuous I should have thought it in so young an officer as I was to give an opinion upon such a subject; but upon so very particular and un-

[1] Sir John Acton (1736–1811), Minister of Ferdinand IV of Naples, was the son of an English doctor. Passing in 1779 from the naval service of Tuscany to that of Naples, he became successively admiral and generalissimo. His measures, able but arbitrary, ultimately caused a reaction in favour of the French party, and he fell from power in 1806. He had succeeded twenty years before to a Shropshire baronetcy.

precedented an occasion I felt that I could safely and conscientiously declare that both the late and the present Commanders-in-Chief of the English Fleet held the Chevalier Caraccioli in the highest estimation, and that there was but one opinion upon this subject throughout the Fleet. The Minister asked me if I should have any objection to this testimony being repeated to the king, and I said 'Certainly not, for that I was quite sure of its truth.'"

Acting on the assurance of the young Commander, Sir John forthwith laid the matter before Ferdinand, with the result that Caraccioli was reinstated in command of his ship, and shortly after sailed to join the Fleet under Admiral Hotham.

"The Chevalier," adds Sir William, "was a short man with a swarthy countenance, quiet and pleasing in his manner. I knew him well, for he and his commander, the Marquis d'Espluga, frequently lived with my uncle while he commanded the Mediterranean Fleet. The Prince was on every occasion an attentive officer, and much and generally esteemed by the officers of the Fleet. The Neapolitans, like the Spaniards, are clever in everything concerning the heavy work with anchors, hawsers, launches, etc., and I saw him once principally instrumental in saving the *Diadem*, one of our sixty-four gun ships, when she was near the shore."

Yet, could the friends of Caraccioli have glanced on through the years which were to be, rather would they have left him in the dishonourable obscurity to which Forteguerri had reduced him than, by restoring him to prosperity, have determined the fate which was ruthlessly to overtake him.

There was one man who viewed with particular disfavour the return of Caraccioli to the British Fleet. Despite the devotion which Nelson, from his association with Lady Hamilton, subsequently evinced for her friends the Neapolitan Royal Family, he retained a particular dislike to the introduction of any foreign element into the British Navy. Even the most faithful ally of alien extraction was regarded by him with suspicion; and Sir William Hotham who, as Commander of the *Cyclops*, knew him intimately, and had served under him during the prolonged siege of Bastia, specially comments upon the strength of this prejudice.

The moment when Caraccioli rejoined the British Fleet was

one of peculiar excitement and peril, owing to the danger which threatened Corsica. "We had taken that Island for ourselves," relates Southey, "annexed it formally to the crown of England and given it a constitution free as our own. No transaction between two countries was ever more fairly or legitimately conducted. Yet our conduct was unwise . . . when one party (of Corsicans) had given up the country to England the natural consequence was that the other looked to France . . . Corsica was now loudly threatened. The French, who had not yet been taught to feel their own inferiority upon the seas, braved us in contempt upon that element. They had a superior fleet in the Mediterranean, and they sent it out with express orders to seek the English Fleet and engage them. Accordingly, the Toulon Fleet, consisting of seventeen ships of the line and five smaller vessels, put to sea. Admiral Hotham received this information at Leghorn and sailed immediately in search of them. He had with him fourteen sail of the line, and one Neapolitan 74; but his ships were only half-manned, containing but seven thousand six hundred and fifty men; whereas the enemy had sixteen thousand nine hundred. He soon came in sight of them and a general action was expected."[1]

Unknown to the English, however, the condition of the French Fleet was worse than our own. The French crews were made up of a large proportion of landsmen, the gunners were untrained, and the state of discipline was actually inferior to that in the British Navy. Labouring under such disadvantages, the French Admiral Martin had been ordered to attempt the attack on Corsica; and when, *en route* to obey these instructions, he thus sighted the British, under command of Hotham, on March 12th, 1795, conscious of the unsatisfactory condition of his fleet, he tried to evade the threatened engagement. Hotham vainly sought to bring the French to action; "the enemy," says Southey, "having little confidence in the superiority of their own fleet, manœuvred for a day in sight of the English, and then suffered themselves to be chased."[2] Sir William Hotham further asserts emphatically that "*it was only after three days' perseverance that the Vice-Admiral succeeded*

[1] Southey's *Life of Nelson*, ed. Michael Macmillan, B.A., 1892, page 60.

[2] *Ibid.*, pages 61–2.

in forcing the enemy to action," and it must be observed that this statement, made by a man who was in a position to know the full details of what occurred, is of peculiar interest in view of the different complexion which history has sometimes endeavoured to put upon this episode. Hotham, so various historians have related, far from seeking an engagement, actually avoided it, and, on sight of the enemy, hesitated to order an instant attack ; moreover, the next day when he did order a general chase, the only ship which seriously engaged the foe was the *Agamemnon,* with Nelson in command. She assailed the French ship of the line *Ça Ira,* which had lost two topmasts through a collision ; but the *Agamemnon* was ordered by signal to rejoin the bulk of the British Fleet, and her enemy temporarily escaped. On the 14th, however, the *Ça Ira,* with the *Censeur,* which had her in tow, were cut off and captured, but the remainder of the French escaped. Nelson, it is said, then went on board the flagship and urged the Vice-Admiral to follow up the success, but Hotham refused. " We must be contented ; we have done very well " ; was his rejoinder, in a phrase which has become historical ; and Nelson subsequently wrote impatiently to his wife that if only the Admiral had followed his advice, " We should have had such a day as the annals of England never produced."

The episode thus superficially related leaves Nelson prominently in the limelight as a hero certain of success but lamentably withheld from it through the lack of initiative exhibited by his superior officer. There was, however, another aspect of this occurrence of which history is ignorant.

After the engagement with the *Ça Ira,* Nelson went to the Vice-Admiral and complained bitterly that, during the action, the *Tancredi* had been perpetually in his way. He insinuated that Hotham ought to reprimand Caraccioli severely on this account ; but this the Vice-Admiral promptly refused to do. Though a strict disciplinarian, he was unalterably just ; and he at once pointed out to Nelson that to expect from a Neapolitan the same measure of regularity and discipline which should be exacted from a British man-o'-war would be unreasonable ; he promised, however, to mention the matter kindly to Caraccioli, which would answer the same purpose and effectually prevent a repetition of the offence.

This, however, did not meet Nelson's views. Despite the endearing charm of his personality and the reputed kindliness of his disposition, he was a man who, on certain occasions, both in public and private life, exhibited a callousness to the sufferings of others of which Hotham in either capacity was wholly incapable. Caraccioli, so Nelson believed, had interfered with his success ; Caraccioli might possibly seek to share the laurels which otherwise the *Agamemnon* alone had won. A kindly admonition was not sufficient, Caraccioli must be actually censured ; so only could the situation be properly adjusted, and his own triumph be safeguarded. He continued to urge his opinion with such heat and importunity, that he at length drew upon himself the reprimand which he sought to bring upon another. Recognising his motives, Hotham sternly bade him desist. " I refuse," pronounced the Admiral, " to reprimand the Chevalier Caraccioli, for I am persuaded that if he was in your way during the action, his bravery merits praise rather than reproof ! "

Nelson was a man who, of his very temperament, was hypersensitive and inordinately vain. It is doubtful whether he ever forgave Hotham—it is certain he never forgave Caraccioli for this wound to his pride. That he should, as a result, even unconsciously, belittle the Commander who had roused his anger was perhaps, under these conditions, inevitable. The action of Hotham in not following up his initial advantage by pursuing the French Fleet, furnished opportunity for the lash of Nelson's criticism, and he did not spare the man who had humiliated him. There is a note of malice in his every reference to Hotham. Even to the lifelong friend of the Admiral, Sir William Hamilton, he wrote disparagingly of his senior officer. " I can, *entre nous*," replied Sir William cautiously, " perceive that my old friend Hotham is not quite awake enough for such a command as that of the King's fleet in the Mediterranean, *although he appears the best creature imaginable.*" But the young Captain's letters are full of what he personally would have accomplished in the same situation had he been Commander-in-Chief. Perhaps he was right, or perhaps matters might have befallen far other than his expectation ; but a sentence in one of these communications sums up his attitude. " Sure I am, had I

commanded on the 14th, *either the whole French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape.*" It is the boast of a man whose achievement ultimately condoned his assurance, but the alternative is none the less startling. For precisely what Hotham did *not* feel justified in risking was that same "confounded scrape" of which the younger officer speaks so glibly. Hotham, it cannot be too strongly borne in mind, was, at this critical juncture, painfully aware of the unsatisfactory condition of his own ships, while, from his dispatches, it is evident that he was not in a position to ascertain the disabilities under which the French were likewise labouring. All that was apparent to him was the numerical superiority of the enemy and the inefficiency of the forces at his own command. As we have seen, the representations of Hood had been systematically neglected by the Home Government; and the reasons which had forced that able Commander to resign still effectually crippled the operations of his successor. Still, as Southey points out, "that fatal error of under-proportioning the force to the service; that ruinous economy, which, by sparing a little, renders all that is spent useless, infected the British councils." Yet, even with the inadequate material at his command, Hotham had accomplished much. He had, for the time being, saved Corsica; he had routed the enemy; and however little the sequel appealed to the rash ambition of Nelson, to the older and more experienced seaman it seemed imperative to be contented with "having done very well," rather than, in an attempt to push that victory home, to risk converting it into a colossal disaster. Better the caution which secured an incomplete victory, than the incaution which resulted in complete fiasco. For defeat at this crisis involved—so much even Nelson conceded—the final loss of the game. Victory truly would have meant "a day such as the annals of England have never produced," but so, in far other sense, would have meant failure—a day such as England desires never to see. The stake was too great; and, with the odds against him, his country had cause to be grateful that Hotham did not allow personal ambition to outweigh all which then hung upon a doubtful issue. That same "confounded scrape" on which he might so lightly have embarked was

one which might have meant for England incalculable ruin and disgrace.[1]

And England recognised her debt to the man who had served her well. The authorities who had stinted the means for victory applauded his wisdom; the people were jubilant at his success. His rout of the enemy won for him and his comrades the thanks of both Houses of Parliament; while in April following he was further advanced to the rank of Admiral.

His subsequent relations with Nelson underwent no outward change. Hotham's was a nature which knew no pettiness; essentially generous, he was incapable of cherishing any vindictive feeling, and he acted in regard to the younger officer as though no cause for friction had ever arisen between them. He not only did ample justice to the genius of Nelson, but he allowed full scope for it. "He," states Southey, "was highly meritorious in leaving such a man to his own discretion"; but, ignorant of the coolness which had arisen privately between the two officers, and of the reservation with which, under the circumstances, the strictures of Nelson must be regarded, Southey adds that still "Admiral Hotham pursued a cautious system, ill according with the bold and comprehensive view of Nelson, who continually regretted Hood." Nelson, however, was not long to suffer from a control which was distasteful to him.

Hotham's health was failing. His lifelong service to his

[1] It is evident that the only details of this engagement which have survived are extremely unsatisfactory and incomplete; and that unless all is known it is impossible to apportion justly either merit or blame. James, in his *Naval History*, remarks strongly on the "instances of want of precision in Vice-Admiral Hotham's letter" relating to this engagement, and adds: "Suffice it, that one English writer, *finding nothing but confusion in the 'Gazette' account*, and not knowing seemingly where else to search for particulars, *has drawn up a very brief, but not the less obscure account of the battle*; and another writer, although obliged to confess himself unable to comprehend on which tack either fleet was formed, *has persisted in giving three sets of figures descriptive of the two*." (*Naval History of Great Britain*, by William James, ed. 1826, Vol. I, page 377. The italics are not in the original.) These remarks are full of significance and show that details are lacking which alone could enable a just estimate to be formed of what actually occurred upon this occasion, or of the considerations which determined the course adopted by Hotham; while in regard to the lack of precision complained of in his despatches it is interesting to note that, at an earlier date, Lord Howe, in his voluminous private correspondence with Hotham, complained with great bitterness of the manner in which the Admiralty had "mangled" the published version of the despatches from Rodney, "till," he states, "all the information I wished to collect is much too indistinct for professional instruction."

country was claiming its toll ; and, as the hardships endured by his elder brother in the campaign on land had undermined the constitution of the latter, so the Admiral found that he could no longer, as formerly, struggle against the penalty exacted by a too strenuous attention to duty.

Nevertheless, during the months which followed, he had an arduous and eventful time. By a curious coincidence, in July, 1795, he again fell in with the French Fleet, " under nearly similar circumstances, in nearly the same locality and with nearly the same result," as on the previous occasion ; and, since he had meanwhile been reinforced, and was now able to oppose twenty-three ships to seventeen of the enemy, certain writers, who appear to have accorded but a superficial attention to the situation, have again blamed him for not having brought about a more decisive action. Southey, however, gives a very precise relation of facts.

Nelson, he states, had at this juncture entered upon a new line of service. The Austrian and Sardinian armies, under General de Vins, required a British squadron to co-operate with them in driving the French from the Riviera di Genoa, and, as Nelson had been in the habit of soldiering, he was selected for the task. He accordingly sailed from San Fiorenzo with this object, but had the ill-luck, off Cape di Mele, to fall in with the enemy's fleet, who immediately gave his squadron chase. For twenty-four hours Nelson fled before the French, being sometimes hard pressed, and only lack of skill on the part of the enemy giving him certain advantages. Back to San Fiorenzo he sped with all the haste which a fickle wind permitted, and there the fleet under Hotham, in the midst of watering and refitting, " had, for seven hours, the mortification of seeing him almost in possession of the enemy, before the wind would allow them to go to his assistance. The French, however, at evening went off, not choosing to approach nearer the shore. During the night, Admiral Hotham, by great exertions, got under way ; and having sought the enemy four days, came in sight of them on the fifth. Baffling winds, and vexatious calms, so common in the Mediterranean, rendered it impossible to close with them ; only a partial action could be brought on, and then the firing made a perfect calm. The French, being to windward, drew inshore ; and

the English Fleet was becalmed six or seven miles to the westward."[1] This account is confirmed by Sir William Hotham, than whom none could be in a better position to form a just estimate of the situation. He writes how Admiral Hotham "fell in with the French again close to their own shore, off Gorjean Bay, and prevented their gaining and getting into their own Port till after an engagement between their Rear and our Van. In this the *Alcide* surrendered; but before she could be taken possession of, she caught fire and blew up—the bulk of her crew perishing, and the remainder being taken prisoners. But owing to the baffling winds and vexatious calms so common at that time of year in those seas, the Admiral was *totally unable* subsequently to prevent the French getting into Port or to bring about the engagement which he had desired and intended."[2]

Garbled versions of what had occurred no doubt were promulgated even at the date of its occurrence, and when, three months later, Hotham resigned his command on account of failing health, it was even rumoured that the Government had never intended that command to be more than temporary, and that the plea of illness was but a blind to cover this fact. That there was no foundation for such a suggestion is easy of demonstration. Although only in his sixtieth year at this date, Hotham's handwriting sufficiently indicates the intense physical weakness from which he was suffering; it is the writing of a man prematurely aged, threatened—so it would

[1] *Life of Nelson*, Southey, ed. 1892, pages 66–7.

[2] MS. by Admiral Sir William Hotham, G.C.B., in the possession of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Hotham, G.C.B. James, in dealing with this episode, actually quotes at length the criticism of Captain Brenton, professing thus to give "the scientific remarks of a professional contemporary." He, however, admits that Brenton "has left the action, in the way of detail, quite as brief and unsatisfactory as it stands in the official account." (*Naval History*, Vol. I, page 286.) His authority Brenton, who was scarcely so "scientific" or "professional" a contemporary as was Sir William Hotham, acknowledges the adverse conditions of wind and weather against which the Commander-in-Chief had to contend, but foolishly complains, that knowing the climatic disabilities under which he was likely to suffer, "it was incumbent on him to have dashed upon his enemy." Against this James actually concedes, "Allowance must be made for the locomotive disqualifications of the chasing fleet, or rather of the single ship, by whose rate of going the speed of the fleet was, in a great measure, to be regulated. To talk of making a 'dash' where such ships as the old *Britannia* and *George* are present, is enough to raise a smile," etc. (Vol. I, page 387). Comment on such criticism is superfluous.

appear from the formation of the trembling characters—with the paralysis which had wrought such havoc in his family. For over forty-four years, during the most critical period of our national history, he had been in constant action, and it was not surprising that, while thus devoting all his thought, energy and strength to his country, endurance had been strained to breaking point. In November, 1795, therefore, the Admiral struck his flag, and was superseded by Sir John Jervis, afterwards Lord St. Vincent.

Thus Hotham returned home after his life of unremitting activity to find many changes which saddened what might otherwise have been an event eagerly anticipated by him. The year previous, as we have seen, had witnessed the death of his eldest brother Sir Charles, and, only three days after his own resignation as Commander-in-Chief, his second brother, the Bishop of Clogher, had peacefully expired. Besides himself, therefore, Beaumont and George—the latter in precarious health—alone survived out of the once united brothers of his own generation; while the head of the family was then a nephew to whom he must have been almost a stranger.

One incident of the Admiral's return, however, gave him profound satisfaction—that was his reception by, and the gratitude of, the Sovereign for his lifelong service. "At the time when he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament," we are told, "it was His Majesty's intention that he should have been invested with the Red Ribbon as a personal mark of the Royal approbation; but through the interference of Ministry it was given to Sir Joseph Banks." But the King was determined now that nothing should prevent his conferring the reward which he considered to be the Admiral's due. "As a compensation therefore for the above-mentioned disappointment he was by *His Majesty* created a peer of the Kingdom of Ireland, on March 7th, 1797, by the title of Lord Hotham, Baron of South Dalton near Beverley, in the East Riding of Yorkshire."[1]

[1] When Sir Charles Hotham, the 8th Baronet, was made a Knight of the Bath he was granted supporters. When William, Admiral Hotham, was raised to the peerage, he kept the family arms and the former crest, but was given new supporters and also adopted a new motto "*Lead on.*"

The present head of the family uses the supporters and motto adopted by the first peer; and all the descendants of Beaumont Hotham, Baron of the Exchequer, the second peer, have followed this example. The descendants

"It would be affectation," wrote the Admiral a few days later, on March 21st, "not to confess that I feel pleased at having been the means, *through his Majesty's goodness, and without the intervention of his Ministers*, of transmitting to the family, as long as there is one of the name left, so flattering a mark of his Distinction; for he was graciously pleased to direct that the Limitation of the Patent should extend to the Heirs Male of my Father, which was making it as full as possible." And that same month his nephew Sir Charles wrote :—

The honour his Majesty has lately conferred upon the Admiral is such as his long services most justly entitle him to receive, but the circumstance which makes it (in my opinion) most flattering to my uncle is that of its being the King's own act, without the interference of *Ministers;* long may the Admiral live to enjoy his title, bless'd with health & all possible happiness this world can afford.[1]

But in the quiet life which Lord Hotham thenceforth led, occupied only with the cares of his peaceful home, there came to him echoes from the world which he had left, where stirring events were taking place and the fate of Empires was being decided—echoes which to him were salt with the brine of the ocean that he had quitted, big with the thunder of guns, and the heaving of the giant ships. With peculiar interest he must have followed the career of his successor Sir John Jervis, and, with even keener attention, the meteoric renown achieved by the former Captain of the *Agamemnon* who, besides the fame won at St. Vincent and the Battle of the Nile, rose swiftly from Captain to Commodore, from Commodore to Rear-Admiral, thence to Vice-Admiral and to Commander-in-Chief. Yet, thus watching his progress from afar, Hotham must have read a special significance into an action which, in 1799, stained the fair fame of the otherwise gallant officer.

of General (George) Hotham, on the contrary, among whom is the present Admiral Sir Charles Hotham, G.C.B., have retained the old motto *Certum pete finem*.

[1] This letter and many others of this date amply serve to prove how erroneous is the statement made by James that, "The admiral . . . *by dint of sheer interest*, got himself made an Irish peer." (*Naval History*, Vol. I, page 393.) It is obvious that the gift of the peerage was the action of George III, unsolicited by any Minister, and certainly not by the Admiral personally.

The story is well known to history and need only be briefly recapitulated. On January 23rd of that year the French occupied Naples, supported by the Revolutionary section of Sicilians. Cardinal Ruffo at the head of the Royalists, and assisted by the Allies, approached the town and at length induced the rebels to capitulate on the solemn assurance that they and their property should be safeguarded, that they should, at their own option, be sent to Toulon or remain in Naples, and that neither themselves nor their families should in any way be molested. This treaty was signed by the Cardinal, the Turkish and Russian Commanders, and by Captain Foote as representative of the English. Thirty-six hours later Nelson arrived to find a flag of truce flying joyfully over the castles and forts ; but, in spite of every remonstrance, he obstinately refused to recognise the solemn treaty which had been made, and to the preservation of which the word of England was pledged. Thus, to the horror of all who had subscribed to it, when the garrisons, trusting in that pledge, peaceably evacuated their strongholds, they found themselves treacherously seized as traitors and delivered up relentlessly to the vengeance of the Sicilian Court. The honour of England had been irreparably tarnished ; and worse, if possible, was to follow.

Prince Caraccioli, the Neapolitan respecting whom Nelson had formerly quarrelled with Admiral Hotham, was among the disaffected. He had accompanied the Court to Sicily, but when the revolutionary Government issued an edict ordering all absent Neapolitans to return under pain of confiscation of their property, he solicited and obtained permission of the King to go back to protect his vast estates. " But," remarks Southey, " neither the King, nor he himself ought to have imagined that, in such times, a man of such reputation would be permitted to remain inactive ; and it soon appeared that Caraccioli was in command of the Navy, and serving under the Republic against his late Sovereign. The sailors reported that he was forced to act thus ; and this was believed till it was seen that he directed ably the offensive operations of the revolutionists, and did not avail himself of opportunities for escaping, when they offered."[1] Whether Caraccioli indeed

[1] Southey's *Life of Nelson*, page 153.

acted voluntarily or solely under the stress of circumstances is impossible to say ; a Neapolitan does not readily forgive an injury, and Sir William Hotham inclines to the belief that his former quarrel with Forteguerri influenced his conduct at this juncture. Be that as it may, after forty years of faithful service to his country, for a few days he obeyed the French, and on the morning of June 29th, 1799, he was carried on board Lord Nelson's ship a prisoner, with his hands tied behind his back.

Upon the tragedy which followed, history has dwelt at length. The hurried court martial, an hour after the prisoner's arrival on board ; the swift condemnation ; the refusal to listen to the petition of the doomed man for time to collect witnesses to prove the truth of his defence that he had acted solely under compulsion—all this is reading at which the soul sickens. He had filled a high position both by reason of his birth and brains ; he was a man who for seventy years had borne an unblemished character for professional and personal merit ; he had been respected by all with whom he came in contact ; yet there was not meted out to him the justice which is the right of the meanest felon. Even his last piteous appeal that he might be shot was cruelly denied. " I am an old man,"[1] he urged ; " I leave no family to lament me, and therefore cannot be supposed to be anxious about prolonging my life ; but the disgrace of being hanged is dreadful to me." Yet at five o'clock that same day he was strung up to the yardarm on board the Sicilian frigate *Minerva*, and his body was suspended till sunset, when it was cut down and, with two hundred and fifty pounds' weight of shot attached to its legs, was cast ignominiously into the bay.

The sequel was singularly dramatic. Three weeks later a

[1] Walter Sichel, in his life of *Emma, Lady Hamilton* (A. Constable and Co., 1905), page 306, states of Caraccioli, " He has figured as an old man bowed down with years and care. He was still in the prime of life "—forty-eight. Mr. Sichel's authority for this misstatement appears to have been Captain Brenton, whose *Naval History* Sir William Hotham describes as being singularly inaccurate. In regard to this particular statement Brenton is certainly in error, for Sir William, *who knew Caraccioli intimately and had constantly lived with him*, expressly states that at the time of his death " he was between 70 and 80," while in regard to the conduct of the unfortunate man he adds, " He scarcely appears to have had any alternative ; but whether this be the case or not, the measure of his execution was a flagrant breach of honour, and an atrocious act of cruelty and oppression." (MS. in the possession of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Hotham, G.C.B.)

Neapolitan fisherman came in hot haste to the King, then on board Nelson's ship, and solemnly deposed that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the ocean and, half out of the water, was swimming as fast as he could towards Naples. Ferdinand and Nelson, incredulous of such a fable, forthwith stood out to sea to disprove the absurd statement. So doing, they ere long encountered the corpse of the murdered man which, with the weights attached to the legs balancing it in a horizontal position, came floating towards them with a dreadful semblance of life. Of the sensations with which Nelson faced the grim reappearance of the man whom he had murdered there is no record ; but, stricken with superstitious fear, Ferdinand forthwith ordered that the body should be taken out of the water and carried back to Naples, there to receive honourable burial. Writing of these events, Sir William Hotham remarks :—

The closing scene of this Tragedy, in which the then Naval Hero of this Country bore so conspicuous and so discreditable a part, cannot sufficiently, for the sake of honor or humanity, be lamented. It was a dreadful instance of infatuation upon the mind of a man in other respects brave and honourable, generous and humane ; but in this fatal instance every better feeling was lost sight of, and his character received a stain which the truth of History will make indelible.

The best account of this transaction is to be found in Mr Southey's *Life of Nelson* ; but the several circumstances attending it were, previous to its publication, related to me by eye-witnesses ; and that of the body of the unfortunate Nobleman floating vertically in the Bay, in sight of the ship on board of which were those who had sanctioned his execution, seems to have been extraordinary and retributive.

Of the reflections of Lord Hotham upon that strange event there is no mention. He lived to see the career of Nelson close at Trafalgar in a glory which erased the memory of all save that which a brave man had wrought with his lifeblood for England. But Hotham's own debt to his country remained to be discharged in more prosaic fashion. For eight years he survived the man who had been his junior officer—eight years of premature old age, of lingering illness, of toll for the service he had unremittingly rendered. In July, 1811, his nephew Sir Charles, the tenth baronet, died ; and then, for a brief space,

the Admiral succeeded to the family honours ; but on May 1st, 1813, he closed an existence of prolonged suffering, and expired peacefully at Dalton in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

That Hotham was, throughout his naval career, an officer of unimpeachable integrity and undaunted bravery all concur. In a subordinate capacity his conduct was daring and brilliant ; as Commander-in-Chief, though on the two occasions specified his tactics have been called in question, his courage and honour have remained above dispute. " His character," states Sir William, " was never sullied by any act unworthy of a great Commander. He positively refused the Chief command in India because large sums of public money intended for the Fleet must have been deposited with him, although it had been customary for the Commanders in Chief to reap some benefit by Interest until the money was required for the public service ; and on his succeeding to the Mediterranean command, all the persuasion of Lord Hood, his predecessor, could not induce him to receive the balance of the public money remaining in his Lordship's hands (about £150,000). He ordered it to be delivered to the British Consul at Naples to be expended as occasion might require." His rigid integrity, indeed, won for him the respect of all with whom he came in contact ; it was a favourite saying in the Navy that " merit was never overlooked by him, and justice was done to all " ; for no favouritism ever weakened his influence with his subordinates, who learnt to regard him with an affection and a trust which was profound. In high principle, and in dogged devotion to duty few men have surpassed Lord Hotham ; while in private life he was a loyal friend, open-handed, hospitable, warm-hearted, and endowed with the charm of manner for which his brothers were conspicuous.

CHAPTER XXII

THE BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER

AT the death of Admiral Lord Hotham without issue, the succession reverted to his brother Beaumont, fourth son of Sir Beaumont the seventh baronet.

Born on August 5th, 1737, when his parents were at Innaresk, near Edinburgh, Beaumont, like his brothers, was sent to Westminster School. There he became distinguished both for capacity and for spirit, so that before he attained his sixteenth year he had become head of the Town boys. At that date an unforeseen incident which put to the test his boyish sense of honour and moral courage, serves to throw an interesting light upon his character.

In 1753 the famous Dr. Markham, afterwards Preceptor to the young Princes, and later Archbishop of York, succeeded Dr. Nicoll as headmaster of Westminster School. Shortly afterwards he received secret information that a battle was about to take place between the scholars of Westminster and the butchers of Westminster Market. He therefore summoned privately to his study Beaumont Hotham, the head boy, and informing the latter that he was fully aware of what was in preparation, insisted upon being told the date on which the quarrel was to be decided.

Placed in such an awkward predicament, young Hotham answered ingenuously—"Sir, I will not deceive you. Your information is correct, and *I* fixed the day of meeting. But surely, Sir, you cannot think me capable of revealing the secret, or of betraying my schoolfellows?"

Dr. Markham, whose great aim was to inculcate a high sense of honour among his boys, instead of being angry at

such a reply, was delighted. " Young man," he said warmly, " I admire your principle. I ought not to have asked you the question, and I will not press you further. You have proved yourself deserving of the confidence reposed in you, and have done your duty. I must do mine, and prevent the meeting ! "

The Doctor kept his word ; but the episode had increased the good understanding between himself and his pupil in a manner never forgotten by either, and a strong regard subsisted between them till the death of the Archbishop in 1807. At Westminster Beaumont likewise formed another friendship which was destined to end only with life itself : this was with his schoolfellow, William Cavendish, the future Prime Minister, afterwards third Duke of Portland, to whom he was much indebted in his subsequent career.

On leaving school Beaumont passed two years at Trinity College, Cambridge, where his brother John was then in residence. In 1753, at the date when his eldest brother Charles had already for some months been married to Lady Dorothy, when John was reading for Holy Orders, and William was aboard the *Swan* sloop in North America, Beaumont was admitted a student of the Middle Temple. He was called to the Bar in May, 1758, and practised in the Chancery Courts. Two years later he was present at the famous trial of Lord Ferrars, cousin to Lady Huntingdon, for the murder of Johnson, the land-steward ; and later, amongst other gossip, he wrote to his eldest brother in Germany :—

The mob is at length satisfied by having seen a Lord hanged. I thought from his whole behaviour at the trial, which from its solemnity is the strongest test I can conceive of a man's fortitude except the actual approach of Death, that he would behave to the last with resolution, nor was I at all deceived.

All whom it may concern are extremely flurried and busied in mind and body by the ball which the Duke of York is to give to-morrow night at the Ranelagh. . . .

Vauxhall was opened last night with the change of the wind to the West ; but to talk to you who I think love Vauxhall when you at such a distance from it is tantalizing : for this year, then, we will drop the conversation. . . .

BEAUMONT, SECOND LORD HOTHAM
BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER
Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

Meanwhile his profession offered to Beaumont little prospect of pecuniary success. That same year, 1760, speaking of the prize money received by his brother William after the successful fight with the *Danaë*, he remarks that the sum presents "something more than I shall make in some years by the law—which, by the way, is going to the dogs. Business falls off every day. A very pretty Regiment of Banditti might be formed out of Bankrupt lawyers, for our number upon the best Calculation does not amount to less than thirty or forty thousand!" But, with an income which did not exceed two hundred a year, and with very little hope of success at the Bar, to the young lawyer there came unexpectedly the chance of a fortune which would have altered his entire circumstances.

His cousin Gertrude, the only surviving child of Sir Charles, the sixth baronet, and Lady Gertrude Hotham, had, as will be remembered, married Mr. Welbore Ellis Agar. The marriage, the manuscript History relates, proved an unhappy one; "their tempers ill-accorded, and gradually the lady came to cherish a strong aversion to her husband. She was possessed in her own right of property which brought her an income of £1500 per annum; and by and by, sinking under an incurable disease and having no children, she determined to bequeath this money to her cousin Beaumont, of whom she was extremely fond, and whose meagre income was known to her." She therefore sent for the young lawyer, and directed him to make her will. But as she dictated the first words of the document —"*I hereby give and bequeath to my valued friend and cousin Beaumont Hotham of the Inner Temple, Esquire, all my personal property,*" the legatee, utterly astonished, threw down his pen and refused to proceed. Deeply grateful as he expressed himself for her proposed kindness, he positively refused to make the will unless she left the property to her husband, Mr. Agar. In vain she represented her husband's unsatisfactory behaviour towards her, her present aversion to him, and the intense dislike which she felt to any idea of his inheriting her money. Beaumont firmly refused to take what he chose to consider an unjustifiable advantage of any alienation between husband and wife. "He urged the duty of a sincere and heartfelt reconciliation, reminding her that Mr. Agar was her husband,

and that it would ill become her as a Christian to leave the world without extending her forgiveness to him. At length, with the greatest difficulty, his arguments prevailed; but lest her strong resentment should overpower her judgment and shake her resolution, he did not leave her room till he had made her will by which she left her entire property to Mr. Agar. Her death soon followed; but not until she had seen and been reconciled to her husband, to whom she candidly communicated her cousin's generous conduct, and who took the earliest opportunity of expressing the warmest gratitude to Mr. Hotham, confessing himself indebted to his unparalleled honour."[1]

Judging by the letter of profound grief which Mr. Agar penned upon the death of his wife, the reconciliation was complete, and one is led to conclude that their estrangement was of a more superficial nature than the above account would lead one to suppose. However that may be, Beaumont had his reward for what some might have considered a too exalted sense of honour. His circumstances speedily improved. He was appointed auditor to the estates both of the Duke of Devonshire and of his old schoolfellow, the Duke of Portland; and, being thus in receipt of an adequate income, on June 6th, 1767, he married Susannah, second daughter of Sir Thomas Hankey, Knight, and widow of James Norman, of East Molesey, Surrey. By this marriage, which was an extremely happy one, he had four sons and three daughters, to whom we shall have occasion to refer later.

At the General Election in the March following, Beaumont was returned to the House of Commons for the representation of Wigan, of which his ancestor had once been Rector. Thenceforward he was an occasional speaker in the House,[2] and although in opposition to Lord North, the latter gradually formed the highest opinion both of his capacity and of his integrity. At length an occasion arose in which the Minister evinced this in a striking manner.

In 1773 Lord North decided to put into execution a scheme which he had greatly at heart. This was to send three Com-

[1] MS. History.

[2] According to the MS. History. There is no record in Hansard of any speech delivered by him.

missioners to India in order to introduce throughout the dominions of the India Company the British code of laws, to establish Courts of Judicature and trial by jury. Studying the many able men with whom he came daily in contact in order to find one qualified to fulfil the post of First Commissioner in this strenuous task, he was gradually convinced that nowhere could he discover a man more pre-eminently suited for his purpose than was Beaumont Hotham. Handsome in person, pleasing in manner, at once dignified, shrewd and observant, he had moreover so scrupulous a sense of honour that no trust in him could ever be misplaced. Thus to Beaumont's astonishment, at the age of thirty-five, he suddenly found himself offered the high post of Second in Council under the Governor-General of India, with a salary of £10,000 per annum, and, it is said, a gratuity of £30,000 when he should return to England in three years' time.[1]

The choice of the Prime Minister was as flattering as it was disinterested, for, with such a splendid bait to offer, it might well be supposed that Lord North would not have hesitated to prefer a political adherent to an opponent ; that he should, on the contrary, subordinate all party considerations in order to select a man from the ranks of Opposition, proved how highly he must have been convinced of that man's efficiency. Moreover, there were other considerations which could not fail to weigh heavily with Hotham. He had always heartily disliked the profession in which he was engaged, and the present opportunity, with its probability of rapid advancement, gave him not merely an immediate freedom from work which was unpalatable, but opened out limitless possibilities for the future. "In short, to a young lawyer with little business, doubtful prospects and a moderate fortune, this was a magnificent offer, ensuring him dignity and honours during his residence in India, and ease and affluence at the expiration of his office."

Yet the same, possibly quixotic, standard of honour which had forbidden his taking the fortune offered to him by his cousin Gertrude, now prevented him placing his own welfare before his sense of duty. Despite the flattering estimate of his capacity formed by Lord North, he recognised more clearly

[1] MS. History.

than did that Minister that the post in question necessitated a far wider experience in politics than he personally possessed, combined with a practical knowledge of the affairs of India and of the peculiar nature of the people with whom he would have to deal. To accept a post, however advantageous, for which he knew himself to be essentially unqualified was impossible to a man of Beaumont's temperament. Much to the astonishment of Lord North he refused the offer. It was renewed the following year, and again declined by Hotham. In consequence of this, it is said, Lord North finally abandoned the scheme.

But the Prime Minister, if disappointed at Hotham's rejection of his proposition, did full justice to the motives which had dictated this, and it only served to strengthen the previously high opinion which he had formed respecting the young lawyer. On May 10th, 1775, therefore, at the recommendation of the Lord High Chancellor, Lord Bathurst, he raised Beaumont Hotham, then only thirty-seven years of age, to the Bench as one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and seven days later Hotham was made a Serjeant-at-Law and knighted. That his new position was no sinecure, however, is shown by a letter which he penned from Chislehurst in 1778, after his return from the Northern Circuit:—

Chislehurst 11 Sept. 1778.

I had a fatiguing Circuit particularly at Carlisle and Lancaster; but I bore it exceedingly well, and with as little inconvenience to myself as possible. My two longest Causes were at Carlisle. They were Boundary Causes, between Lord Egremont as Lord of one Manor, and several Landowners in another. *I began the first at* 8 *o'clock on the Monday morning, and without stirring from the Bench, finished my summing up* (*which lasted two hours and three quarters*) *exactly at* ½ *past* 4 *on the Tuesday morning.* I went home, eat a bit of toast and drank a glass of mulled wine, went to bed, *was in Court again at* 8, *began the second and finished it a little after eleven at night.* Lord Egremont succeeded in both.

This you will allow was a tolerable dose. Besides these, I had 17 other Causes to try in the Court of the Saturday and Wednesday, which employed me late and early. I finished all at Lancaster late Thursday night, and exclusive of the length of the Circuit and the quantity of entertainment upon it, I

have every reason, from the constant good humour of my colleague and the great attention I found from the whole Bar, to be extremely pleased with it. But I shall hardly ever think it a party of pleasure, till I am Re-generated.[1]

Most judges would agree that thirty-seven hours upon the Bench, with only an interval of little over three hours for repose, was a "tolerable dose"; but it must have been still more wearisome to a man like Hotham whose heart was not in his profession. From his first introduction to the Bar he had found his work distasteful; and thus perhaps it resulted that he gained greater *kudos* for his strong common sense, his kindly disposition, his shrewd wit and unfailing charm of manner, than for legal acumen. He came of a race to whom the battlefield or life upon the ocean held greater attraction than any exercise of the more pacific professions; and, as his brother John had chafed at the quiet existence in a country parsonage and later found little satisfaction in the tenure of a coveted Bishopric, so Beaumont, in spite of a life of uninterrupted domestic happiness, always, in his public capacity, continued to crave some pursuit of more congenial interest. Thus, probably, also it befell that, while he fulfilled his duties with the utmost conscientiousness, his interpretation of the law was, at times, adversely criticised. "Baron Hotham," remarks a sententious contemporary writer, "may deserve the whisper of approbation, but he will never be saluted *with the obstreperous Blast from the Clarion of Fame.*"[2] It was said, moreover, that when any intricate point arose in judicature he was in the habit of recommending the case to be referred, which won for him among the wags of Westminster Hall the nickname of "the Common Friend." But there was another, and a more flattering, meaning to such a designation.

For Beaumont, warm-hearted and kindly of disposition, proved not only the friend of the colleagues among whom his popularity was unassailable, but likewise of the unfortunate culprits who trembled before him in the dock. "Baron Hotham," remarks the writer before referred to, "is never-

[1] The italics are not in the original.

[2] *Strictures on the Lives and Characters of the Most Eminent Lawyers of the Present Day*, etc. (1790), supposed to be written by E. Wynne, pages 173–4.

theless RESPECTABLE upon the Bench; and it has been observed that, whenever called to the administration of *Criminal* Justice, the Humanity, the Solemnity, and impressive Pathos of his Address to Prisoners has melted the most obdurate to Contrition and Repentance." Indeed, in the broadness of his humanity he often shrank from administering the extreme penalty of the law in cases which, in those days of greater severity, should have called for a fatal verdict. The few anecdotes which have survived respecting him serve graphically to illustrate at once his sense of humour and his compassionate attitude towards offenders.

One day, it is related, a man was brought before him charged with having stolen a kettle—then a criminal offence. Baron Hotham inquired what the prisoner had to say in his own defence. "Well, I can't say, me Lord," acknowledged the culprit engagingly, "but what I *did* take the kettle; *but I thought it was my hat!*"—"Was it possible," asked Baron Hotham after a lenient sentence had been secured, "to condemn such a wit to the gallows?"

On another occasion, the Baron used to relate without rancour, a sailor was brought before him for some minor offence, and was condemned, in accordance with the law at that date, to be burnt in the hand. The victim, absolutely unawed by the majesty of the Bench, rounded on the Baron with profound indignation. "Why, my Lord," he exclaimed contemptuously, interlarding his comments with most forcible expletives, "*you don't know what you're about!* Why"—with still stronger denunciation and still more withering wrath at the thought of such crass stupidity—"how am I ever to haul out the weather-earing with a burnt hand?"

A third story does credit to the Baron's feelings as a man without—let us hope—jeopardising his equity as a Judge. It happened that, at Maidstone Assizes, a man was tried before him for having killed another in a duel which the murderer could not have avoided without laying himself open to a charge of dishonour and cowardice. Baron Hotham summed up the evidence with strict impartiality. He informed the Jury that though, on some occasions, taking into consideration that a man situated as had been the prisoner had no alternative between breaking a positive law or forfeiting his position

in society, the Jury had brought in a verdict of manslaughter, yet all the highest legal authorities concurred that the crime of killing a man in a duel constituted murder. Having thus, with absolute integrity, fulfilled his rôle as expounder of the law, he laid aside his legal character, and addressing the Jury once again he told them that, having now done his duty as a Judge, he could not resist giving way to his feelings as a human being and must point out to them that if upon this occasion a verdict of manslaughter only was returned he considered it " would be lovely both in the sight of God and of man." The Jury unhesitatingly returned a verdict of manslaughter !

In short, the writer previously quoted remarks :—

The Country may be justly congratulated on its Happiness that boasts such judges as Baron Hotham. The Feelings of the people would be gratified by his Translation to the Presidency of the Court of Chancery, for which seat he has every necessary Qualification both of Head and Heart.

But, in an afterthought, this critic adds :—

We must except that of Speaker of the House of Lords [*sic*]. —He wants that Bow-Wow Manner and Brazen Front so necessary to control the Tumult of Popular Assemblies.

Possibly in the memorable year of 1780 Hotham may have found it in his heart to regret that he did not possess the " bow-wow manner and brazen front " which his critic considered so valuable an asset, for during the celebrated Gordon Riots he suffered more alarm than any other member of his family owing to " the tumult of popular assemblies." He was at that date living in a house in Bloomsbury Square which stood between the residence of Lord Mansfield, the Lord Chief Justice, and that of his former headmaster at Westminster School, Dr. Markham, now Archbishop of York. A few doors off dwelt Colonel Goldsworthy, so long attached to the Royal household and, in consequence, well known to Beaumont's brother George Hotham, at that time still sub-Governor to the Royal Princes. All three neighbours were extremely intimate ; and it is probable that, in what followed, but for the forethought of Colonel Goldsworthy and the intrepidity of the

Archbishop, Beaumont Hotham might have shared the fate of Lord Mansfield and have lost most of his worldly possessions —if not his life itself. He used to relate the story as follows :—

Both the Lord Chief Justice and the Archbishop had incurred the animosity of the mob, and were men particularly marked out by them for attack. Markham, on his way to the House of Lords, fell in with the rabble, and was grossly abused and insulted. Nevertheless, later, when he heard that Lord Mansfield was in imminent danger at the hands of the same mob, he rushed from the Committee room where he was seated in safety, forced his way through the crowd, and carried off his friend in triumph. As a small scholar at Westminster he had been noted for " his skill and pluck in the noble art of self-defence," and at fifty-eight he was reported to be a match for any couple of hardy ruffians.

What had occurred, however, was sufficient indication of the fate which awaited either the Archbishop or the Lord Chief Justice should they fall a second time into the hands of the insurgents ; and on the evening of the following day, some of the Middlesex magistrates waited on Lord Mansfield to warn him of the avowed intention of the mob to attack his house and burn it down. The Archbishop happened to be present when these tidings were brought, and Mansfield, turning to him, asked him what he intended to do. " To defend myself and my family in my own house," replied Markham quietly, " while I have an arm to be raised in their defence."

His courage was soon put to the test. At half-past twelve at night on June 6th the rabble appeared in Bloomsbury Square waving flags and shouting destruction to all their enemies. Mad with drink, crazy with the lust of plunder, they were in a condition to listen neither to reason nor threats. They paused at the Archbishop's house and left a savage message for him that when they had done their work at Lord Mansfield's they would come back to him. They then proceeded to the house of the Lord Chief Justice who, with his wife and daughters, had barely time to make his escape by the back door. Furious at being baulked of their prey, the mob then proceeded to toss the entire contents of the house indiscriminately out of the windows ; an immense fire was lit

in a corner of the square and into it were flung rich furniture, fine pictures, beautiful dresses, musical instruments, and the whole of Lord Mansfield's priceless library. Next, the work of demolition of the house itself was rapidly proceeded with, windows were hacked out, doors splintered, and finally, with fire-balls and tow, the building was set on fire. By the lurid light of the flames Beaumont Hotham, a few doors off, watched the incredible scene in momentary expectation of himself becoming a victim of the same mad rage. The square was completely packed with the dense crowd, composed partly of professional thieves, partly of fanatical abettors, and there were no soldiers to protect the attacked from the attackers. Now and again a murmur arose from the mob that too much time was being wasted over one enemy while so many remained to be dealt with. "You stay too long!" shouted one of the ringleaders. "You forget the Archbishop! Come, my lads, that one more house and then to bed!" Other voices likewise joined in angry chorus, vowing fiercely that, though Mansfield had escaped with his life, Markham should not.

Baron Hotham, well aware that if the Archbishop's residence were attacked his own dwelling, which adjoined it, could not escape, continued to watch the trend of events in considerable anxiety. Meanwhile Colonel Goldsworthy, alarmed for the fate of his friend, made his way at great personal risk from his own house to that of the Archbishop, in order to warn the latter that his life was in imminent danger, and to urge upon him the necessity of making his escape by the back door, as Lord Mansfield had done. But Markham was built of different metal. He spurned the idea of flight as cowardly, and upon the Colonel continuing to press the necessity for it more earnestly, he replied calmly—"When you were at Westminster School did I ever teach you that it was part of your duty to forsake your post when it was in danger? If the misguided rabble are determined to have my life I shall sell it dearly; but I will never desert my home as an Englishman, or my family as a father." Colonel Goldsworthy further discovered to his astonishment that, although the youngest children of the Archbishop had been sent away to safety, all the older members of his household were busily engaged preparing ball cartridges and loading weapons.

Whether it was while the darkness of that dreadful night still brooded over London—a darkness illuminated by the glare of thirty-six fires which raged in different parts of the city—or whether it was as morning dawned upon a scene of death and desolation that the rioters at length trooped to wreak their vengeance on Markham, is not explicitly related ; but Beaumont, still watching, was then the witness of a scene which he never afterwards forgot. As, grimed and exultant with their work, and triumphantly breathing destruction to all who opposed them, the rabble gathered before the dwelling of their intended victim, they found themselves suddenly confronted by the Archbishop himself, who stood calmly awaiting them in the doorway of his house. The light of the fires which they had wantonly kindled threw into strong relief his tall, commanding figure as he faced them with no sign of perturbation. Resolute and infinitely stern he stood quietly surveying them with a glance before which they involuntarily quailed. To the excited, impressionable men the prelate for whose blood they had been thirsting, standing thus on the threshold of his home, seemed abruptly transformed into the guardian of tenets more sacred than those which they strove to assert by rapine and murder ; and while they hesitated he addressed them with quiet determination. " Those among you who are not too drunk to understand me," he said severely, " I advise to retire. For, though it is alike foreign to my wishes and to my position to resort to violence, I am resolved if I see the slightest insult offered to my own person or to my family, or any danger likely to threaten our security, that I will *kill the first man who comes one step nearer.*" Awed by his courage and his dignity, the rioters actually fell back and gradually slunk away, when, having thus successfully routed them, the Archbishop was at length persuaded to take his wife and daughter to a place of safety. In so doing he had to pass through the square where Lord Mansfield's house was still blazing, and afterwards ran considerable peril during a drive in the coach of the Chief Baron which was sent to his assistance. But his courageous action had had the desired effect. Not a brick of his house was hurt, and that of Beaumont Hotham likewise escaped, although the houses of various other magistrates were gutted. " His Grace,"

records Hotham, "on various other occasions manifested the same spirit."[1]

Nearly three years after these events the Coalition Ministry was formed, on April 2nd, 1783, with Beaumont's old schoolfellow, William, Duke of Portland, as nominal Prime Minister. It is said that no sooner did the latter come into office than he offered his former comrade of Westminster School the Chancellorship of Ireland, coupled with a peerage. The offer was doubtless tempting, but at the time it was made Beaumont did not feel justified in accepting it. He had then no prospect of succeeding to the family estates; his landed property was small and was settled upon his eldest son; and he recognised that his consent would entail one of two evils—either he must leave that son a poor and needy peer, or he must impoverish his younger children to enable the eldest adequately to support such a position. He therefore declined the proffered honour from motives which call for respect; and, instead, with Lord Loughborough, then Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Sir William Amherst, he was sworn a Commissioner for the custody of the Great Seal. Upon the downfall of the Coalition Ministry, however, in the December following, Lord Thurlow was reappointed Lord Chancellor, and on the 23rd of the same month Baron Hotham and his brother Commissioners delivered up the Seal.

In view of the cause which dictated his refusal of the Duke's offer, what followed is still more to the Baron's credit; but in order to relate it, we must first revert briefly to the fortunes of his niece, Henrietta Hotham.

As already hinted, the relations between Lady Dorothy Hotham and her daughter had always been strained. The fact that Henrietta in her early years had been brought up apart from her mother, that later, by the possession of Lady Suffolk's legacy she had been rendered pecuniarily independent of her parents, and that she was by nature high-spirited, wayward and brilliant, had all tended to promote friction between a mother and daughter each possessed of an individuality too

[1] In his own account of what occurred (see *A Memoir of Archbishop Markham*, by his great-grandson, Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B.) the Archbishop, probably from modesty, omits all mention of the manner in which he faced the mob; but Baron Hotham, who was an eyewitness of the episode, personally related it to his nephew, Sir William Hotham, who records it.

marked readily to amalgamate. In 1793, when Henrietta, by the death of her uncle Lord Buckinghamshire, came into the possession of Lady Suffolk's property at Twickenham, we find Walpole writing how, in her desire for independence, Miss Hotham " has given warning to Mr. Pigou to quit the smaller and far more beautiful house at Marble Hill, intending to inhabit it herself " ; this was a charming villa adjacent to the home of her childhood, called Spencer Grove, or, as her friends affectionately termed it, " Little Marble Hill," which had previously belonged to Lady Di Beauclerc and had been fitted up and beautifully decorated by her, many of her paintings adorning the walls. There Henrietta took up her abode, making one of her chief hobbies the collecting of beautiful china ; and when, after her father's death in the following spring she became possessed of many of his effects, she removed these thither, and, so doing, completed the estrangement between her mother and herself.

There, in the early days of her widowhood, Lady Dorothy wrote with melancholy bitterness to Mr. Hall respecting the consequent spoliation of her own house and the reprehensible conduct of " Miss," adding many sarcastic comments concerning " that witch Betty," a maid to whom Miss Hotham was extremely attached, and who appears to have been a constant bone of contention between mother and daughter.

Meanwhile Marble Hill was let to a tenant who had resided there for some years. Subsequently to Lord Buckinghamshire's absence in Ireland, Mrs. Fitzherbert had rented it from him, and is said to have been living there, " The Sweet Lass o' Richmond Hill," when she first met the Prince of Wales whom she married in 1785. Ten years later, the day before the wedding between the Prince and his official consort, Caroline of Brunswick, George galloped down to Richmond and rode past Marble Hill as though cherishing a vague hope that something might even then occur to prevent the hated alliance which would sever him from the only woman to whom his selfish nature had ever given any real affection and whose feelings he had cruelly lacerated. From the windows of the house Mrs. Fitzherbert watched him pass ; but her dignity forbade her to intervene, and the Prince returned resentfully to his fate. The following day, when the wedding had taken

place, Orlando Bridgman, afterwards Lord Bradford, went to Marble Hill to announce the dreaded tidings to its occupant. Mrs. Fitzherbert refused to believe him, but when he assured her that he had been present at the wedding, she fainted away.

Thus, for the second time, that snow-white house on the banks of the Thames became the shelter of a disillusioned victim of the fickleness of Royal favour. Both pending the arrangements for, and after the conclusion of, the Prince's marriage, Mrs. Fitzherbert was thankful to avail herself of its comparative seclusion. Yet with the passing of the property into the hands of Henrietta Hotham, from the first disagreements appear to have arisen between that new owner and the Prince's unacknowledged wife. In 1794 Lady Dorothy wrote sarcastically to the agent, Mr. Hall :—

> I understand Harriet and her tenant Mrs Fitzherbert are at open War, & in consequence very Extraordinary Historys are circulated by Mrs Fitz.'s Friends in the fashionable World relative to Miss, & still more her Maid Betty's Behaviour !

That the quarrel increased is evident, for in 1796 Mrs. Fitzherbert left Twickenham, and Lady Dorothy wrote triumphantly that " Marble Hill remains unlet, and is so terribly out of repair that Harriet will not easily meet with a tenant unless she has power to give a loan."

Even at the mature age of forty Henrietta may have been considered unduly emancipated in setting up an establishment apart from her mother ; but if ill-natured gossip against her was promulgated by the partisans of Mrs. Fitzherbert, it is obvious that this never detracted from her popularity among her large and staunch circle of friends. Like Lady Suffolk, even with advancing years, Henrietta delighted in filling her house with guests, surrounding herself, both in London and at Spencer Grove, with a coterie of kindred spirits, lively and talented like herself. Her sympathies and her interests were manifold, she was a prominent figure in the blue stocking society of her generation, and the years had brought no diminution of her wit and her vivacity. " When my pen gets a drop of ink in its eye," wrote Lord Orford, formerly Horace Walpole, to Mary Berry in his seventy-eighth

year, " it cannot help chattering (to *you*, s' entend) as fast as Miss Hotham " ; and that old playmate of her childhood exhibited considerable pique when he fancied himself relegated to a subordinate place in Henrietta's attentions. Writing to Miss Mary Berry on August 19th, 1795, he remarked with annoyance :—

Miss Hotham has issued cards for a tea on Friday. I have not received one, though last year she *swore by me* but this has not noticed me. I shall not break my heart. . . .

On August 26th, however, he wrote to the same correspondent :—

Miss Hotham is to have another tea on Friday, & has not only sent me a card for it, but has written to the anti-divine to beg her to press me to be at it. I shall be exceedingly unwilling, and have not promised, for I have heard that on Monday she had *Miss Tag and Miss Rag and Miss Bobtail*, and I suppose will have as many next time.

But on August 28th he appended the information :—

Well, I have been to Miss Hotham's in a bright but most chill moonlight. The assemblage was not so ungainly as I had expected, for though there were some of the Clan of the Bobtails there were several I knew, as the Guildfords, Mount Edgcumbs, the Yonges, the Cunninghams, Lady Mary Duncan, Lady Mary Fordyce and a few more. I played with Lady Cecilia, Lady Guildford, and Mr Sutton ; and Mrs Sutton with a thousand civilities invited me to Molesey on Tuesday next.

So it was that history repeated itself ; and as Sir Beaumont, the seventh baronet, used to journey to Marble Hill, accompanied by his merry boys, to spend a pleasant day in the country with Lady Suffolk, now the favourite expedition of another Sir Beaumont, the kindly Baron, became that same journey, in company with younger members of his own family, to visit his niece in her country retreat. There he met many of the friends of both generations ; there he rejoiced in an echo of the vivacious society which had once lured his father to Marble Hill ; and there, probably for the last time, he encountered the time-honoured gossip Lord Orford, who, fourteen months after that party at Miss Hotham's to which

he went "in a most chill moonlight," closed his long and interesting career on March 2nd, 1797.

Nevertheless, although Baron Hotham was thus friendly with his wayward niece, and although the estrangement between the mother and daughter continued, this did not diminish the affection with which Lady Dorothy continued to regard him; and when, on June 1st, 1798, she died of a fever after a few days' illness, Beaumont found to his astonishment that, apart from making him her executor, she had left to him everything she possessed, excluding her daughter from her will. Thus, by a strange coincidence, for the second time in his life he found himself the prospective owner of a fortune which his sense of honour forbade him to accept. After settling the affairs of his dead sister-in-law, therefore, he made over to his niece the entire property which her mother had bequeathed to him; and it is but justice to Henrietta to add that the generosity of such an action was never forgotten by her. Throughout the years which followed she always exhibited the greatest devotion to her uncle, and lost no opportunity of showing her gratitude to him while he lived.

Apart from this event, to the Baron the years seemed to pass with little to mark their placid course except one great sorrow to which we must refer briefly. His eldest son, Beaumont, born in 1768, had entered the Army and had married, in 1790, Philadelphia, the eldest daughter of Sir John Dixon-Dyke; but in 1799, at the early age of thirty-one, he died, leaving issue one son and one daughter, while a posthumous son was born a few weeks after his death.[1] Yet while grief at this untimely ending to a promising career was felt keenly by the Baron, he must have found consolation in the achievements of his youngest son, afterwards the distinguished Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, K.C.B., who entered the Navy in 1790 on board the *Princess Royal*, then carrying the flag of his Uncle

[1] The children of this younger Beaumont by Philadelphia, daughter of Sir John Dixon-Dyke, Bart., were:

1. Frances Philadelphia, born December 7th, 1791, died August 21st, 1817.
2. Beaumont, 3rd Lord, born August 9th, 1794, died December 12th, 1870.
3. Caroline Anne, born February 13th, 1796, died November 7th, 1797.
4. George Frederick, a posthumous son who by Royal Warrant (William IV, September 1st, 1835) was raised to the rank and precedency of a Baron's son, to which he would have been entitled if his father had outlived Beaumont the 2nd Lord.

William, later the first Lord Hotham. Even in the lifetime of his father the young Captain had won renown for his brilliant seamanship and for the "courage, skill and extraordinary management" which he displayed;[1] yet he was only on the threshold of his long and gallant services at the date when his father finally decided to retire from public life.

For more than thirty years Beaumont had been one of the Barons of the Exchequer when, in 1803, he voluntarily resigned his office, intending to pass the remainder of his days at his country house near Hampton. Forthwith in the newspapers there appeared a poetical tribute to his merits purporting to be "in the style of Shakespeare," of which it may safely be said that it was more flattering to the retiring judge than to the immortal Bard of Avon:—

On Sir Beaumont Hotham's timely resignation of the office of one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer

. . . so from Man's Judgment Seat
May everie Sage in wisdom steppe him down,
Eer in the pure, but palsied Hand of Justice
The balance 'gins to tremble.
Let care be taken of his ermin'd Robes;
That future Judges of our Isle may see
How spotlesse they've been worn.

On formally tendering his resignation to the King at the Levée, George, we are told, "received him with marked distinction and almost overpowered him with kindness and with the compliments he paid him in the presence of his Court"; and subsequently in conversation in his closet with the Duke of Portland, the King, applauding Hotham's judicial conduct and dwelling with much earnestness on his public and private virtues, added feelingly—"His successor Sir Thomas Manners Sutton is a good man, but where shall we find the equal of Sir Beaumont Hotham?" After which the King added the comment which prefaced this history and may form to it a fitting close: "I have known many Hothams, and I never knew one who was not a man of honour."

[1] See *Dictionary of National Biography*, where a detailed account is given of the services of Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, K.C.B.

BEAUMONT, THE 3RD LORD HOTHAM
Portrait by Sir Francis Grant, R.R.A.

With the death of Admiral Lord Hotham in 1813 the family estates descended to Beaumont, who thus became second Baron of the Irish peerage and twelfth baronet; "but he was then in his seventy-sixth year, worn down by bodily infirmities and suffering from the arduous labours of a long judicial life. He survived his brother only ten months, departing this life the 3rd March, 1814, in the seventy-seventh year of his age; and was buried in the church of East Molesey, Surrey, in the same vault with his beloved wife and two of his children who had predeceased him, by the direction of his will which had been made previous to his succession to the estates."

With him closes the remarkable history of the five sons of Sir Beaumont Hotham, the seventh baronet, by his beloved wife, *née* Thompson. Within three years after the last of those brothers had been laid to rest, the daughter of the eldest, Henrietta Hotham, likewise breathed her last at her villa at Twickenham; and in her will, mindful of the generosity with which she had been treated by her late uncle, she left to the member of his family who then seemed to her to be most in need of assistance a substantial portion of her fortune. After her death her wonderful collection of china was sold, and her cousin Sir William Hotham relates how he went to the auction and watched her treasures, one by one, fall under the hammer. A friend who accompanied him gave sixty guineas—a large sum in those days—"for a Sèvres pan for flowers which would hold a quart. And the rest," he adds, "sold in proportion."

Thus, while the last representative of his generation, Beaumont, Lord Hotham, expired a little over a year before the Battle of Waterloo had decided the fate of Napoleon and of Europe, Henrietta lived to see the emancipation of the civilised world from the terror of the Corsican, and to witness the dawn of a longed-for era of peace. In the stupendous events of that crisis many of her relations played a distinguished part both on land and sea—proving themselves worthy of a race which once again sustained its ancient record of bravery and patriotism. Among these, her cousins, the future Admirals Sir Henry and Sir William Hotham, enacted a prominent rôle. The former was appointed to command the

squadron in the Bay of Biscay, "and it was mainly through his knowledge of the station that Bonaparte's idea of escaping to America was frustrated";[1] while one of the ships acting under his orders received the surrender of the fugitive Emperor off Rochefort in July, 1815. Sir Henry, whose flag was then on board the *Superb*, learnt that Bonaparte had signified his intention to embark on board the *Bellerophon* if he could be received between the hours of four and five in the morning of July 15th; and at that hour the Admiral stood on deck watching the momentous passage of the French brig which conveyed upon the first stage of a final captivity the man before whom Europe had so recently trembled.

Later that same day Sir Henry visited and dined with the prisoner, who received him with imperial condescension and exhibited no token of depression; while the following morning, July 16th, at ten o'clock, Napoleon returned the visit, arriving by arrangement on board the *Superb* to breakfast with Sir Henry; after which he inspected the flagship minutely with great curiosity and interest. The detailed account of these events, however, which is long and enthralling, and the personal description of the notable captive left by both Sir Henry and Sir William, belongs to a future volume which will deal more immediately with the naval history of the Hothams;[2] but before closing the present record we must glance for the last time at another historical figure which has loomed more prominently in the present story,—a man the very antithesis of the fiery Corsican, yet who, like him, was now doomed to a captivity that was life-long.

In 1810 the recurring insanity of George III had taken a more serious form. The death of his favourite child, the Princess Amelia, had been the cruel cause which finally unhinged his tottering reason; and, with her loss, night settled permanently upon his soul. It was in truth a matter of irony that George, so pre-eminently sober and sane in his method of living, so coolly prosaic in word and deed—a man who, throughout his existence, at every turn had subordinated imagination to common-sense—should thus be the prey of a

[1] *Dictionary of National Biography.*

[2] *The Private Memoirs of Admiral Sir William Hotham, G.C.B.*, now in course of preparation.

JOHN, THE 5TH LORD HOTHAM
By Domenico Marchetti

fancy run riot, a fantastic and diseased judgment. Yet so it was; and, as madness distorted his brain, blindness fell upon his sight. The world was blotted out; the son whom he had condemned grasped a sovereignty long coveted, and George, bereft of kingship and of manhood, lived on, the lonely monarch of a realm of dreams.

Yet, now and again, into the darkness of his night came glimmerings of a day which was sped; and thus there was brought to him news of the great Battle of Waterloo, the victory which had saved a kingdom that had once been his. The monarch listened attentively to the recital but made no comment. "Napoleon has fled to Paris, and the Duke of Wellington is in pursuit!" urged his informant, seeing in the King's behaviour some token of comprehension. Then, at last, the King spoke: "Now," he observed quietly, "I know that your story is not true; for there is no such person as the Duke of Wellington." His informant, recognising just grounds for this contention, at once corrected the first statement, explaining that he meant Sir Arthur Wellesley. "There again," said His Majesty firmly, "you are quite wrong, for Sir Arthur Wellesley, *I know*, died on such a day in 1810." Upon reflection it was afterwards discovered that the date named by the King coincided with that on which his own aberration of intellect finally became pronounced—that day when the world for him was obliterated, and all who had peopled it became to him as men who are dead.

To the present story it remains only to add that, at the death of Beaumont the second Lord Hotham, the headship of the family descended to his grandson, who bore the same name as himself.[1] This younger Beaumont, like his ancestors, was educated at Westminster School, and in June, 1810, received a commission in the Coldstream Guards. He took part in the Peninsular War from 1812 to 1815, and was present at the Battle of Salamanca, where he was wounded, and at the actions of Vittoria, Nivelle and Nive. In 1814, by the death of his grandfather, he succeeded to the family honours as third Baron Hotham of the Irish peerage and thirteenth holder of the English baronetcy. The following year he fought

[1] See *ante*, page 317 footnote.

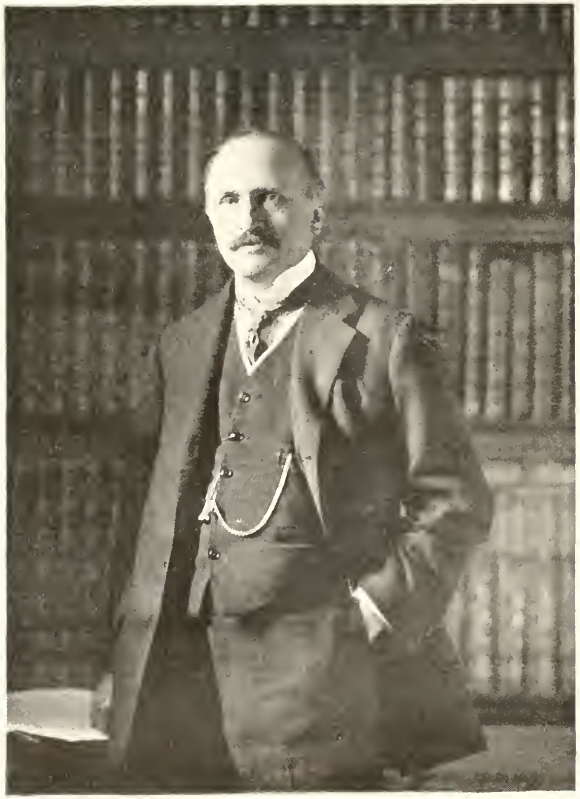
under Wellington at Waterloo. He was placed on half-pay on October 14th, 1819, and was gazetted a General in the Army on January 12th, 1865. Meanwhile he sat in Parliament in the Tory interest, for forty-eight years; for Leominster from March, 1820, to July, 1841, and subsequently for the East Riding of Yorkshire.

In 1858 he was described as follows:—"Loungers in the Lobby must often have seen a tall gentleman there in curious and quaint attire. Sometimes he has on a blue coat with bright buttons and a buff waistcoat; but the singularity of his costume is not in the colour but the fashion of his clothes. His dress is of the mode which prevailed forty years ago 'when George III was King.' The waist of his coat and vest is short, the tails of his coat are long and pointed, and the collar narrow and low, and the sleeves, where they join the body, are puckered up so as to look something like epaulettes. The hat of this singularly-dressed gentleman is also antique, for it spreads outwards at the top, and the brim is curled; and moreover, instead of wearing Wellington boots or Bluchers, his feet are clad with low shoes and drab gaiters. This quaint-looking personage is Lord Hotham, the Member for the East Riding, who is sixty-four years old, and by profession a gallant soldier."

Beaumont, the third Lord Hotham, died unmarried on December 12th, 1870, when he was succeeded by his nephew Charles, Knight of the Medjidie, the fourth son of Rear-Admiral the Hon. George Frederick Hotham, who enjoyed the honours but a short time, dying May 29th, 1872; and at whose death the estates, peerage and baronetcy passed to his brother John.

Born in 1838, the fifth Lord Hotham entered the Navy and served in the Crimea. He was Deputy-Lieutenant for Yorkshire, and High Sheriff in 1884, nearly two centuries and a half after his ancestor, the Governor of Hull, had filled that same office. Dying unmarried he was succeeded by the present owner, a great-grandson of Beaumont, second Lord Hotham, Baron of the Exchequer, the last survivor of the five brothers whose history has been here related. A son of the Rev. William Frederick Hotham, and grandson of the Rev. Frederick Hotham, Prebendary of Rochester (to whose pen we are

BENITA, WIFE OF THE 6TH LORD HOTHAM
From a photograph



THE 6TH LORD HOTHAM
From a photograph

indebted for the manuscript History of the family so often quoted in these pages), the present Lord Hotham, married, in 1902, Benita, daughter of Thomas Sanders, Esq., by whom he has issue two daughters ; and since 1907 he has been, as sixth baron and sixteenth baronet, the head of a house " which, for long-sustained public services, can claim an equality at least with the best of its rivals, and a descent equal in worth to its deeds."[1] In short, looking at any of the long line of ancestors who preceded him, Lord Hotham may well feel, in the words of Rudyard Kipling:—

His dead are in the churchyard—thirty generations laid,
Their names went down in Domesday Book when Domesday Book was made ;
And the passion and the piety and prowess of the line,
Have seeded, rooted, fruited in some land the law calls mine

[1] *Some Historical Mansions of Yorkshire*, by William Wheater, page 80.

PEDIGREE OF THE FAMILY (A)

ABBREVIATIONS.
b. = born.
m. = married.
d. = died.
o.s.p. = obiit sine prole = Died without issue.
o.v.p. = obiit vitâ patris = Died in his father's lifetime.
circ. = circa = about.
Thick lines in pedigree show descent of eldest sons.
Heads of the family are in heavy type.

WILLIAM held two knights' fees of William Fossard. Temp. H. I.

Durand "fil Willelmi" held 2 knts.' fees of the old feoffment in 1166, called Durand de Hodhum in the Pipe Roll of 12 H. II.

Robert de Hotham d. before 1222 = Agnes dau. and co-h. of Roger Arundel

Sir Thomas de Hotham "son of Robert son of Durrand" d. 1220–1222 = 1. Anora. 2. Margaret, a widow in 1222

Robert de Hotham d. 1250–1252 = Alice, a widow in 1252

Thomas de Hotham d. 1252–1260 = Alice, a widow 1260

John de Hotham b. 1232–1240 d. 1293–1295 = Alicia (?).

Sir Geoffry de Hotham = Dionysia

Sir John de Hotham b. 1262; m. circ. 1290 d. 1345–1348 = Agnes dau. and h. of Adam Daniell d. 1340–1341

Amicia = John de Cavell

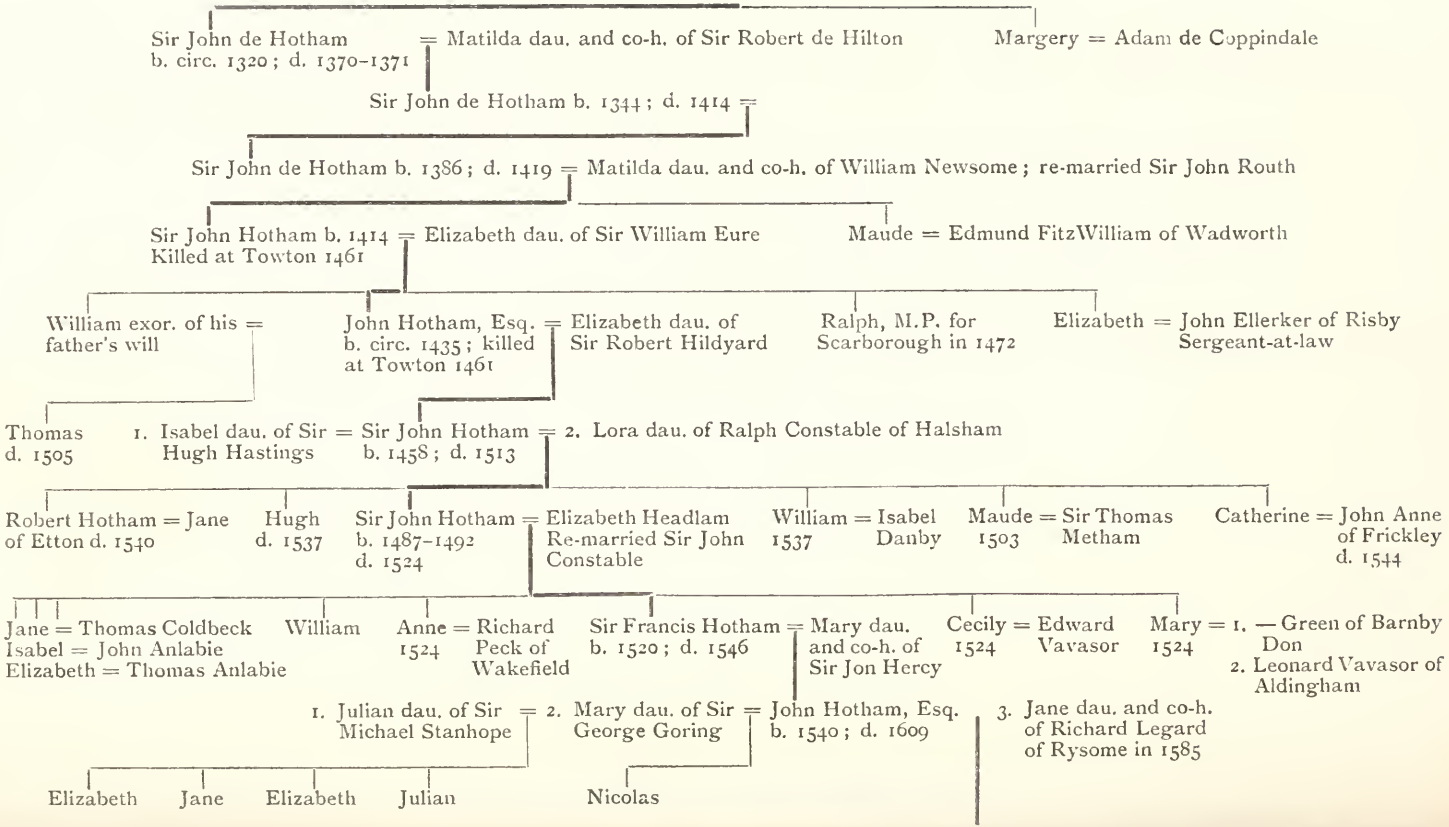
a quo Hothams of Cranswick and Laxton

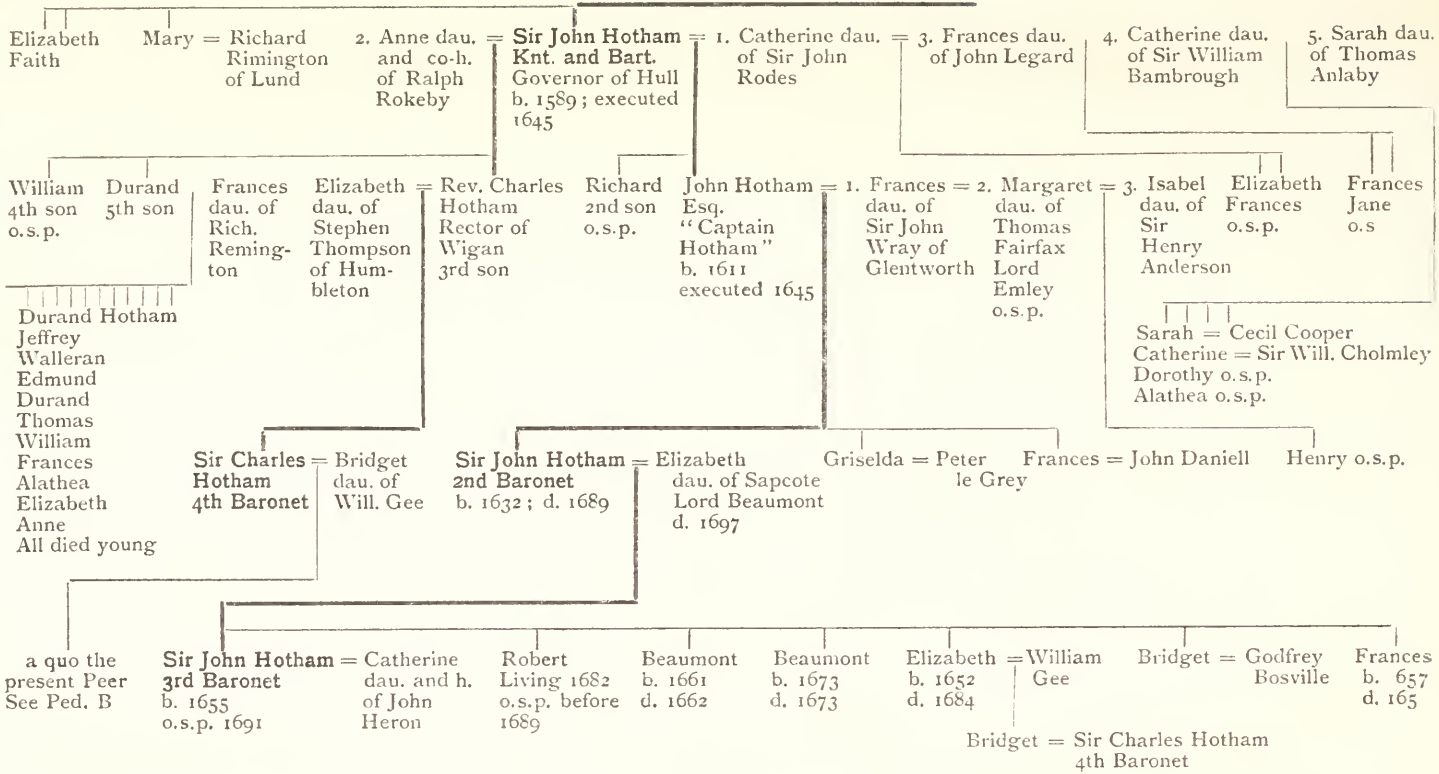
Thomas 1334 Parson of Scorborough

William 1343 Coroner of Yorks

Sir John de Hotham b. circ. 1290; d. 1370 = Agnes dau. and ultimately h. of Sir John de Heslarton

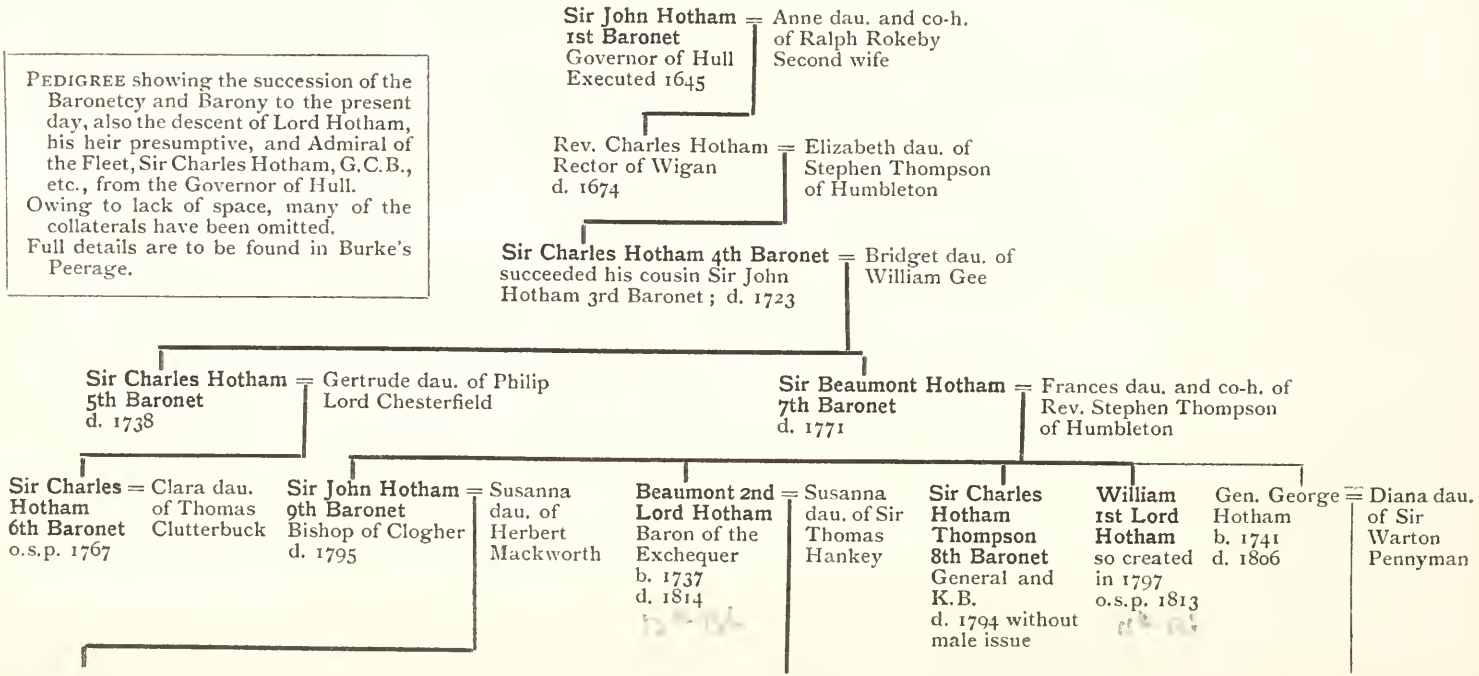
Agnes = Sir Thomas de Sutton

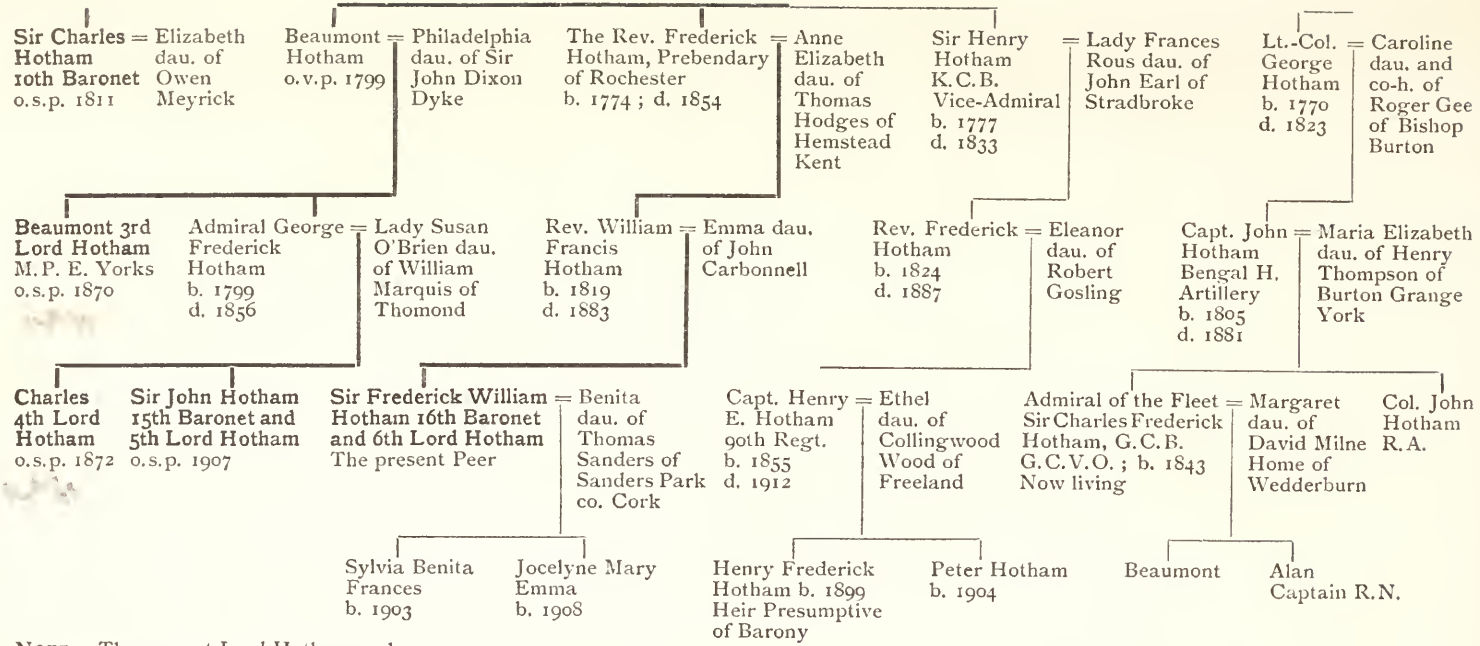

Sir John de Hotham b. circ. 1320; d. 1370–1371
Matilda dau. and co-h. of Sir Robert de Hilton
Margery = Adam de Coppindale
Sir John de Hotham b. 1344; d. 1414
Sir John de Hotham b. 1386; d. 1419
Matilda dau. and co-h. of William Newsome; re-married Sir John Routh
Sir John Hotham b. 1414 Killed at Towton 1461
Elizabeth dau. of Sir William Eure
Maude = Edmund FitzWilliam of Wadworth
William exor. of his father's will
John Hotham, Esq. b. circ. 1435; killed at Towton 1461
Elizabeth dau. of Sir Robert Hildyard
Ralph, M.P. for Scarborough in 1472
Elizabeth = John Ellerker of Risby Sergeant-at-law
Thomas d. 1505
1. Isabel dau. of Sir Hugh Hastings
Sir John Hotham b. 1458; d. 1513
2. Lora dau. of Ralph Constable of Halsham
Robert Hotham = Jane of Etton d. 1540
Hugh d. 1537
Sir John Hotham b. 1487–1492 d. 1524
Elizabeth Headlam Re-married Sir John Constable
William = Isabel Danby 1537
Maude = Sir Thomas Metham 1503
Catherine = John Anne of Frickley d. 1544
Jane = Thomas Coldbeck
Isabel = John Anlabie
Elizabeth = Thomas Anlabie
William
Anne = Richard Peck of Wakefield 1524
Sir Francis Hotham b. 1520; d. 1546
Mary dau. and co-h. of Sir Jon Hercy
Cecily = Edward Vavasor 1524
Mary = 1. — Green of Barnby Don 1524
2. Leonard Vavasor of Aldingham
1. Julian dau. of Sir Michael Stanhope
2. Mary dau. of Sir George Goring
John Hotham, Esq. b. 1540; d. 1609
3. Jane dau. and co-h. of Richard Legard of Rysome in 1585
Elizabeth
Jane
Elizabeth
Julian
Nicolas


Elizabeth
Faith
Mary = Richard Rimington of Lund
2. Anne dau. and co-h. of Ralph Rokeby = Sir John Hotham Knt. and Bart. Governor of Hull b. 1589; executed 1645 = 1. Catherine dau. of Sir John Rodes
3. Frances dau. of John Legard
4. Catherine dau. of Sir William Bambrough
5. Sarah dau. of Thomas Anlaby
William 4th son o.s.p.
Durand 5th son
Frances dau. of Rich. Remington
Elizabeth dau. of Stephen Thompson of Humbleton = Rev. Charles Hotham Rector of Wigan 3rd son
Richard 2nd son o.s.p.
John Hotham Esq. "Captain Hotham" b. 1611 executed 1645 = 1. Frances dau. of Sir John Wray of Glentworth = 2. Margaret dau. of Thomas Fairfax Lord Emley o.s.p. = 3. Isabel dau. of Sir Henry Anderson
Elizabeth Frances o.s.p.
Frances Jane o.s
Durand
Hotham
Jeffrey
Walleran
Edmund
Durand
Thomas
William
Frances
Alathea
Elizabeth
Anne
All died young
Sarah = Cecil Cooper
Catherine = Sir Will. Cholmley
Dorothy o.s.p.
Alathea o.s.p.
Sir Charles Hotham 4th Baronet = Bridget dau. of Will. Gee
Sir John Hotham 2nd Baronet b. 1632; d. 1689 = Elizabeth dau. of Sapcote Lord Beaumont d. 1697
Griselda = Peter le Grey
Frances = John Daniell
Henry o.s.p.
a quo the present Peer See Ped. B
Sir John Hotham 3rd Baronet b. 1655 o.s.p. 1691 = Catherine dau. and h. of John Heron
Robert Living 1682 o.s.p. before 1689
Beaumont b. 1661 d. 1662
Beaumont b. 1673 d. 1673
Elizabeth b. 1652 d. 1684 = William Gee
Bridget = Godfrey Bosville
Frances b. 657 d. 165
Bridget = Sir Charles Hotham 4th Baronet

PEDIGREE (B)

PEDIGREE showing the succession of the Baronetcy and Barony to the present day, also the descent of Lord Hotham, his heir presumptive, and Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Charles Hotham, G.C.B., etc., from the Governor of Hull.
Owing to lack of space, many of the collaterals have been omitted.
Full details are to be found in Burke's Peerage.





NOTE.—The present Lord Hotham and Admiral Sir Charles Hotham are both 24th in male descent from William the first known ancestor.

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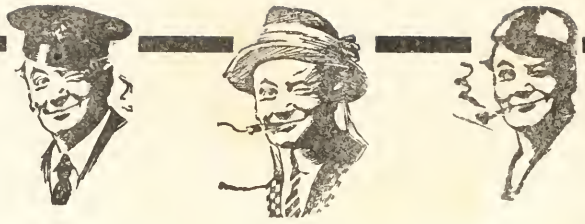

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